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CSB







NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE  
CONGREGATION OF PRIESTS OF  
SAINT BASIL — COLLECTED BY  
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4



1947





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August 26th, 1920. I arrived in Owen Sound at 1:30 p.m. today. My coming was unheralded and my wishes on the matter of my arrival thoroughly satisfied as I made my way to the parish residence in a taxi up the hill to the scenes of my future endeavors whatever they may be. The pastor and his assistant were off on a fishing trip and I was just as pleased that they were as it argued something in the line of diet for the morrow and in keeping with my present regime.

The rest of the day I spent around the house getting acquainted with my surroundings.

It all seemed strange to me. Here I am, just out of the classroom where I had spent so many happy days with the budding youth solving the mysteries of a set of books or translating the hieroglyphics of shorthand into everyday language. Besides the change from the routine of college life to the parish is a decided one and I do not think that I shall fit in with it for some time. It is rather rude in a way. The regulations of college life with its hours of work and time for recreation all marked out and the little world of student life make one think of the lives of the hermits of old who left the world to live their lives to God. College life is very much the same in a great degree. Were it not for the weekly excursions abroad to aid some of the neighbors with their Sunday work, the exclusion of the world would be thorough and perfect.



However, here I am, thrown out into the busy world again and it makes me rather disheartened as I do not seem to have much genius for mixing with the folks of the city. It is nicer and more retiring to be alone with God and the books, old friends and true. That may seem rather selfish on my part but as there are so many others who would prefer the parish life to the classroom, I do not think it would be such a bad idea to give them their preference in the matter and the results would be more satisfying to everybody. Well, as the Superiors have decided that I am the one to do the duty of assistant here in Owen Sound, I shall try to do the best I can, though I fear at times it will fall short of the measure of those who have gone before.

The pastor got home about 9:30. He gave me a welcome and then gave me considerable information about the various duties I would have for my share of the common work. It was all mystifying to me as the places and directions and distances were so much Greek to me at the time.

August 27th. Said Mass in the parish chapel at 7:30. The chapel is in use for week day services as the church is being decorated.

My trunk has arrived and with the aid of Father Pageau and Gus Broderick I managed to get it up the stairs and





began to unload my Lares and Penates and distributed them about the room in the most convenient places. When I had finished unpacking my trunk I took the rest of the day to myself. Most of the time I was engaged in conversation with Father <Ernest> Pageau and Father <Thomas> Roach. Community affairs and the prospects of the future in Owen Sound occupied us most of the afternoon and evening.

August 28th. Saturday. Here I begin my preparations for the mission. After assembling a variety of goods and chattels, a full suitcase of them, I began to make further inquiries about my destination. Wiarton and Hepworth will be my first venture abroad. It is rather strange to me to set out on such a journey. Not that Sunday work is anything new to me, but off by myself prepared for all emergencies from a sermon to a funeral. This is the new thing to me. However, I am ready to make the best of it and trust in the Lord to provide me with the grace of state to get through all right.

I landed in Wiarton some time in the middle of the afternoon. I found my way to the residence of Mr. Milligan, a railroad conductor, where I was to stay all night. He was away and I had to put in the time the best I could awaiting his arrival. Some of the family were there and I managed to while the time away without losing my patience.

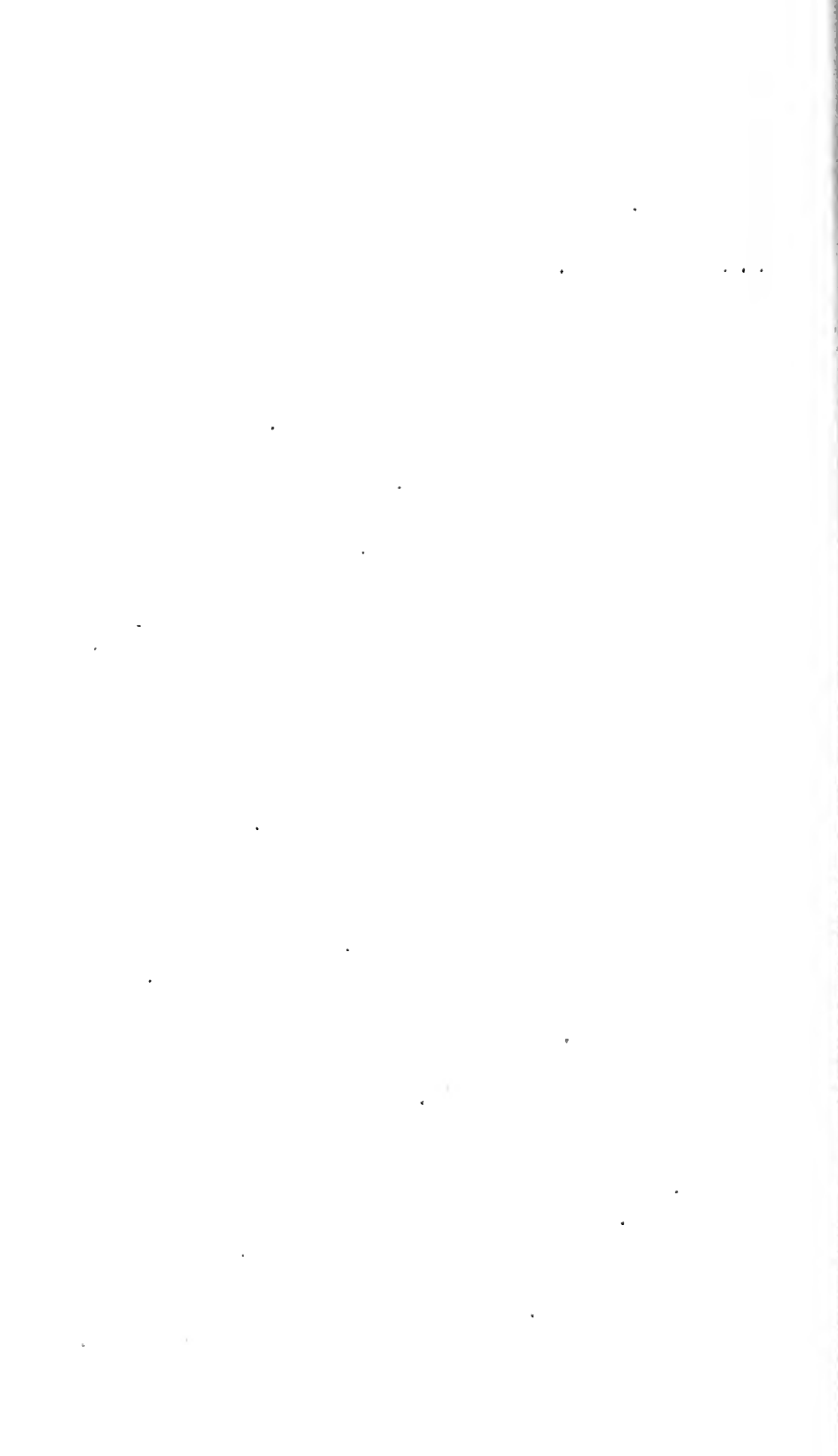


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... of mine. I have heard more musical Masses and some better rendered but none around which there clings such a store of tender recollections as it was the Mass they used to sing at home years ago when I was an altar boy. I fear that I had many distractions during the Gloria and the Credo. I just could not help it as it all seemed so fine to me, in my new surroundings. Of course, since I am pretty much of a dreamer and do like to indulge my fancy at times in the recollection of the days of youth, it was but natural that I should picture the little church at home and hear again the choir with my sister Mary at the organ singing with all the fervor of their simple hearts the same music with much the same rendition.

After Mass I met most of the congregation as they lingered near to get a sight of the new priest. I greeted them all as cheerily as I knew how. They may hear and see more of me in the near future. I hope it will be for our mutual improvement as I am willing to do my best for them.

Had dinner or rather breakfast at the hotel. Mr. Downs, the proprietor, is not well. He seems to have an affliction much like Mr. Milligan's. However, I do not think it is anything very serious just yet. Advised him to go and consult a good physician in Owen Sound.



I do not know whether he will go or not.

At 2:00 p.m. Mr. L. came again with his machine to bring me to Owen Sound. It was a rough ride. The roads are steep, narrow at times, rocky and rather worn. There does not seem to have been much care taken of them for some time past.

My first impression of the country was not very high. It seemed to me as if the whole place were covered with rocks. There are stone fences and stone piles lying around everywhere and there is a lot of stone lying around in all directions. They say the land is very fertile if one will remove the stone. It takes courage to face a farm of that kind with its never ending toil of gathering rocks and piling them out of the way for crops to grow. However, many of the farmers have done it and have nice looking farms with picturesque piles of fences running up and down the hillsides. The buildings in general are good and there is an air of comfort about many of the places.

I returned to Owen Sound about 3:00 p.m. At 4:00 p.m. we had a religious ceremony in the cemetery. There was a considerable crowd present. A few of our separated brethren were on hand to see what so many Catholics were doing. They were very respectful as it must have been a novelty to them to see the Stations of



the Cross recited in public. We started the procession at the gateway and advanced slowly toward the large cross in the center of the cemetery. The choir was present and sang the Sancta Mater between stations. At the end of the procession, Father Pageau preached a nice sermon on the attitude of the Church toward the Departed. After the sermon there was the blessing of the graves and then we returned home.

We spent the evening in chatting.

August 30th. Today I began my efforts to learn to run the auto. I had my books all put away and then Father Pageau invited me to take a run with him in the car. We went out to the race course and there I received my first lesson. It was with a feeling of diffidence that I took hold of the wheel and got the car into motion. With considerable starting and stopping to get accustomed to the running of the machinery, we made two circuits of the course, and then we went out on the Chatsworth road for our first wiggle. It was not a spin, as the road is in a very bad condition. What with the ruts and the swamps and the hills and hollows I had my hands full trying to make the car act in a reasonable manner. Needless to say I was rather nervous about the whole proceeding. After making five miles on the highway I relinquished the car to Father Pageau to have him

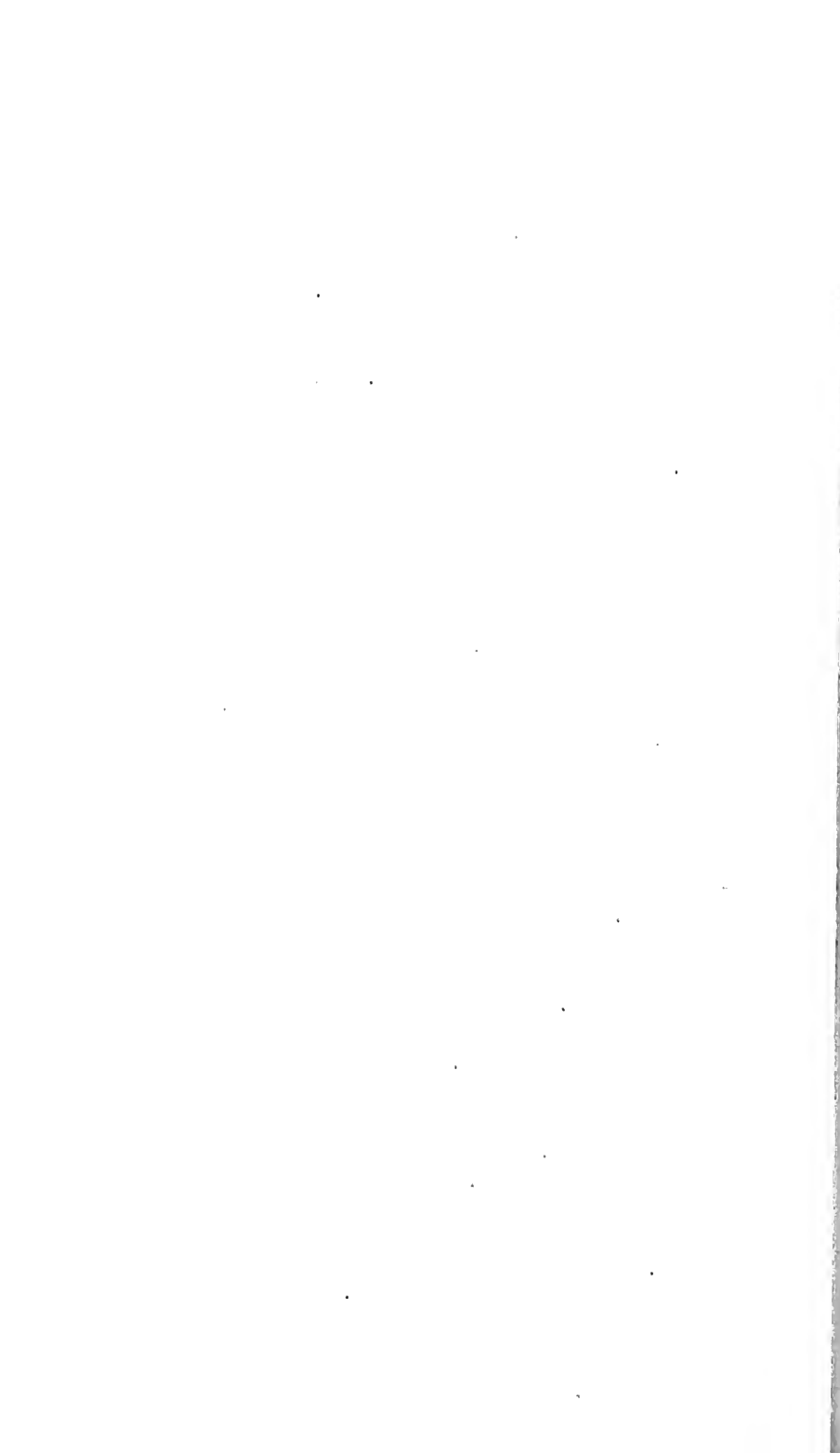




turn it around as I was not familiar with its working sufficiently to venture that task. I drove part of the way home feeling pretty well satisfied with my first lesson.

In my meanderings around town I borrowed a violin from Mr. D. Keenan. It will help to throw a little life into the dull monotony of a small house of three. It seems strange that I should make that remark, but from past experience I find that there is a danger of monotony in a small number of brethren unless one is careful to offset it with something or other in the way of slight diversion. I shall try to get their feet a jigging by playing a few of the old time jigs and reels. Of course, the music is not going to be very artistic for I have no foolish notions about my excellent playing as I go more on the main-strength-and-ignorance method rather than the more up-to-date method of the Conservatory of Music.

August 31st. Got all my books arranged and am ready for a good season of reading. All my old friends are up there on the shelf and I can converse with them at any time I feel in the humor. There are several of them whom I love. <Canon> Sheehan has given me many a happy hour in the past and I hope to have as many more in the future. Cardinal Mercier is resting snug up alongside Alzog. There are many more of them and we shall renew acquaintance as soon as I get squared away to it.



September 1st. Took another lesson  
with the car today.

It seems strange to be seated in a huge car weighing in the neighborhood of 3,000 pounds and propelling such poundage with so small an effort on my part. Press the button and away we go. This time I have more success and managed to negotiate several hills and took a turn through the town. No accidents yet, though I am likely to do anything with it before I am through my lessons. There seems to be whole wagonload of gears and brakes and levers and clutches, that one is mystified with the whole thing. Well, we managed to get home without wrecking any part of the town, though I did give the corner pillar of the house a jolt on leaving the garage.

September 2nd. I was left in charge  
of the house today.

Fathers Roach and Pageau went off on a fishing trip to get something for dinner tomorrow. Have to do these things to cut down the high cost of living. No need of buying them when one can go out and pick them up for the trouble. Besides it is a good thing to get out of the house for a time as the change of scenery and fresh air freshen up the spirits and make home more enjoyable when all have returned.

I heard the confessions of the school children in the afternoon and had some more in the evening. The work was not heavy after the experiences I have had dealing with crowds in Detroit. As far



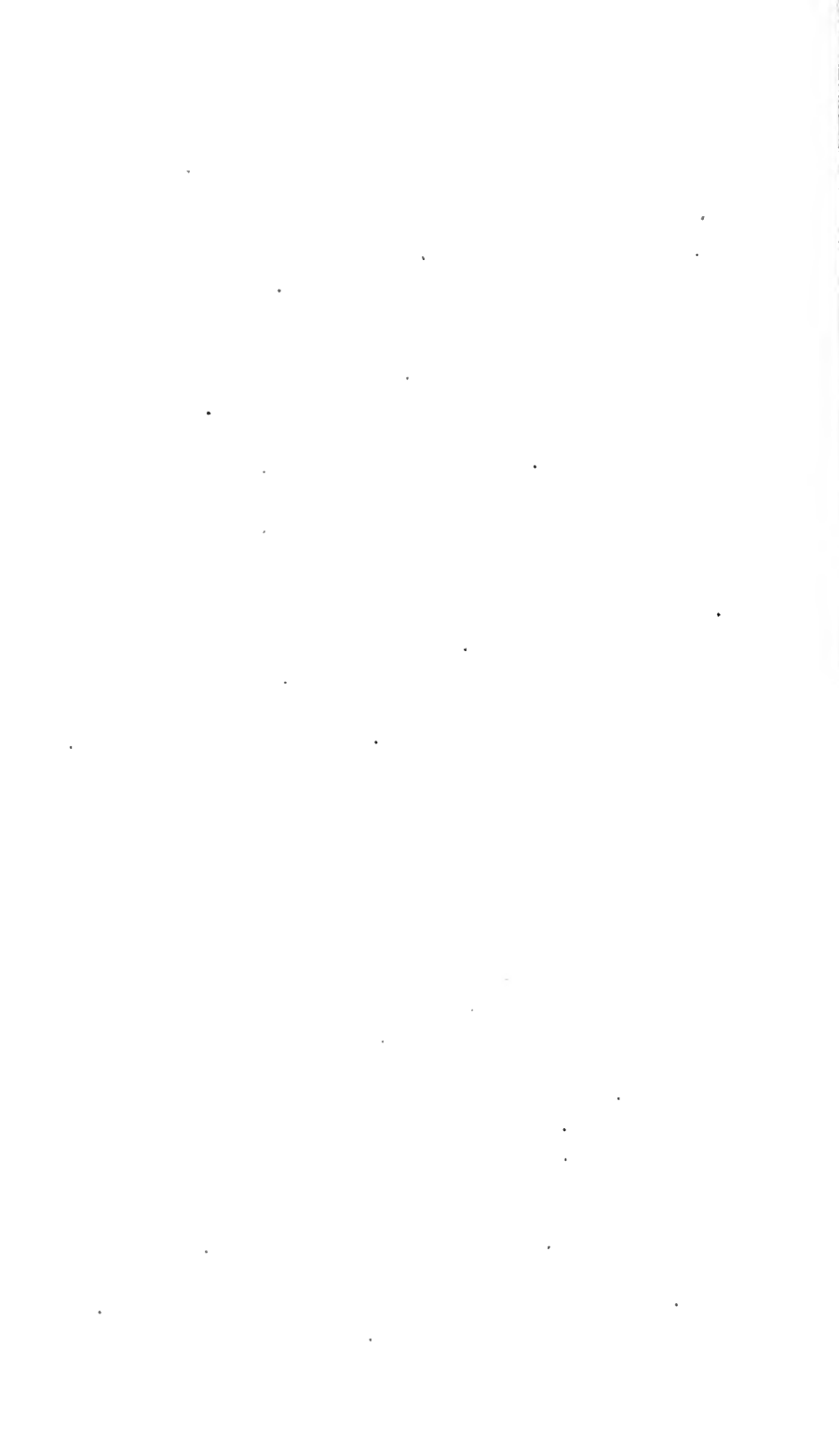
the work is concerned it is easy.

The folks came home with a basket of fish, big and small. They had a fine day and made the most of it. I shall help to make some more of it tomorrow when the housekeeper has properly attended to those fish. She is a good hand at it and serves them well.

September 3rd. First Friday. Said the even o'clock Mass and had quite a congregation. It is edifying to see so many of the laity on hand for Mass so early in the morning. Many of them came for six as they had to go to work. There was a later Mass and more came for that. In all there was a good number of folks to receive Holy Communion. God bless them.

Took another turn at the machine today and am making some progress with the gears and clutch and brakes and accelerator and all the rest of the mysterious cranks and levers that serve the purpose of moving that monster about in easy fashion. Went out along the road to the Block. Was present at the funeral of Tom Traynor. Delivered a sermon for the edification of the congregation. I guess it went home to some of them. Drove the car part of the way home.

September 4th. Great day for me. Drove the car through the garage. You want to know all about it. Well, it is simply told. Took a spin



with Father Pageau and I guess I was getting too proud of my success. In any case on returning home I made bold to put the machine in the garage. I thought I was putting my foot on the brake when I hit the accelerator instead and we ploughed through the end of the garage. There was a great crash, but that was about all there was to it. Little damage was done. The car was uninjured. We kicked out a couple of studdings and smashed some of the corrugated tin siding off the building. Beyond that there was nothing injured except Father Roach's patience. That suffered a relapse and I heard a few remarks that grated a little on my mental gearing. In fact it about stripped the gear. It did not improve the situation to have him so unreasonable about the matter. Being a very scrupulous cuss I would not scratch the paint on the garage for a fortune. Well, he recovered his patience rapidly enough and my nerves were rather frayed after the experience. In fact I was about all in on account of it. It did not improve the situation any to know that I had to make my first venture out in the car alone that afternoon. I had to summon up all my courage to set out for Chatsworth in the afternoon. Needless to say, I was a wreck by the time I arrived there. I had a merry time of it trying to make that car behave. Well, I got there safely, but had not the courage to try to put the car in the garage there. Got J. Hamilton to do that act of charity for me. I was nearly beside myself with nervousness



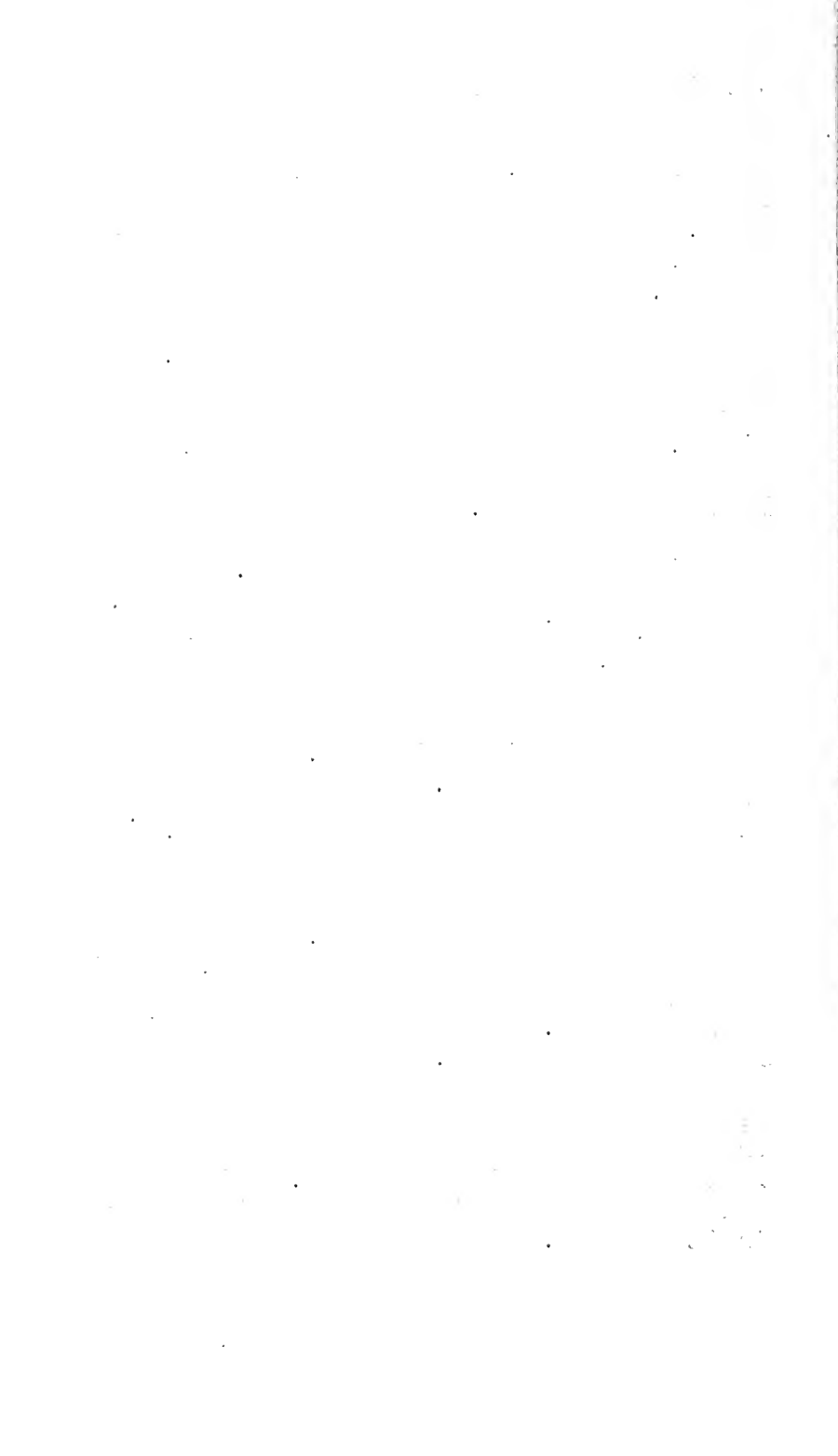


when I arrived. Of course, I had to tell them all about the accident at home. They all had a laugh at my expense. In fact I had several of them myself.

Spent the night at Dan Hamilton's. Dan thought I came from a very prosperous part of the country when he saw me first. I assured him that I did. I called up home and let them know that I arrived safely. Gus said afterwards he was nearly sick when he thought of me going off alone in the car. He was not any nearer to illness than I was. However, all's well that ends well — sometimes.

On my first Sunday in Chatsworth I said Mass at nine o'clock. I had about twenty confessions. I spoke about 25 minutes on the business of Religion. After Mass I had breakfast at Dan's and after a few pulls of the pipe I gathered up what courage I had left and backed the car out of the garage. I came home with a good deal of trepidation. I did not miss any of the holes in the road as I know of. In fact I think I hit some of them twice.

At Benediction I delivered a short address to the congregation urging them to come to evening service. Time will tell whether my little talk will bear fruit or not.



September 6th. Labor Day. We spent the forenoon obliterating the traces of my recent mishap. From all appearances one would not believe that an auto went through the wall at all. Father Roach did a good job on it and there is scarcely any sign left of my efforts to make two bodies occupy the same place at the same time.

In the middle of the afternoon Mr. Doyle came up with his machine and took me out for a drive. I enjoyed it very much. We skirted the Bay Shore. Oh what a beautiful spot. So peaceful, with the bay widening out before us and the tree lined shores fresh in their foliage. One would scarcely believe that Autumn is at hand. The fingers of frost have not yet begun to gild the hardy maples, though the horse chestnuts show some signs of having been slightly touched. As yet, on this beautiful bay there was scarcely a sign of life. No shooting shallop with silken sails sped over the bay, no puffing motor boat left a pathway of foam in its wake. No boats of commerce plied upon its bosom. It seemed a crime that such a brilliant harbor was left forsaken by commerce. Yet a few years ago there was plenty of activity here. Now they have gone to other ports where commerce may make its way at less expense across the continent to distant ports and Owen Sound is practically abandoned by the men of commerce. What will become of it?



Will it sink back into oblivion, or will some venturesome spirits take advantage of the splendid harbor to develop the city? Time alone will tell.

On our way along the harbor we encountered several picknickers. Also some others who are camping on the shore for the summer. There are some beautiful summer homes along the shore but too few for such a beautiful and restful place. Perhaps it is just as well that the hotel which used to be there is gone. The place might become the mecca of tourists with their latest styles of bathing costumes, which is a frightful thing for the present generation. I often imagine that people have lost their sense of propriety and modesty entirely. I suppose if it were the style to go to extremes of immodesty, and it seems to be tending that way, and to go to hell at the same time, you would find multitudes who would follow the style rather than try to save their souls by observing the rules of modesty and decency in their behavior at the beaches. O Tempora, O Mores! The devils must be laughing in wild glee at their slaves in their wild efforts to go to extremes and attract attention.

Spent the evening at home in conversation with Father Roach and Father McNulty.



September 8th. Spent the morning in my room writing up some notes and reading. After dinner I donned my overalls and took a turn in the back yard operating one end of a cross cut saw with Gus. There is a considerable pile of logs, refuse of some kind or other that needs cutting. Well, I stood it for about an hour and a half and had to adjourn for the day. It has been a long time since I pulled a crosscut saw and I found it rather strenuous. However, after a few days I shall be able to do my share and get some exercise out of it as well as pull off some useless adipose tissue that has been accumulating with some rapidity during the past few years.

The days are beautiful and the weather just right for enjoying the air. It will soon be cold enough for the heavy wares, but why cross the bridge until we come to it.

September 9th. After the usual seven o'clock Mass this morning I was endeavoring to decipher the mysteries of some French Examens. However, the effort did not last very long as I received a pressing invitation to join Father Roach and Gus for a period of an hour or so with the crosscut saw. The invitation was so strongly put that I could not very well resist its urgency. Consequently I donned the overalls and made my way to the pile of





logs in the back yard where the two of them were all set for a strenuous outing. Being that I am rather unused to that kind of violent exercise and also being rather soft and flabby with a lot of useless fat, the perspiration was soon rolling off me in streams. I shall have to put an eave trough on the peak of my hat if I want to keep the sweat out of my eyes. It rained sweat around there for some time. But you should have seen Father Roach. He was literally bathed in sweat. I think we must have shed enough water around that wood pile to start a crop of grain sprouting. Well, we hammered away at the pile and did more or less execution. Between avoiding nails and running into tough soggy spots we had a merry time grunting and puffing like a broken down freight engine going up a grade. We pulled and hauled till eleven and then adjourned to get ready for dinner.

During the forenoon I received a telegram saying that Msgr. McGee would be buried on Thursday. Thus they go. Old friends and acquaintances dropping off here and there until the number is lessening to an appreciable extent. Soon the list will be very small and then the loneliness of increasing years, with strange faces and newer ways and habits growing up about me, will creep in upon me until I shall be glad to join the friends of former days in the land of never parting.



The Monsignor was a very lovable man. He was one in a thousand. I never saw another just like him. His pleasing brogue and deep wisdom made him multitudes of friends. I do not know if he had any enemies. Certainly he never made any of his own choosing. That was not his nature, but he stood on principle at all times. Of course, the man who stands on principle has many who do not agree with him. Such is the way of the world.

The Monsignor was a man of deep religious spirit. It was a pleasure to hear him recite the Rosary in the twilight hours with a few devout souls responding in the village church. How few there were that knew of those hours of devotion and those numerous prayers offered up in the flickering light of the sanctuary lamp. How few they were who seemed to care. Their time and attention was given to worldly affairs. And yet, who shall tell or guess the numerous blessings poured down upon the parish where he lived so long in response to his entreaties before the throne of grace.

Few there were that knew of the hours of meditation or the Holy Hours spent in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. It was not that they were not told but other duties prevented them from attending to those holy exercises and obtaining that peace and happiness that alone can come to those who devoutly spend



their hours in the presence of God. Oh, if men could only appreciate in some small degree the joys of the spiritual life they would not give their hearts and souls to the things of this world.

The afternoon was a repetition of the morning. Wood, wood and more wood. Whing, whang, sing, sing all afternoon until I was almost ready to drop. I felt like an old horse flopping along with his tongue hanging out through sheer fatigue. However, I have no complaint to make as it is a good thing to sweat out the old poison of the system and renew the sinews with good vigorous exercise.

After supper I accompanied Father McNulty on a sick call. The poor old soul that is going on her long journey is one of those who sacrificed her religion for present peace. The daughter told me they might all have been Catholics if the mother had stood up for principle. Now the most of them are bitterly opposed to having the priest come to their mother even when she has to appear before her God after years of neglect. How sad to see them so unreasonable. They seem never to forgive. One of the daughters told me she could not rest easy unless her mother had the consolations of religion and that is why she sent for the priest. She was not at all bigoted and her son is of the same frame of mind, but she told me the rest of them were absolutely



opposed to having a priest. They wanted some ministers to do what they could but the old lady refused to have anything to do with them. Were it not for the consideration of the daughter the poor old soul might have gone into Eternity without any aid of the sacraments.

Spent the evening talking over parish matters with the pastor.

September 9th. After the usual morning routine I visited the school for the first catechetical review. Had the first half hour with the little tots. It is going to be interesting in the future to watch the development of the little things as they go over the work in the different branches. I do not expect them to advance as rapidly in other branches as they will in their religion. Faith is a gift and it does wonderful things in a child's mind. There are many theologians of reputation who would like to be half as sure of things divine as those children. God bless their little hearts and keep them innocent!

Spent the rest of the forenoon reading. Have not got into anything very abstract and cannot see where it would do me much good when there are so many things about the practical side of parish life that I am quite a stranger to. It seems to me that I have been always encountering new work without any pre-





paration for it. The Powers must think I am a genius at adaptibility and unlimited in plugability. (That is a new word coined for the occasion. It means digging in with both feet and haning on like a pup to a root.) Well, while I am on the job I shall do the best I can at learning it, but they must not kick too loud if I go through the end of the garage once in a while.

Father Roach and Father McNulty have gone out to pick up a dinner for Friday and I am in charge of the plant. About the only thing I can see is to don the overalls again and go out to help Gus with that wood pile or we shall be shy on heat this winter. That is one department of the work that is not new to me. My young days were visions of woodpiles and chores.

Well, we did it. Gus and I lit into that pile of logs with a vim and kept the saw ringing all afternoon. Once in a while we stopped to let the saw cool off, and incidentally have a breathing spell ourselves. It would not do to cut it all in one day since there is enough there for three or four. We did quite a stroke of business and both of us are tired. I know I am and Gus says he is a trifle weary himself. Oh how the perspiration poured out of me all afternoon. I felt like a sponge on a holiday, just oozing water.



The folks have come back from their trip with a good string of fish, some big, some small, but all welcome. At the present cost of living there is quite a saving in the quantity of fish as well as the advantage of a day's outing for the brethren.

I have a strong notion of retiring early as I think that the bed is about the most restful place I can find in anticipation of tomorrow's interview with the woodpile. Good night.

September 10th. Much to the surprise of Father Roach I appeared at the woodpile after the strenuous day of yesterday. I did feel rather sore and stiff after the interminable grind of sawing all afternoon, but a little exercise is good for sore muscles. We hammered away till about noon and made some impression on the pile of logs. Between jollying Gus and a few moments of restfulness the forenoon slipped by rapidly.

Fish for dinner. The one Father Roach caught with several smaller ones. It filled up the vacancy well.

We did not saw this afternoon. A moratorium was declared and we (Gus and I) rather enjoyed it. However, we managed to put in a few moments straightening up the cellar. Gus did the straightening and I gave the advice. At least



the cellar was cleared up and made ready for the vegetables that will be gathered in the very near future.

Just to see that the whole afternoon was not spent in idleness we mowed away a load of hay. It was hot work while it lasted, but thank goodness it did not last long.

Spent the evening talking with Gus about things in general and some things in particular. Retired to the downy at nine.

In looking over the general fortunes of the day I find that the most trouble was caused by the Sanctuary lamp refusing to remain lighted. The oil seems to be very inferior. Which leads one to the conclusion that in times of stress an electric light would be serviceable. I know that the canons are against it, but some light would be better than no light and since God made both oil and electricity one would be dedicated to His service as well as the other. However, I suppose that ages of usage have consecrated the olive oil to the use of the Sanctuary, but I am under the impression that a lot of Sanctuary oil never came from the olive tree. More likely the cotton fields of Texas produced a good share of it. However, it is oil or nothing and we shall have to do our best to keep the lamp burning.



September 11th. Saturday. Getting ready for Wiarton and Hepworth. One has to have quite a variety of paraphrenalia on going on the missions. If an inventory of it all were set down here one would everything from Holy Oils to handkerchiefs with quite a variety in between. It requires considerable checking up to see if it is all there. When I arrived at Wiarton I found that it was not all there. I had forgotten my "mice and Purificator. What would you do under such circumstances? That is just what I did.

I found Mr. Milligan in pretty fine shape. He was not at all alarmed over his condition. We had a talk about the merits and advantages of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. He certainly wants to receive it along with all the others he may be in a position to obtain at the time. He assured me that if he needed me in a hurry to come as rapidly as possible. Get an auto and a good driver and then just tramp on her tail and hit the high spots only between Owen Sound and Hepworth.

September 12th. The congregation is pretty small this morning. I guess the lessening of such a small crowd by one or two makes a difference. However I had about the usual number of confessions. God bless them, they want to do the right thing and are doing nobly under such adverse





conditions. I shall not see them again for a month. In the meantime they have to be subjected to conditions and atmosphere quite hostile to their religion. Will they survive? Some will. The storm only fixes their roots firmer in their faith. The others, God strengthen them!

Mr. Downs and Brother came for me this morning. Had a nice visit with him on the way to Hepworth. As Drummond says, it gives good chance to get acquainted'. Got to Hepworth in time to begin Mass at 11:00. Expected to be late on account of some delay in Wiarton. Had Peter's Mass in D again. Fine. Enjoyed it immensely. I do not care if they never sing another. That one suits my mood and spirit at the time and I can throw more power and enthusiasm into my work when I am in the mood. When I hear that quaint old Mass, I am in the mood.

Had breakfast with Mr. Eldridge. It is only a drive of two and a half miles from the church. It was only about two o'clock when I got breakfast. Some breakfast. Wow! A lumberjack would have just thrown himself into high gear and put his foot on the accelerator and just run wild in that splendid array of high class, well cooked provender.

After breakfast Mr. Downs came along and invited us to take a ride out to the Cottages on the lake. We went. A whole wagon load of us. Well, we had



a fine view of the lake and admired the summer cottage and things around the place and started home again about five. We should have started at ten minutes to five. We were just about two miles from Mr. Eldridge's place when a terrific storm broke. Thunder, lightning and rain. Two kinds of water fell, hard and soft. The hard was in round balls and pelted us liberally. We did not have the sides up and if there was any of the rain we missed we did not know it at the time. Wet, soaked to the skin. Looking like a lot of wet rags we got back just about the time it was due to let up. We were glad to get back then. Dried off the best we could. Had supper and went to Church.

Had evening service. Heard some confessions and went to Mr. E. Downs house for the night. Had a pleasant evening.

September 13th. Got up at seven. Had Mass and some more confessions. Called on Mr. Downs at the hotel. Left him feeling better. Told him a lot of old yarns and gave a general talk on western farming. He was very interested in it. Met Dr. Downey. Took train at 12:30 p.m. for home. Got home and Gus met me with the horse and buggy. Spent the afternoon resting up.



In the evening Mr. Doyle called and invited me to go to Walkerton to the K. of C. initiation tomorrow. I shall go for the outing. I do not know how much of the Initiation I shall witness.

Went to bed tired after two days work. Woke up during the night and did not know whether I was in Wiarton, Hepworth or where. It took me some time to get my bearings. Was glad to find I was at home.

September 14th. Mr. Doyle called at nine o'clock and we set out for Walkerton. Mr. Keenan and Mr. Beecher were picked up down town and we took to the hills and dales of Grey and Bruce Counties. It was a delightful day and the air was invigorating. The rapid tour of the country with all its rocks and rills, hills and dales, trees laden with ripening fruit, fields green with corn or brown with the stubble of the crops garnered and waiting for the thresher, all made the journey look and feel as if it were part of a kinetic display. With quip and jest, yarns and anecdotes we sped along the highway passing the historic town of Tara where no Catholics can be found, through Chesley where there are a few faithful souls to leaven the mass of ignorance, on through Malcom to our destination in Walkerton. We arrived there just at noon. I received



a welcome from many of the brethren of the cloth. All were strangers to me excepting Father Tom Ferguson. However with the democracy that exists among the clergy I was at home with them enjoying their sallies of wit and flow of wisdom as occasion required. The pastor, Father Traynor, made me most welcome. We sat down to dinner, about a dozen of us and fared well. Of course, we had the best that was to be had on such an occasion, and the party was a success from the salad to the limburger. (Keep it covered up if you were never introduced to it before.)

At two we assembled at the K of C hall to help about 95 pilgrims over the hot sands. They went over triumphantly and all had a nice time from all accounts. Unfortunately the affair was too long drawn out and we had no supper until the banquet occurred at 11 o'clock. Though it was late it was highly appreciated and the Walkerton Council may be proud of its entertainment of its guests. After the banquet there were a number of speeches, more or less learned and witty. At two a.m. we adjourned to the pastor's residence, and the young folks had the town hall for the rest of the night. I hear they flung their festive feet until daylight.

At three Father Tom Ferguson came along with a machine and we set out for North Brant to visit his brother and family. It was quite cold and I was glad I had





a heavy coat. We arrived there about four a.m. Had a chat and at 4:30 went to bed for a short rest.

September 15th. Got up at 7:30 and Father Tom beat me out by three minutes. Found him out in the yard and together we took a trip around the old place to see how it was standing the wear and tear of years. Found things in very nice shape. Hughie seems to be doing pretty well. Has a fine place and the barns filled with the season's crop awaiting the threshers. It was like a visit home. It is now 27 years since I first visited the place and the memories of the pleasures and pastimes we had then all came back in a rush. Met Hughie and we had a chat over old times and old friends. Went over the whole list of them, and found many of them had gone to join the silent host in the cemetery by the church and many more had gone abroad to make their fortunes. Only a few of the old time acquaintances were left in the neighborhood. It is sad to think of the happy group of former days scattered beyond recall. I felt like the one who trod alone the banquet hall deserted and all the rest of it. Like a few shattered flowers falling into decay the few remaining friends of former days remain slowly going down the hill where once so many danced and sang in the flower of youth with hope and aspiration leading them onward to higher and better things. Well, such is life.



Called on Mr. J. Ferguson, the grand old man, and he did not know me. His memory has gone and he is slowly slipping into the great beyond liked a tired child falling to sleep, at peace with God and man and awaiting the summons with a heart full of trust in God Whom he served faithfully in prosperity and adversity through so many years. He is now 87. How long he can hold out against the ravages of senile decay I cannot tell. He is about the last of his generation and there are few to take his place. Mr. Doyle and Beechey came along and my visit to the home of my friend was at an end. I bade them a fond adieu with the promise to return at some time in the future.

We came home through Durham and some other small towns or hamlets along the road. As usual after such a strenuous day like yesterday we were somewhat tired and did not talk much. Thoughts of olden days and the present outlook of the country filled my heart and I regretted to think that the old Catholic farms were now in the hands of strangers and men of different faith.

I arrived home about eleven, tired out with all my office ahead of me. Gus gave me a welcome and an invitation to the woodpile, but I declared a moratorium for the day intending to make up for some of the sleep I missed last night. I took a good rest in the afternoon and appeared about supper time much

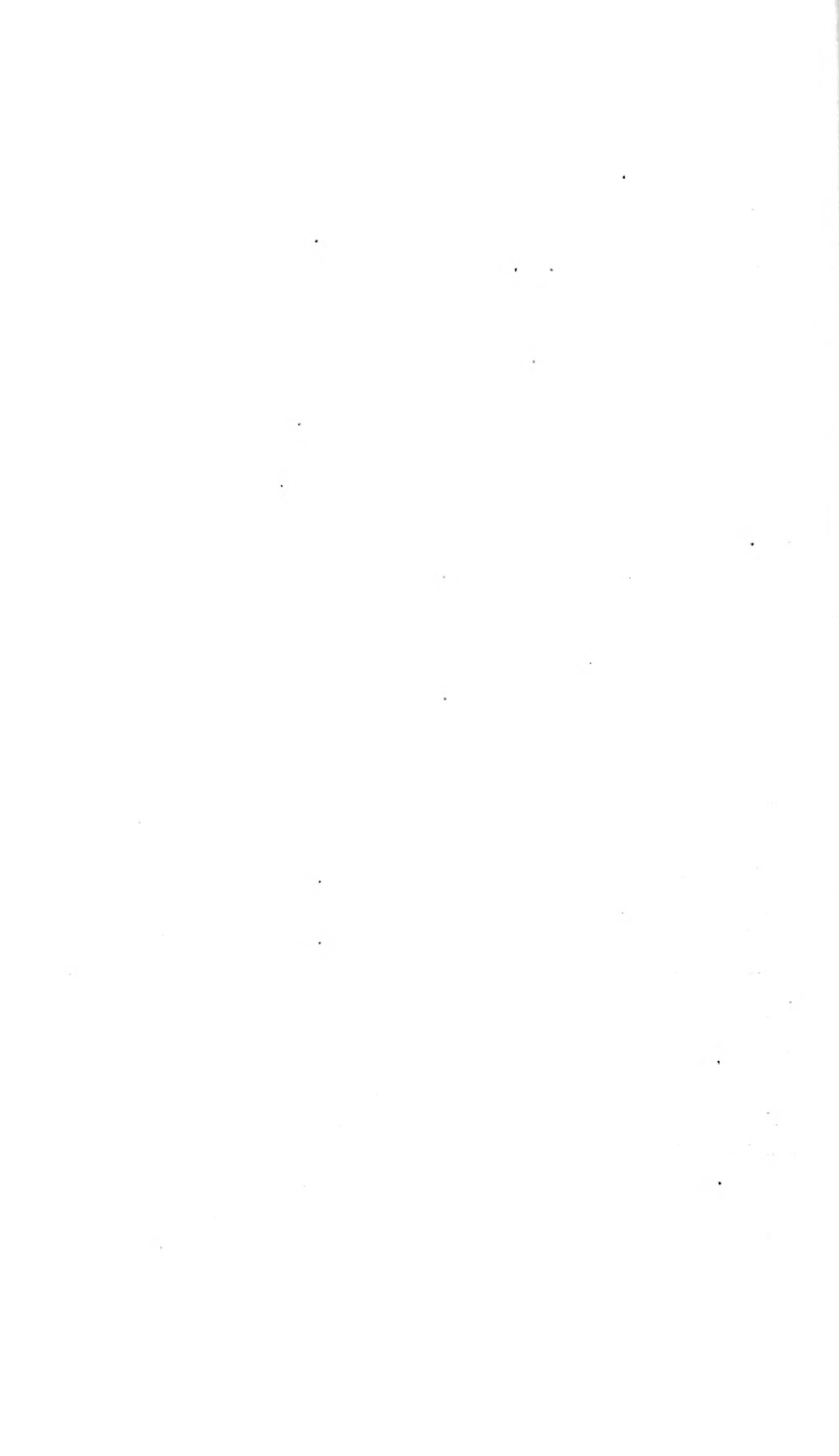


refreshed. Spent the evening in conversation with Father McNulty and had some company in the office. Retired about 10:30 p.m.

September 16th. Said Mass at seven and then made ready to visit the school at nine. Found the youngsters all up and ready for the weekly quiz in Catechism. They seem to have a pretty good grasp of it. Spent a happy hour with them. Remained till 10:20.

Came home and finished my office and got ready for an afternoon session with Gus at the woodpile.

After dinner I donned the overalls and joined Gus in an effort to reduce the size of the pile of logs in the yard. We hammered away till about five and made considerable progress. It made all the difference in the world to have the saws properly set. They cut well and we did a big stroke of business. Took five minutes recess in the middle of the afternoon and had a smoke and a chat. Quit at 4:30 to say office and do some work in my room. Got a letter from Frank this afternoon. It is the first one since I returned from the West. Enjoyed it very much. Got news of old friends and acquaintances. Some are doing well and some not so well.



Poor Tom C. He seems to have broken out again with an attack of the old ailment. Oh, if he only knew how much his little colleen was suffering from his thoughtlessness. It is breaking her heart. She is aging prematurely. What a cross some women have to bear. The heavier it is the more spiritual they become. What a tremendous reward will be theirs when they appear before the Great White Throne to receive the guerdon of their trial. God bless her gentle soul!

Went to the K of C meeting tonight. Acted as chaplain in the absence of Father Roach. Gave them a two minute talk on being practical Catholics. We had a fine meeting. Nominations for new officers. Got home at eleven.

The Owen Sound Fair is on. I did not go to see it. I suppose from all accounts it is the usual thing, exhibits of farm produce, side shows, and horse races, and the usual number of devices to coax the elusive dollar out of the granger's pockets. Father McNulty was there and says it was pretty fine.

September 17th. Finished the woodpile this morning. Had about an hour's session with Gus and the crosscut. Glad to have that job off hand. Took a few whirls in the mashing to see if I could not take it out of the garage and put it back in again without going through





the end of the building again. Managed to do it pretty well. Feel more contented that I am able to make the thing go without climbing telegraph poles or jumping fences. Some day I may feel at home with the contrivance. Have to do so in self defense. It is either that or take to managing a horse. I prefer the machine, more speed and better results if one does not lose his head.

Expecting Father Roach to come home on the noon train. Will have to go down and meet him with the machine. Maybe I'll get down all right and maybe I wont. Will tell better after it is all over.

September 18th. Saturday again. Preparations for Chatsworth and Dornoch. Had the usual amount of solicitude about the things to be got ready for the missions. It is rather disconcerting to be on your missions and find out you have forgotten something. I shall tell better when I have occasion to use them whether I have forgotten any item. Not that I have not taken care, for I have gone over the list three or four times, but then memory is such a treacherous thing. Consult the list you say. I did. And forgot nothing.

Father McReavy arrived on the scene today and we had quite a visit with him. He has been off on a health seeking expedition. He looks well.



Started for Chatsworth after supper. It is getting dark and I am not any too skilful with the car yet, besides the roads are not in any too good shape yet, though they are putting gravel on them.

Arrived there safely with a good deal of trepidation. Put the car in the garage all by myself. I was very, very careful. I have a wholesome respect for garages. In fact I am garage shy. Just like a wild duck that has been shot at and slightly punctured. However, I suppose in time I shall be able to look at one of them without trembling.

Went down to the church and heard some confessions. Just a little wagon-load of them. There are not many Catholics in the town and I shall have some from the country in the morning.

Had a chat with the folks at the house and then went to bed.

September 19th. This has been a rather eventful day for me.

Got through my work at Chatsworth at 9:50 a.m. Had to hustle in order to make Dornoch in time for 11 o'clock Mass. Lots of time to go twelve miles in an hour. Yes, if the roads are good and you know the way and can drive a car and can negotiate hills and hollows on the fly. I knew none of them. Nearly got lost on the way. Would have

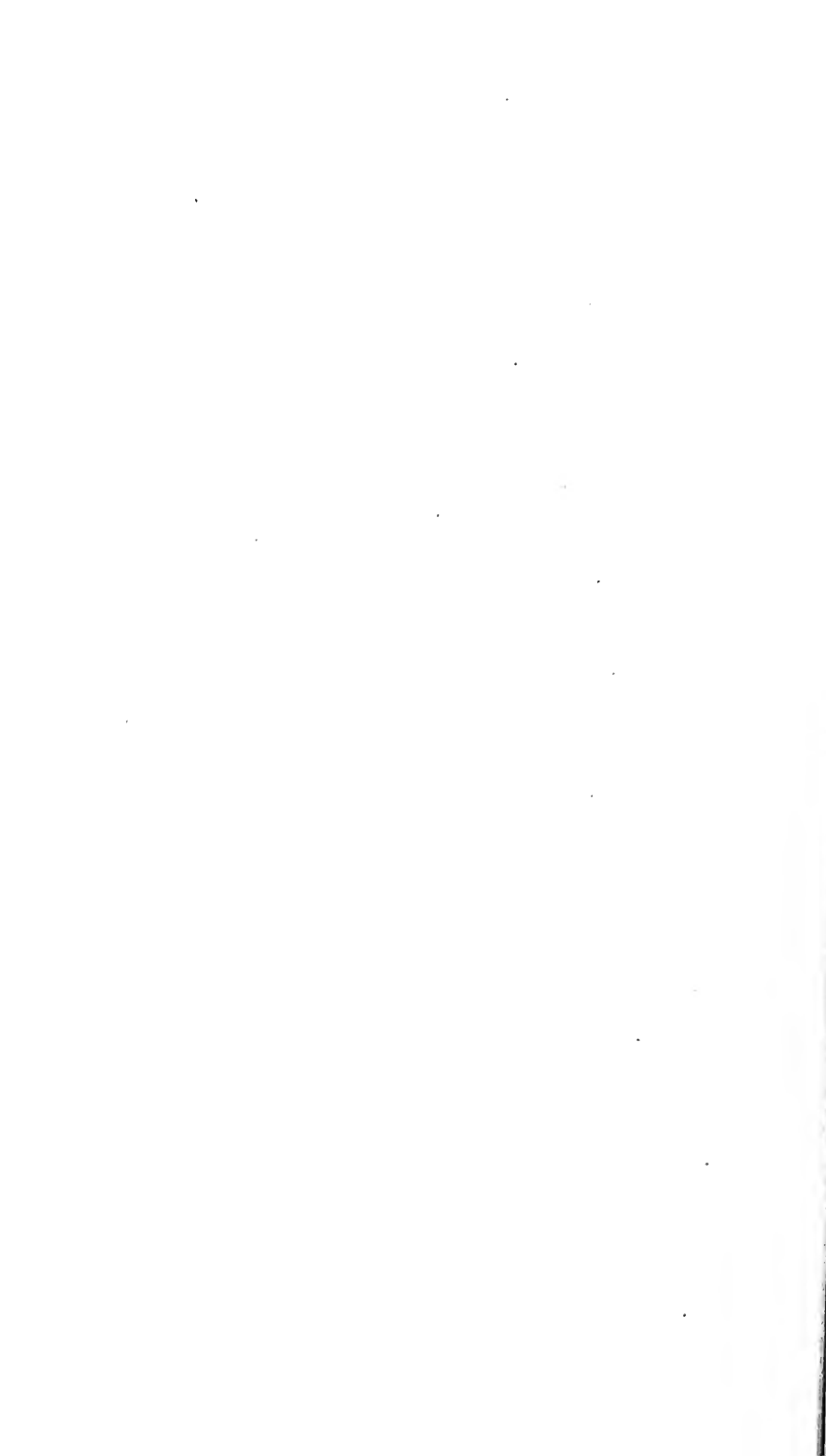


but a neighbor got in with me and showed me the way to the land of Dornoch. Arrived there about a quarter to eleven and found a church yard full of people to greet me. I sailed up the steep hill on low and ran into the garage in professional style. Took a look around the neighborhood and gave them all a smiling greeting. Nothing like letting them think you are glad to see them and to be with them. Makes it easier to get acquainted later on. They will think they have made a hit with you. Smile and try it.

Had a few confessions and got ready for High Mass. The organist was away and I had to make it Low Mass, but made up for it with the length of my oration, discourse, or homily just as you wish to call it.

Invited to go on a sick call in the afternoon. Only ten miles away in the hills of Bentick, the roughest, hilliest spot in Ontario. Will have to have my courage in hand to face the climb. Well, God will be with me and I shall make it.

Had breakfast with Mr. Sullivan and he promised to come with me to show me the way. I needed him as I would never have found the way even with a compass. Up hill and down hills and around hills and up more hills. Seemed as if we were going up and coming down at the same time. Mr. Sullivan got rather afraid of my driving. In fact he had a right



to as I was stalling the machine too often in dangerous places. Borrowed one of the Welch boys and he took us to our destination in fine style.

Found the old lady wasting away with old age. Gave her Holy Viaticum and anointed her. Better to have her ready when the time comes as it is so difficult for a priest to get here from Owen Sound. Only about 35 miles. Left them after a few words of cheer with the rest of the family. Went back to Mr. Welch's and had a short visit with them. Found them fine people and promised to call again. Took another way back to Dornoch and made the way much easier and with greater assurance. Got back in time to finish my office before supper.

Had supper and then went over to the church to get ready for evening devotions.

At 7:30 p.m. quite a nice little gathering assembles in spite of the chilliness of the night and the rough hilly ways. Had rosary and gave them a talk for about 25 minutes. Gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. As the organist was away I struck up the O Salutaris myself. The choir then made bold to try the Tantum Ergo. They did well enough under the conditions. Announced Mass for the morning, and received an invitation to go on two more sick calls in another direction about eight miles off the Dornoch Road. Sat up till about ten and then retired.





September 19th. High Mass this morning.

Had about 25 confessions. They still have the good pious custom of having High Mass for their dead and all the family and near relations going to Holy Communion for the welfare of the departed. God bless them and increase their faith.

Looks like rain.

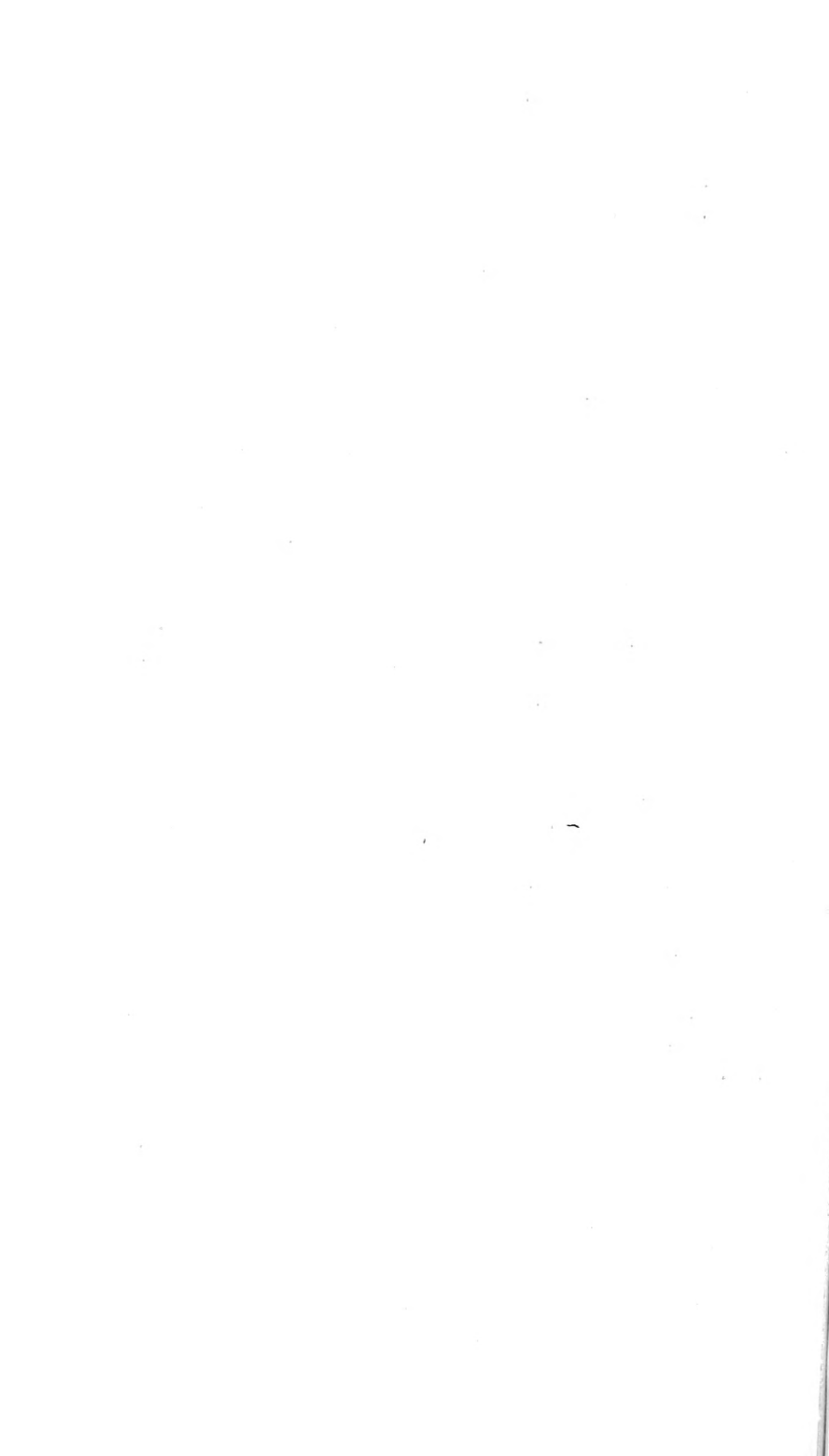
Had breakfast and got ready for the journey through the hills to see the sick. Borrowed a chauffeur for the occasion as I do not like to be driving a car and carrying the Blessed Sacrament at the same time. There is too much distraction watching the bumps and dodging holes and climbing hills and going down grades. Arrived at the home of the sick about eleven and attended to them. The first was an old lady over 80 but full of life and with all her faculties practically unimpaired. She has a fine face. The faith of the people of the house was most noticeable. The man of the house came out with his hat off and guided me most respectfully inside where his sister met me with a lighted candle and made a genuflection and then conducted me to the old lady. Oh what a wonderful thing it is to be a Catholic and with a lively faith. You should have seen the pleasure and joy of the good old soul when she had the pleasure of welcoming her God into her house and into her soul. I think His entrance there must have been almost as welcome as it was at Nazareth when He returned from His first missionary



effort. What a lesson it was to me a priest. Oh, if we could only realize the awful and tremendous favor it is to be a priest of God. And yet we seem to be so mechanical and go about our functions with so much routine. When shall we learn the awful power and privilege that is ours. The Cherubim and Seraphim veil their faces with their wings and sing their canticle "Holy, Holy, Holy" and we poor earth born creatures handle our God with so much indifference. God forgive us our want of faith!

Gave Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction to old Mr. F —. He was fasting yet. Another welcome to God. How sublime, how mysterious!

Had a lunch and then started out on my way home. Had to take a new road and unknown to me. About the only thing I had to guide me was some general directions and hope. Kept plugging along up hill and down dale through swamps and swales, in difficulty with passing wagons at times on account of the narrow roads, but managed to get along well enough. Got into Owen Sound about 2:00 p.m. Had the surprise of my life when I reached the outskirts of the city. Came onto a hill that was much worse than anything I had encountered yet. Could not turn back so I just put on all the brakes, shut off the power and slid down somehow and landed safely at the bottom with my heart in my mouth and the machine still intact. Made my way home through the city. Nearly bumped into a



wagon, dodged two or three other cars and came up hill on low and sailed into the garage triumphantly without tearing the place to pieces. Tired, and more or less pleased with the success of my first venture alone in such circumstances. Rested up in the afternoon. Called on Father McReavey and his folks in the evening. Met some of the neighbors and told them a few old yarns, some southern and some bucolic. Came home about nine and chatted till ten. Went to bed like a tired child.

September 21st. Just performed my usual functions this forenoon.

After dinner donned the overalls again and went out into the potato patch and took a whirl out of the potato digger, which happened to be a fork. It is rather strenuous work for one as soft as I am. However, one has to marvel at the fecundity of the soil here. There is an incredible number of tubers in each hill. It is marvellous.

One is truck by the mystery of it all. This same earth if sown with other seed would produce an abundant crop, whether mangolds, tomatoes, turnips, beets, or vines. Ye it is the same earth and same air. You say it is the nature of the seed to produce that particular kind of vegetable. Yes, true. Yet there is the marvel, out of the same earth with the same material to draw from you can bring forth such a wonderful variety of fruits or vegetables and apparently here is no diminution in the quantity of material



from which all those tubers are drawn. It is mysterious and only God could have given it that power. Yet, men are so blind that they will not see the hand of God working the continual miracles around them at all times. Poor blind man! Quit the potatoes and get ready for my office. It is nice to anticipate the office as it gives a feeling of relief to have the obligation fulfilled. It is so much easier to begin the day with Little Hours. I could never understand how some can put off the whole office till evening. Of course, they say they prefer it that way. Well, every man to his likes, but if a duty or an obligation unforeseen comes up, like a sick call, then there is the difficulty of getting the office off hand before the hour of midnight rolls around. It is much nicer to be free and then take the other obligations or duties as they arise. I am not preaching to others what they should do, for I am sure they are just as happy in their mode of life as I am, but I would find it irksome to face the whole office when the shades of night begin to fall. Now for the "Aperi" for the morrow.

September 22nd. A grand and glorious day.

Today we have the initiation of the Knights of Columbus. About 75 are due to go over the hot sands on their pilgrimage. More were enrolled but owing to some difficulty did not appear in time for the Solemn High Mass at nine.





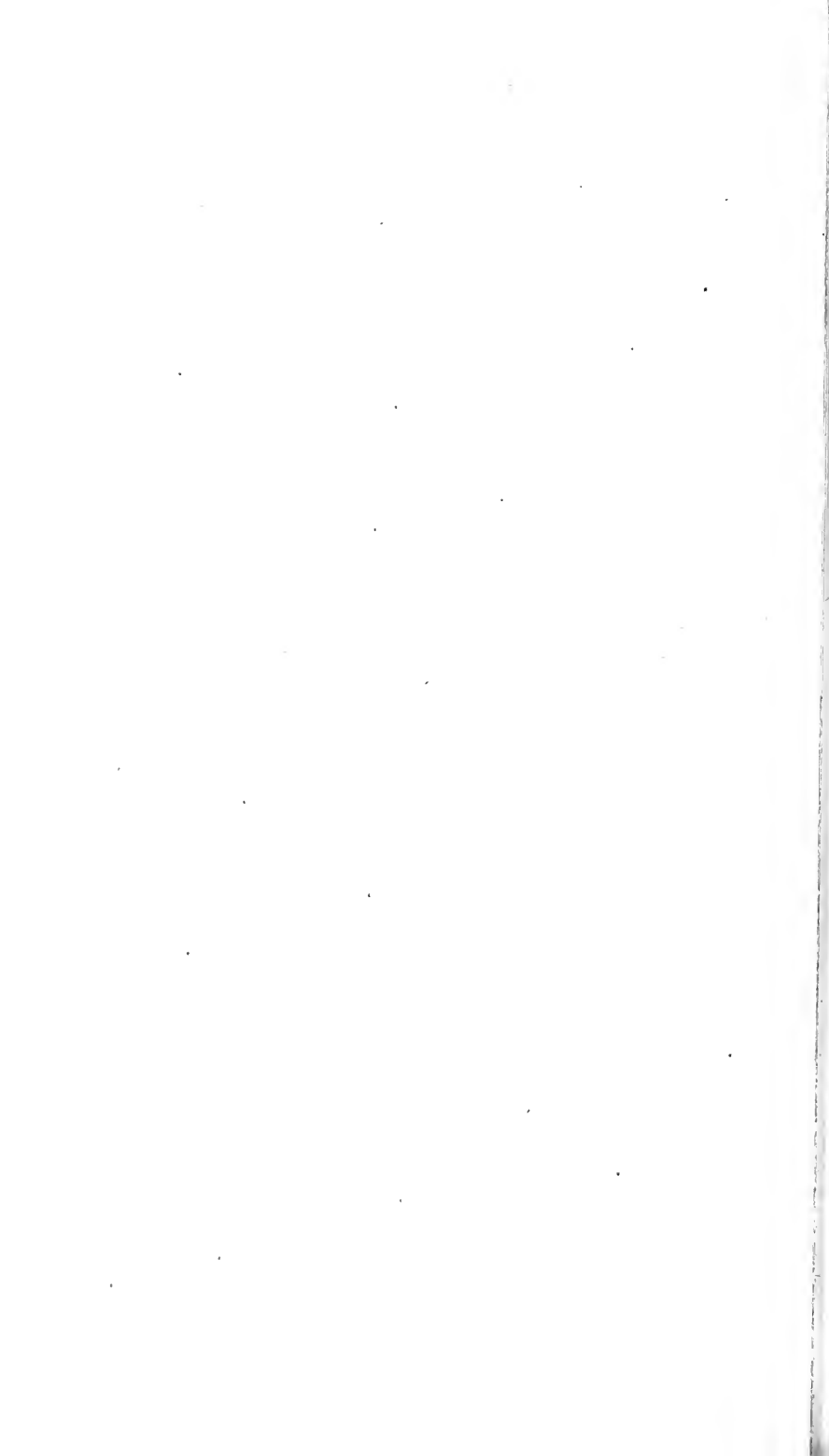
Father Roach is celebrant; Father Collins, Deacon; Father Traynor of Walkerton acting as subdeacon; Father O'Sullivan of Hamilton is Master of Ceremonies. Father Maloney preached a powerful sermon on the dignity and duty of knighthood. It was a fine effort and greatly appreciated by all present. The church was well filled. After Mass the Knights and candidates set out for the K of C hall for the exemplification of the First Degree. Among the candidates is Father Halm of "yton.

Among the visiting clergy are Fathers Broman, Clossey, McReavey, Mantagu, Traynor, O'Sullivan, Maloney, and some others I cannot name.

After dinner the crowd adjourned to the hall for the second and third degrees. The day became exceedingly hot. It will be very warm for the ceremonies as the rooms are rather small and the crowd is large for such an event. I suppose there will be enough perspiration spilled around there to flood the Saugeen.

It is all over and the Knights, new and old, assembled in the Town Hall for a banquet prepared by the ladies and friends of the Knights. Everybody among the men looked as if he had gone through a Turkish bath. From all accounts they did have a hot time of it.

The banquet was a grand success. The speeches were good and well applauded.



Songs were interspersed between speeches and enlivened the occasion. Besides the regular numbers there were several volunteer songs and speeches. After the festivities the young folks just had to have a dance. They had an orchestra and a good floor and they could not let such a brilliant opportunity go by without flinging a few steps of gladness around in more or less graceful fashion. At midnight we all came home rather tired and perspiring gently. Sat around and talked it all over with the neighboring clergy and went to bed about one o'clock. Dog tired and sleepy.

September 24th. The morning after the day before. Feel somewhat tired but game for the day's doings.

Said Mass at 7:30. Some of the neighboring priests said Mass also. Most of the visitors had gone home on very early trains or by auto during the night. Had a talk with Father Halm. He was much edified and delighted with the proceedings of yesterday. He went about ten. Father Traynor went to Walkerton with him.

Got back to normal after dinner. Put on the overalls again and took a turn digging beets and picking plums and tomatoes.

From the appearance of the garden we are due to have plenty of vegetables in the cellar this winter. There are beets,



onions, tomatoes, cabbage, potatoes, apples, pears, plums, and few pumpkins and squashes. Say, won't it be fine in the winter time when the snow is piling up outside and the wind howling around the corner of the house, to bring up a pail of apples just to look at them. Maybe eat a few.

It is exceedingly hot and the perspiration rolled off me in streams. It will work a lot of old poison out of my system and make a new man of me. Stuck at the job as long as I could stand it.

Tired and a trifle stiff and sore tonight. Went to bed ready for a good night's rest.

September 25th. Saturday. Getting ready for Sunday. Gus has the auto ready for the road. I am to be home tomorrow, so have no fears of what will take place on the road. Father McNulty left early in the morning to go to the Block for a funeral.

The day is intensely hot. Had a few confessions in the afternoon and more in the cool of the evening. Mr. Doyle came up after confessions were all heard and we sat and talked till about ten. Father McReavey was on hand also and he remained all night. He will sing the High Mass tomorrow. Retired about 10:30.

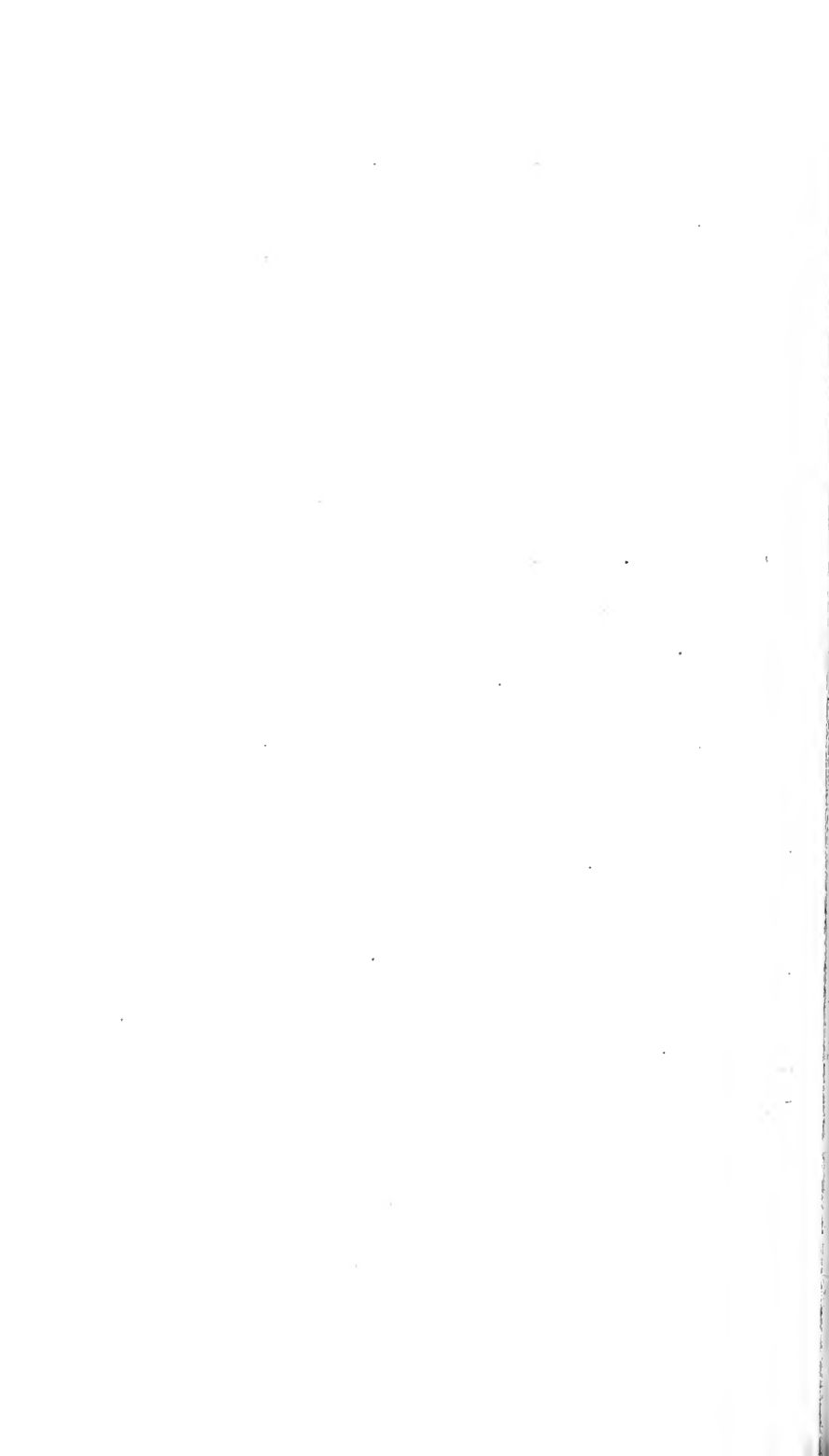


September 26th. Sunday. My first go at pastorizing in Owen Sound. I do not know what kind of a fist I am going to make of it. Will do the very best I can and take a chance on getting the rest of the odds and ends of the work reasonably straight.

Said the eight o'clock Mass and harangued the multitude on things in general and some things in particular, especially on attending evening services. Spoke on giving to Seminary fund, religious vocations. etc.

Spoke again at High Mass at greater length. General directions for the month of October. Spoke on the Gospel. Words of learned length and thundering sound, and all the rest of it. Gus said he was much impressed but as anything impresses Gus that is no criterion of the greater or less merit of my oratorical effort. Time will tell what effect it had on the congregation.

Baptisms at two o'clock. My experience in this line of work is rather limited and there is some trepidation about it. However, with the good intention of making Christians out of them and proper attention to ceremonies I hope to be able to say that I performed it properly. Father McNulty stood by to see that all was properly performed. As he has had a lot of experience in administering the sacrament of Baptism, his approval of my administration was sufficient to quell any qualms of conscience I may have had about the proper procedure.





It is wonderful what a little water can do. A few drops will start a plant on its way and develop it into something wonderful, but it is not to be compared to the marvellous effects it produces in the child when poured on his head in Baptism. If we could see the change that takes place when the little one has been baptized I suppose we should die of terror at the tremendous change in the spiritual life of the atom of humanity before us. It must be something like pouring a flood of sunlight into a cavern that has never been lighted up before and filling it with all the beauty and glory that light alone can produce. Then, to think that for all eternity that little child will bear a mark, whether in heave or in hell, that signifies that it was once set aside for the service of God in the True Faith gives it an added significance that only those who have an appreciation of what Faith means can realize.

Taught Catechism. Here is where we see the beginnings of the working of Faith in the little children. With what ease they grasp the tremendous mysteries of Faith. Not that they understand them as to how they are but they seize upon the doctrine in its entirety and have no trouble or difficulty in admitting the truthfulness of the mystery put before them. Truly, Faith is a wonderful gift.

Called on my little sick child. Oh, how she suffers! And no complaint. Hers is

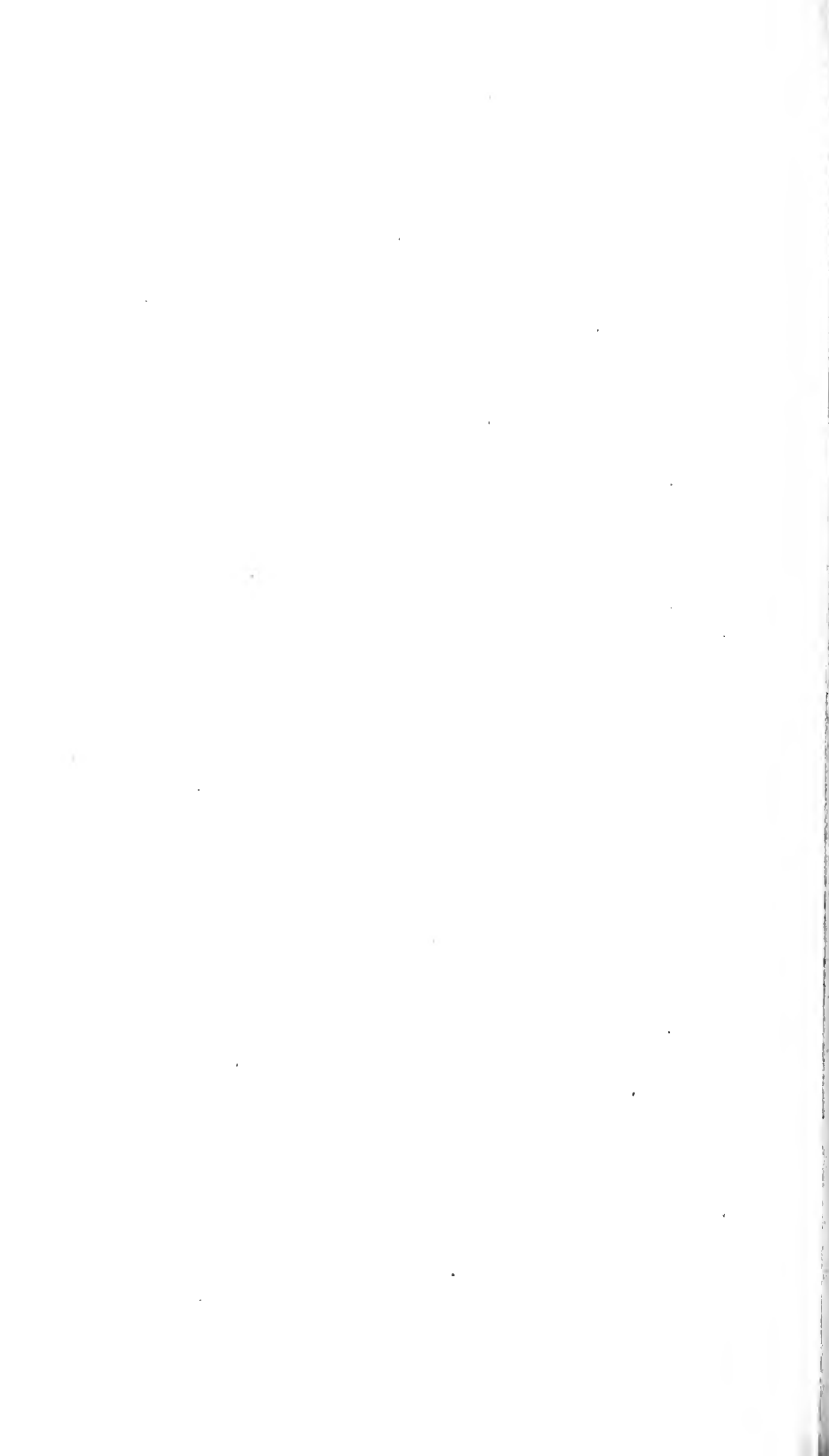


a cross hard to endure, and yet day after day she bears her martyrdom in the greatest patience. Surely she must be a chosen soul that God afflicts her. Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth. Poor Angel. In heaven she will have a crown of glory for all these pains and aches and what a blessing she must bring on her household. God bless her.

Rosary, Vespers and Benediction. A good congregation present. Sermon of the morning seems to be bearing fruit as many new faces are present. Poor people, all they need is a little urging. I suppose if we were out there in the world with all its distractions and cares we might not be half as good.

How docile is the Catholic congregation. There is real faith and humility. If the average Protestant congregation were told half the things and in half the pointed manner that Catholic sermons and instructions are given, their churches would be empty. Only the humble spirit of real piety will accept the pungent directions given in the Catholic pulpit. The old spirit of the Publican, God be merciful to me a sinner, still survives.

September 27th. Somewhat weary after the efforts of yesterday. I guess the intense heat had something to do with my loss of energy that I experience today. During the night a thunderstorm broke over the city. For



a short time the slashing of the lightning and the crashing of the thunder occurring almost concomitantly was terrifying. The rush and roar of the wind and rain added to the general confusion of the elements. It only makes a man feel what a puny thing he is when the powers of heaven are loosed. After seeing that all the windows were closed to keep out the deluge I retired again to get what sleep I could.

High Mass this morning for the departed souls.

More rain and much needed. All during the middle of the day we sat on the veranda and watched the steady downpour. No wind, no thunder, just one unremitting fall of rain, soaking rain. Another thunder shower in the afternoon and more rain. Cleared up about five o'clock and began to get appreciably cooler.

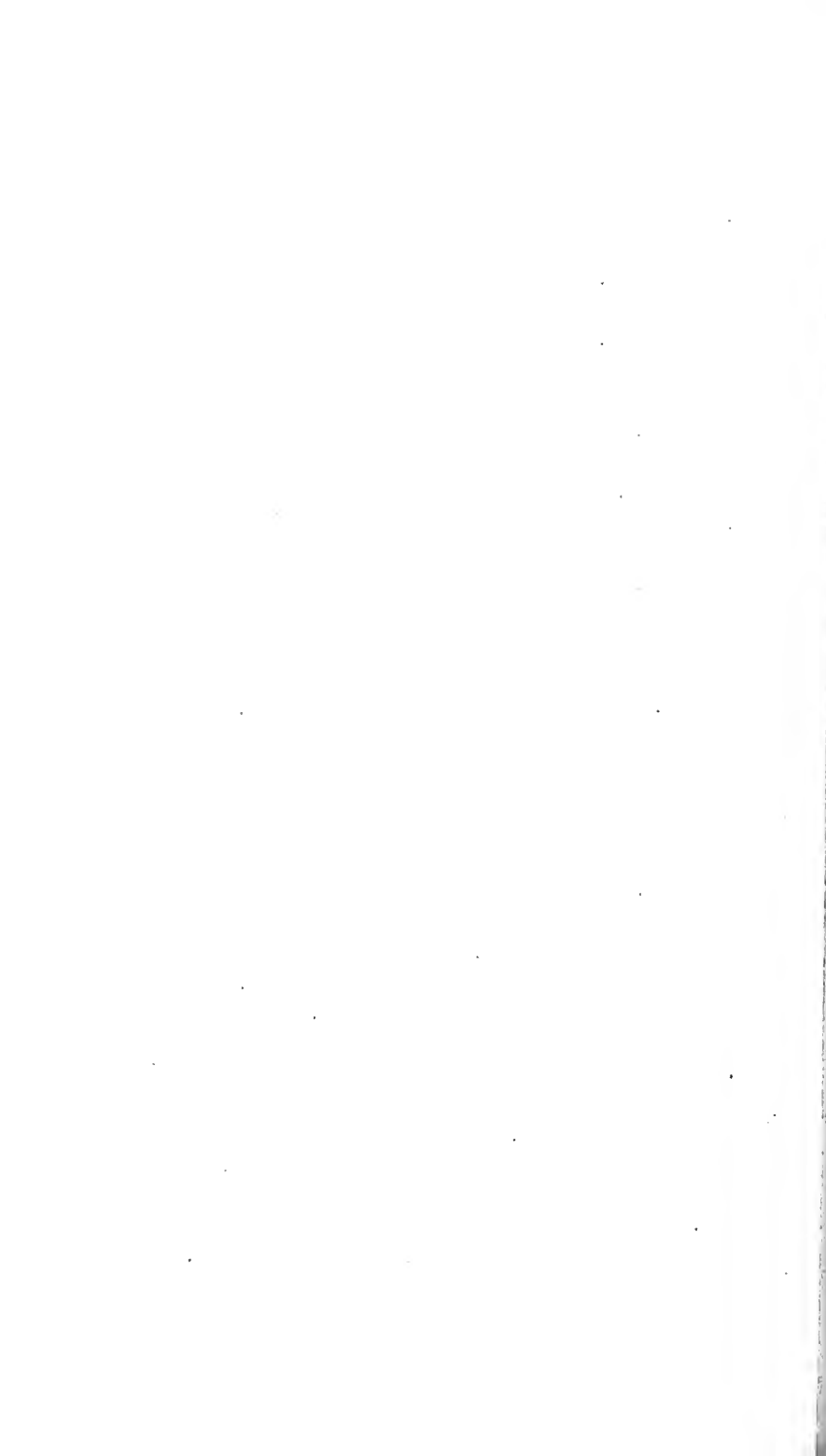
Had a meeting of the Knights of Columbus tonight. Went down with Father McNulty. Mr. Doyle came after us and later brought us home in his car. We had a very nice meeting and many of the brethren were present. The new members enjoyed the evening very much. Everybody had a chance at oratory. Came home about 10:30 and retired. Had a nightmare and fought a burglar for hours during my sleep.

September 28th. The air is rather cool this morning after the rain of yesterday. The lovely autumn



days are here and the leaves are beginning to blush in the waning September sun. When the sunlight fails there is a distinct feeling of chill about the atmosphere. The nights are getting longer and the evening fire will soon be welcome. It is almost saddening to think that all the beautiful verdure and abundant foliage will soon be only a memory. The fruits all reddening with their maturing glow swing lazily on the trees. Often and anon some ripe apple that has overweighted its stem comes toppling to the ground bruised by the fall. It will either be gathered in for present use or lie there rotting to be joined again to mother earth from whence it came by the power of the Creator. That is Nature's way. She offers her abundance to man and if he refuses it she takes it back to her bosom again without reproach for man's ingratitude and ready to reproduce it again next year as though nothing had happened.

Had company today. One of the neighboring priests came to call on us. It is pleasant to have them come. There is always an interchange of ideas grave or gay. One can always learn from one's fellows and particularly from one of like occupation. The democracy of the priesthood is a wonderful thing. It is the only institution of its kind in the world. It is the natural outgrowth of the democratic mother, the Church. There is no other calling where such varied talents are displayed as in the priest-





hood, and yet in spite of the variation of character and attainment there remains the feeling of brotherhood among the members of the priesthood. It is the best illustration of the power of humility and charity. There is no place for snobbishness in its ranks. The almost brutal frankness of sincerity and truth soon eradicate any false notions one may accidentally acquire for a period. I suppose it is the nature of the divine calling to eliminate the spirit of worldly feeling that displays itself in the snob.

Spent the evening browsing among my books. Picked up a volume of Canon Law and spent some time at its contents and then took a peek into Pohle-Preuss on the Essence and Attributes of God.

It is marvellous what a depth of meditation there is in one page of Dogmatic Theology. One begins to realize more and more how puny man is, how shallow his intellect, and how abysmally profound is the mystery of God and His perfections. One is almost inclined to throw up one's hands and cry out again, Who is like unto Thee, O God? And yet, it is in the meditation upon such wonderful revelation of God that man acquires the proper perspective of things and particularly of himself. I can see many happy hours during the coming winter when the snow is piling up outside and the wind is whistling its weird and fanciful melodies, and the stove is carackling with flames of burning cedar.



Retired for the night with my head full of thoughts of what I had just been reading. One is often struck with the thought of where it is all going to end. If one is mystified here by the slightest touches of God's power and beauty and mysterious attributes, what will it be when we see Him face to face. Our finite intellects will be carried along almost out of themselves, so to speak, with the new revelations of beauty and goodness of the Beatific Vision. Truly has St. Paul said that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor hath it entered into the heart of man to even imagine the things that God has prepared for those that are faithful to the calling of children of light.

September 29th. The weather today is quite chilly. After my usual morning obligations were attended to I made bold to visit the city. It is not often that I go down town, but a little business now and then takes a man out of the usual routine of work and gives him a chance to see a few of the neighbors and get a change of scenery.

In the afternoon I spent some time with Gus in digging potatoes. It seems that we did not begin soon enough or there is some blight that is attacking them as they are beginning to rot in the ground. I cannot understand this as the weather has not been wet or disagreeable. Perhaps the boiling sun of the last few days had something to do with it. In any case



they are beginning to rot and we shall have to dig rapidly to save what we can if the weather will permit us to do so. It looks like rain, and in fact it has rained some. Plugged away till five with the fork and then said office. I do not like to let the office hang over till the morrow.

Spent the evening reading Canon Law and some pages of Dogmatic Theology. Put in a good session and retired satisfied that I had done something to keep the cobwebs from forming on my belfry.

September 30th. Today is gloomy. It rained cats and dogs during the night. It seemed as if the whole of the waterworks of the sky was letting go at once. I have no idea of what amount of water fell but there was plenty of it and it continued after we began the day's work. It has rained intermittently all day till five. The wind is rising and the clouds may clear away. Had fire on in my room. It was quite comfortable and I managed to do some solid reading.

Heard confessions of the school children. God bless their little innocent hearts. What do they know of sin! May they always remain that way. Their little souls seem like so many tenderly cared for gardens. As soon as a noxious plant shows its head it is plucked out. Small chance for briars and thorns and thistles to grow in such well watched soil.



Got a letter from Charlie at college. He seems to be breaking in in fine shape. He is always hungry. That is a common ailment with a growing boy. He will have to learn to live on susepender and belt there as there is no open pantry to appeal to.

October 1st. All night it has been raining and the wind is adding to the general confusion of the elements. The rain pounding on the roof gives a sort of mournful accompaniment to the duet of wind and rain. The cold of the night makes one huddle up in the bed clothes to extract all the comfort possible out of the situation. Of course, the psychological element enters into the situation and old memories of other days come crowding into the night thoughts that come trooping along in battalions. Old memories, and pleasant of boyhood days when the fancy of youth crowned everything with a fairy garland.

First Friday. In spite of the inclement weather there was a good crowd of parishioners out for Mass and the reception of Holy Communion. God bless them. It is just such a morning as one would like to remain snugly in bed and let the rain beat its dirge on the roof, but then the sacrifice is worth the while. Faith is a powerful impulse on such an occasion as this, and out they come into the dull drab morning with minds intent on something that the world knows little about and seems to care less.

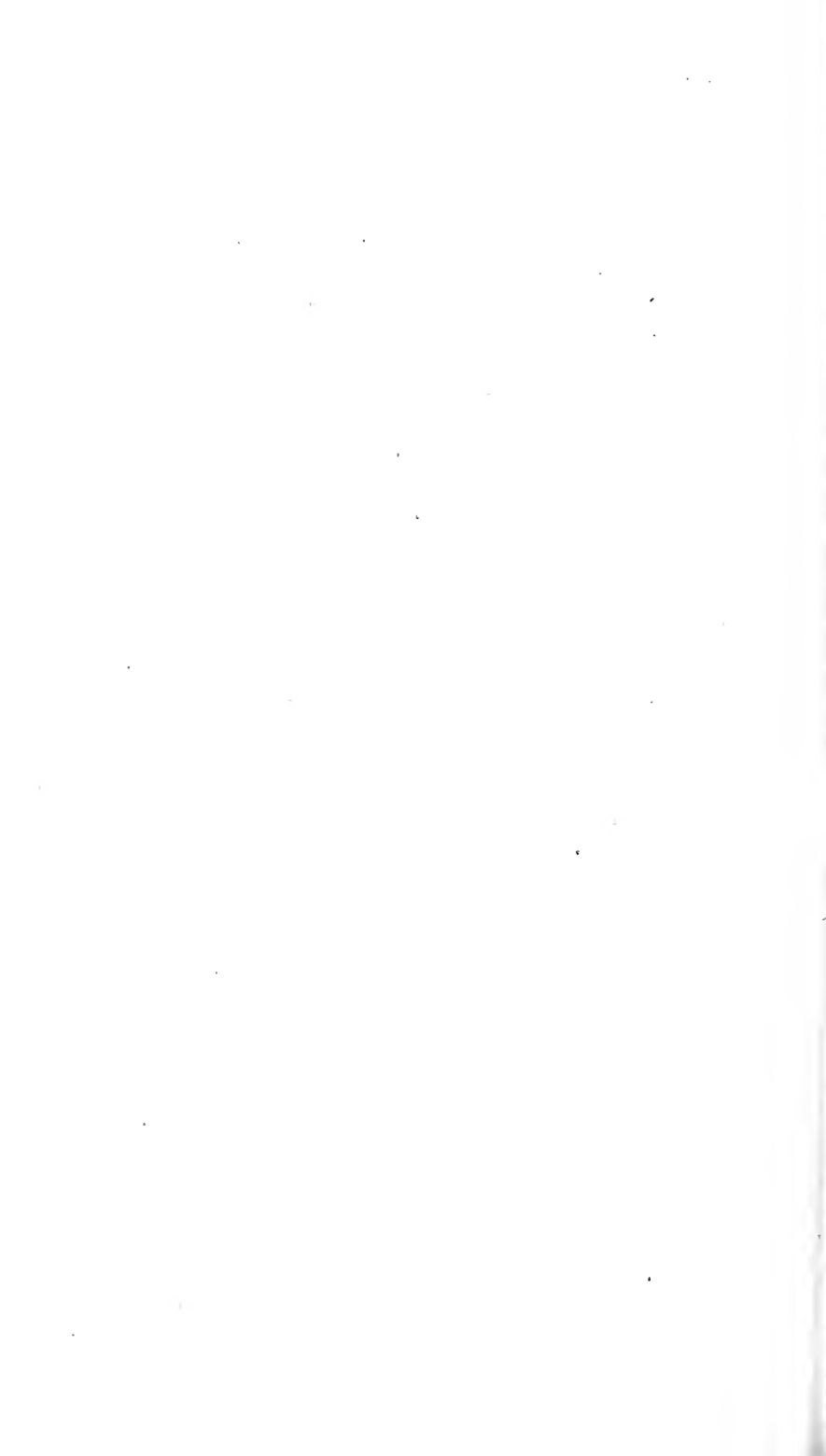




Snow has begun to fall and commingling with the rain makes for the general unpleasantness of the day. Snow, huge gobs of it, flitting past the windows in serried ranks, twisting, swirling, leaping, in mad flights to fall on the soggy earth and disappear almost as soon as they are born. How short lived the existence of the snow flakes, and it has fulfilled its destiny.

Rank and raw outside, the roaring of the stove makes the room seem so comfortable, one would not like to think of a long distance sick call on such a day as this. It is not nice to face the storm now raging outside under such conditions. However, if it were to come, the old coat would be dragged down and off some one would go through snow and rain to help some wayfarer on his way to eternity. What odds, if we do suffer a little in such a case. It is worth while. The night at Bethlehem I do not suppose was any too agreeable, and who are we that we should complain about the inclement weather when souls are at stake.

Father McReavey is just now playing some melody on the violin. He is wrapped up in what he is playing and seems to extract a lot of pleasure out of it. There is a lot of pleasure or company, if you prefer it that way, in the violin. Old melodies come back and with them the old association of ideas that make them sweeter. I prefer that kind. I am not much of a performer on the violin. I would rather be classified as a fiddler.



The violinist plays by note and scientifically, while the fiddler just plays by main strength and puts what soul he can into the old time homely selections to which his father and mother danced in the days of their youth, and to which there clings the romance of childhood. Of course, I like to hear the violin played well, but I shall never be in the class of experts, so have to content myself with just playing the things I like. I guess I can get the most good out of it that way. As my confreres at present are not too highly educated in music, I imagine the old tunes are more to their liking than the new fangled syncopated ragtime that goes to make up the bulk of the musical entertainment of the present day. Jazz music they call it, but from what I can see of it there is little of music to it, being more a conglomeration of more or less concatenated harshness to which folks are supposed to dance if they wish, or I might say it is a poor substitute for the popular pastime of musical entertainment.

I wonder when we shall get the rest of the potatoes dug, and the mangolds pulled and the apples picked. Father McReavey says this is squaw winter and I hope she does not stay too long. The general trend of October in these parts is pleasant and I hope it comes true. I should not like to endure any more of this than the present flurry without getting better prepared for it. Summer clothing is not the proper garb for such a day as this.



October 2nd. Dark and dreary today.

The snow of yesterday is melting rapidly and will be gone by noon leaving slush and mud for the welfare of poor mortals. 'Here has been much damage done by the heavy blanket of snow that covered the trees. 'The branches were weighted down and in many cases trees were split in twain by the weight of the harmless looking mantle of winter.

It is odd the numerous fantastic shapes taken by the shrubs and trees under the weight of snow. Some of them bow their heads and remind one of mourners at a funeral all bowed in grief and shedding tears of sorrow. The lordly maples managed to hold their own against the encroachments of the storm, and the mountain ash looked beautiful with its wealth of red berries peeping out beneath the mantle of white, like children coming from the cold with cheeks all aglow with the rush of blood to the surface and smiling with the exuberance of good health. The hedge disappeared from view and only a mound told us where it was.

It is beginning to rain again and the outlook for the day is miserable. It will not be nice facing the road to Chatsworth this afternoon unless nature shows herself more agreeable and lets the sun shine a trifle to dry the roads or sends a wind to carry off the moisture.



This morning at Mass the usual crowd of faithful souls were there to greet their Lord. Oh, what faith is their's to come out in the slush and mud at such an early hour. Surely the Lord must have smiled at them trudging along the sodden way to tell Him He was welcome to take up His abode in their hearts again, not only for today but for every day. God bless them. Their earnestness and steadfastness is an inspiration and an encouragement. What would we do without them! I can imagine them at Nazareth taking arun over to see how the Little Child was and to have a few words with His mother.

While I am jotting down these lines Father McReavey is tearing the insides out of the fiddle with some classical selection. He is not bothering me and I do not seem to interfere with the flow of melody that is filling the house. I do not know how the rest of them are taking it, but they are not complaining.

Have the grip packed and ready for the road. I wonder if I have forgotten anything. I have gone over the list, and found everything that I can think of but may find that I have forgotten something when I get to my destination. Well, we shall have to make the most of it.

This is the anniversary of the day so many years ago when my favorite sister Nell took to her bed for the last time. Poor soul, she had been like a mother to us when we were ill. Four of us





down with the typhoid fever and she managed to keep things going while there was so much to worry her. She always had a smile and a joke for us and when she was at her work the melody of some simple folksong would go through the old home like a breath of sunshine, if I may use the expression. Well, she never complained about the burden, but when she lay her weary limbs upon the bed in her illness one could see she was tired and worn out. She lasted just ten days. God took her from us and my heart nearly broke. How much like her mother she looked when she was laid out in death. Her dark brown ringlets clustered round her cold brow and her gentle smile was still on her lips. Poor Nell, she was so young and innocent! Every First Friday saw her at church. Her intention had been to consecrate herself to God. He accepted the sacrifice and took her just as she was budding into womanhood. No doubt her innocent soul found an early welcome into the abode of the Blest. How happy I shall be to meet her one of these days when the good Lord will see fit to call me. I hope I shall be as ready and willing to go as she was. God bless her!

I went to Chatsworth this afternoon. The roads were not in good condition as the recent snow left them slushy. In fact they were about as bad as I ever saw them. The snow is lying on the uplands as though it were midwinter. Arrived in Chatsworth at six. Father McReavey came along with me and I was glad he was



along for company sake and also to take a turn at the car as I do not feel that I am very artistic yet. I have too much imagination and any old time I start for the ditch or swamp on a slew I can easily find all the thrills that go with the real thing. In fact about the only difference in the two results is that I have not had to pry the machine out of the mud or pay a garage bill for repairs. The effect on my nervous system is about the same.

Heard confessions in Chatsworth. There was the usual small crowd out, and it is surprising that there were so many as the night was not at all inviting for being out.

October 3rd. Said first Mass in Chatsworth. Father McReavey will take care of the Mass at Dornoch and I shall be able to have a cup of coffee before taking the long drive. Had about a dozen confessions in the morning. Began Mass promptly at nine. Gave them a little homily on the Gospel. Ready to take the road at ten. (Had fire in the church and it felt comfortable, thanks to Mr. J. Hamilton.)

Off we go, through the slush and mud. The rain last night did not do the situation any good as far as my driving was concerned. Thought it better to let Father McReavey drive as he is an old hand at the car. He can make it behave and jump over holes without wetting its feet. It is a disagreeable morning,



and rained some of the way. My blessing on the man who made those narrow roads through the swamps. He should have been compelled to make them wider as they are an insult to the community and from what I understand a tribute to his powers as a grafter. The road allowance called for twenty feet and it is far short of that. I think it is at most ten or twelve. Got to Dornoch in time to begin Mass. We did not have any time to spare, as we had to creep along to keep on the road.

Preached at the Mass. Father McKeavey does not like talking to his relatives and as he has a lot of them here he does not care to deliver an oration. Doomed up the Seminary collection. Talked on the closing words of the Gospel, "Many are called and few are chosen." Got going and hung on for about forty minutes. Did not know I was so long and as I do not believe in orating more than twenty-five, I must have been geared up too high to keep within the limit. They responded nobly to the appeal for the collection and turned in about twice the usual amount. God bless them, the more I get to know them the better I like them. They are like a lot of children. All they need is a little encouragement and they will do what is right and be generous. Scolding does not do any good. They resent that kind of talk. It hurst and leaves a sore spot. Reprove sin, but have pity on the sinner. That is God's way and I guess we cannot improve on His mode of procedure. You and I would not like to sit down there and



get a dressing down in a public manner without a chance for a reply in our own defense. They do not like it either.

Had dinner at J. Sullivan's as usual. Spent the afternoon with him. All the family was there and we had a pleasant afternoon. Took a stroll down to Wm. O'Mara's place for a chat and to get acquainted with him. It is well to know your parishioners personally. Can do them more good when they find you are human like themselves, and can sympathise with them in their trouble. Of course it is not a good thing to be too familiar or undignified. That hurts the cause of God and religion. They like to have you come and take a personal interest in their welfare.

Had evening services. A small crowd out as the night was very dark and the roads not any too good. Talked again on the Rosary. Found on getting to the church tonight that the sanctuary lamp had burst. No damage done, except a few drops of oil had fallen on the carpet.

Spent the evening with J. Sullivan. Sat up till nearly midnight making them acquainted with the leading characters of my part of the country. Had them laughing till they were sore. They must have thought that the folks of Essex County were all born comedians and had nothing to do except plan and execute practical jokes on their neighbors. Well, if it were not for their sense of humor they would have found the life of the early





days very drab and dreary. Living as they were in a very secluded place in the midst of the forest, without any chance for outside entertainment, they had to make their own amusement. It was sometimes crude and rough at times, but produced the proper effect, which was what was wanted. I think, generally speaking, there was more solid sensible humor and more conducive to good feeling among the neighbors in the old days than there is today when the young have all the advantages of town life while living in the country. There was a realization of their dependence on each other in the old days and that helped to promote neighborly feeling and good will. Now they can buy nearly all their entertainment for a nickle or a dime at the movies and there is a tendency to crawl into their shells and leave the neighbors to themselves. Too much selfishness today.

October 4th. Sang Mass at nine. Father McReavey said Mass at eight. Had about thirty for confession. How consoling to see them come to the sacraments. They are anxious to do what is right and walk in God's way. It would be a crime not to give them the chance. They love God all the more for it and love their priests for providing the opportunity, God bless them.

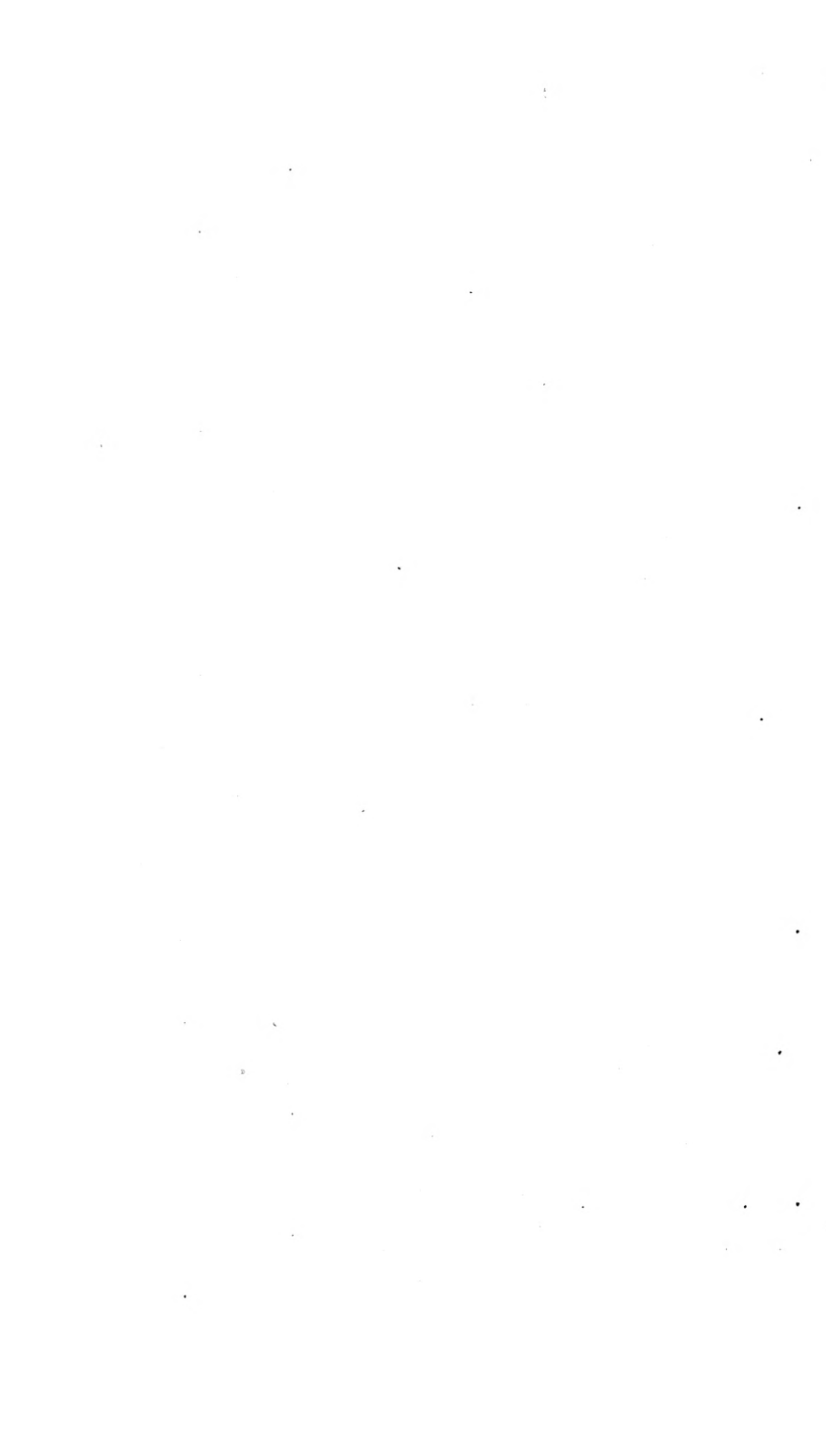
Made a visit to the school after breakfast. Gave them a talk on catechetical work. Quizzed them and found them more



or less prepared in their work. Some of the little ones are apparently scared as they can hardly tell their names. I guess my big voice has something to do with terrifying them. Did not think of it at the time or I would have thrown myself into low gear and gone along gently with them.

Left at eleven for a visit to Pat O'Neill. Pat is ailing with a touch of rheumatism. Oh, if I only had the gift of miracles what a wonderful effect I could produce among these simple folks. They have acres of faith in the power of the priest to do wonderful things. Perhaps they have a better appreciation of the powers of the priesthood than we who exercise them. I suppose it is because we have such a deep realization of our own unworthiness and general worthlessness that makes us so diffident. Why is it that we do not trust God more? He has told us that if we would ask the Father anything in His name that He would grant it.

Had dinner with Pat and the good lady who presides over his household, Mrs. Pat. She rose to the occasion and it was worth while going out of our road to be present at such a dinner. I am sure that one Pullman car you could not duplicate that dinner for less than \$5.00, and yet, everything they had was raised right there on the farm. It was a big improvement on the imitation wahoo one gets in hotels and in the cities.



Had a smoke and a chat after dinner and then set out for home. Found the roads in worse condition than yesterday as they are scraping them and the whole surface is loose. Had some thrills as a consequence, but managed to stay on the road and eventually pulled into the garage at home, tired and glad to be back again for the rest of the week.

Spent the rest of the day resting up and chatting with the brethren. Went to bed at nine, tired and contented with the results of the day on the mission.

October 5th. Somewhat tired from the previous day's exertions, but still ready and willing for the fray. After the usual routine of the morning I helped Gus dig some potatoes. The ground is rather soft and wet and the potatoes come out covered with a coating of soft mud. They will have to be dried before we can put them in the bin or they will rot. They are plentiful and promise a good outlook for the coming winter. It means we shall not have to pay \$6.00 a bag for them before the winter is over. That was the price of them last winter owing to the manipulation of the market on the part of profiteers who bought up whole tracts of potatoes in the East and let them rot in the ground. I wonder what kind of judgment is going to be passed out on them when they come to render their account to God. He is generous to man and greedy man throws away His gifts to squeeze a



few more filthy dollars out of the poor. It is committing a crime that cries to heaven for vengeance and God will surely punish those men for their rapacity. Finished digging for the day as some of the others were not ready to be dug as we had no place for them.

Spent the evening in walking and talking with the confreres. Spent some time reading and then turned in for the night. Did not have to be rocked to sleep.

October 6th. Had an hour's good solid reading and was summoned to aid Gus with the rest of the potatoes. Dig if you want to eat. I dug. Finished the season's crop by noon and left them scattered all over the ground to dry out some.

Gathered apples in the afternoon. They are beauties. I do not know if they will keep, but they are about the nicest I have seen. Big, red, juicy apples that crack like a pistol shot when you bite into them.

It was a return to boyhood days to be up the ladder again, climbing among the branches and handing down the treasures of Nature. Of course, my avoirdupois was rather in the way but I managed to stick to the ladder and kept out of all danger of falling off. I would not like to fall as the distance was about fifteen feet and if you drop a huge object that distance it will have acquired considerable momentum by the time





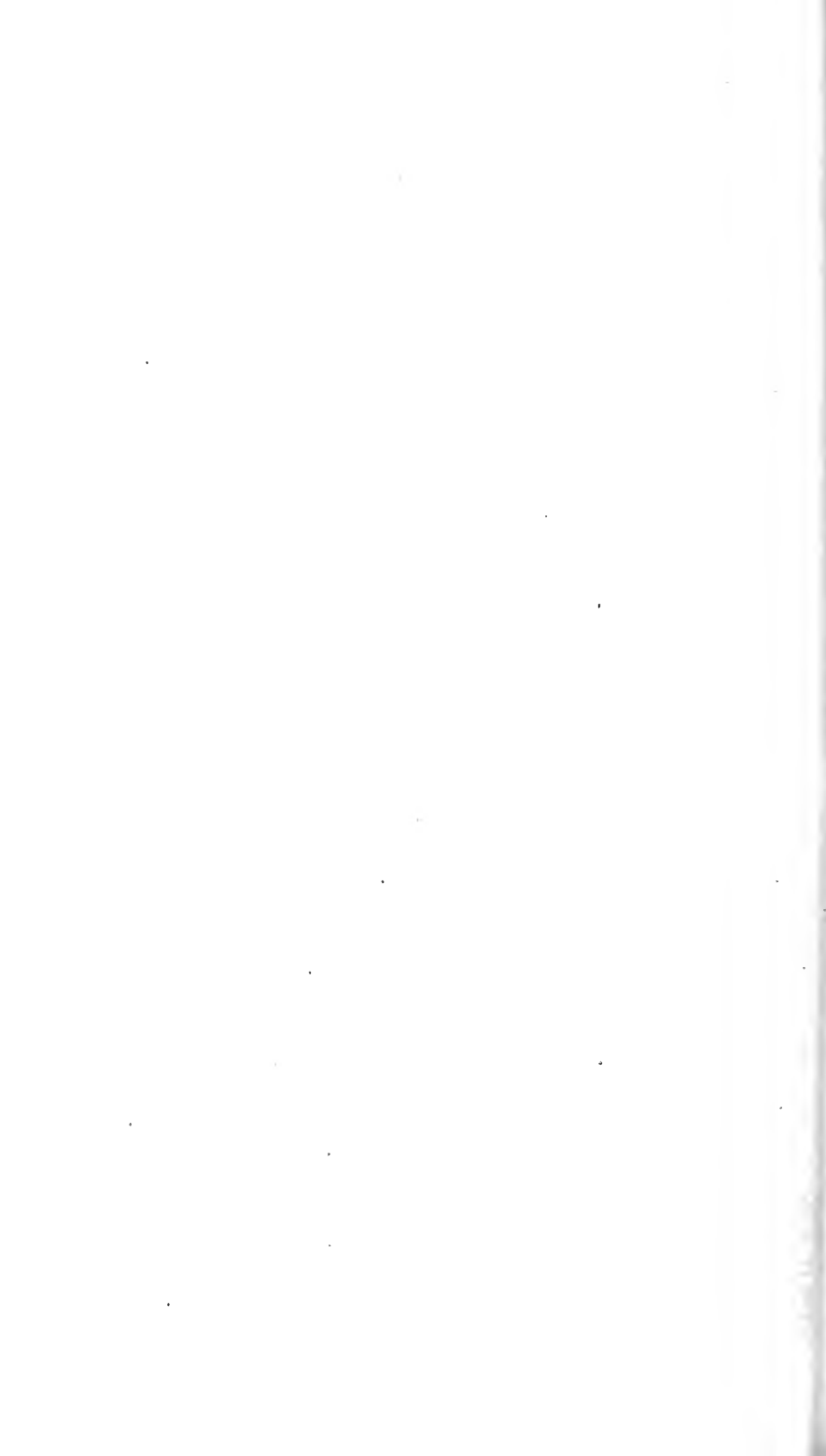
one reaches the ground. If a body in falling acquires a force that varies according to the square of the distance, you may imagine with what kind of a thud my 255 pounds of more or less solid material would have caressed Mother Earth about the time it came to stop. Besides it is well to be careful of one's anatomy when there is more at stake than the mere value of a few apples. Where there are only three of us to look after so many places, it would be rather inconvenient to have another man come here from Toronto to replace a man with a broken head.

Got nearly all the potatoes picked and had to put some of them in the garage as there was not room enough in the cellar to permit them to cure properly.

Had evening devotions. Quite a crowd out for Rosary and Benediction. Father McNulty said the Rosary. Spent the rest of the evening reading and then bade good night to the world in general and the household in particular.

October 7th. Weather is fine, sun shining and warming up nicely. Will have to go to the school at nine. Catechism for the children.

Said Mass and a greater crowd than usual was out for Holy Communion. The faithful few were there besides a number of others who come on the great feasts. They would come more frequently if they



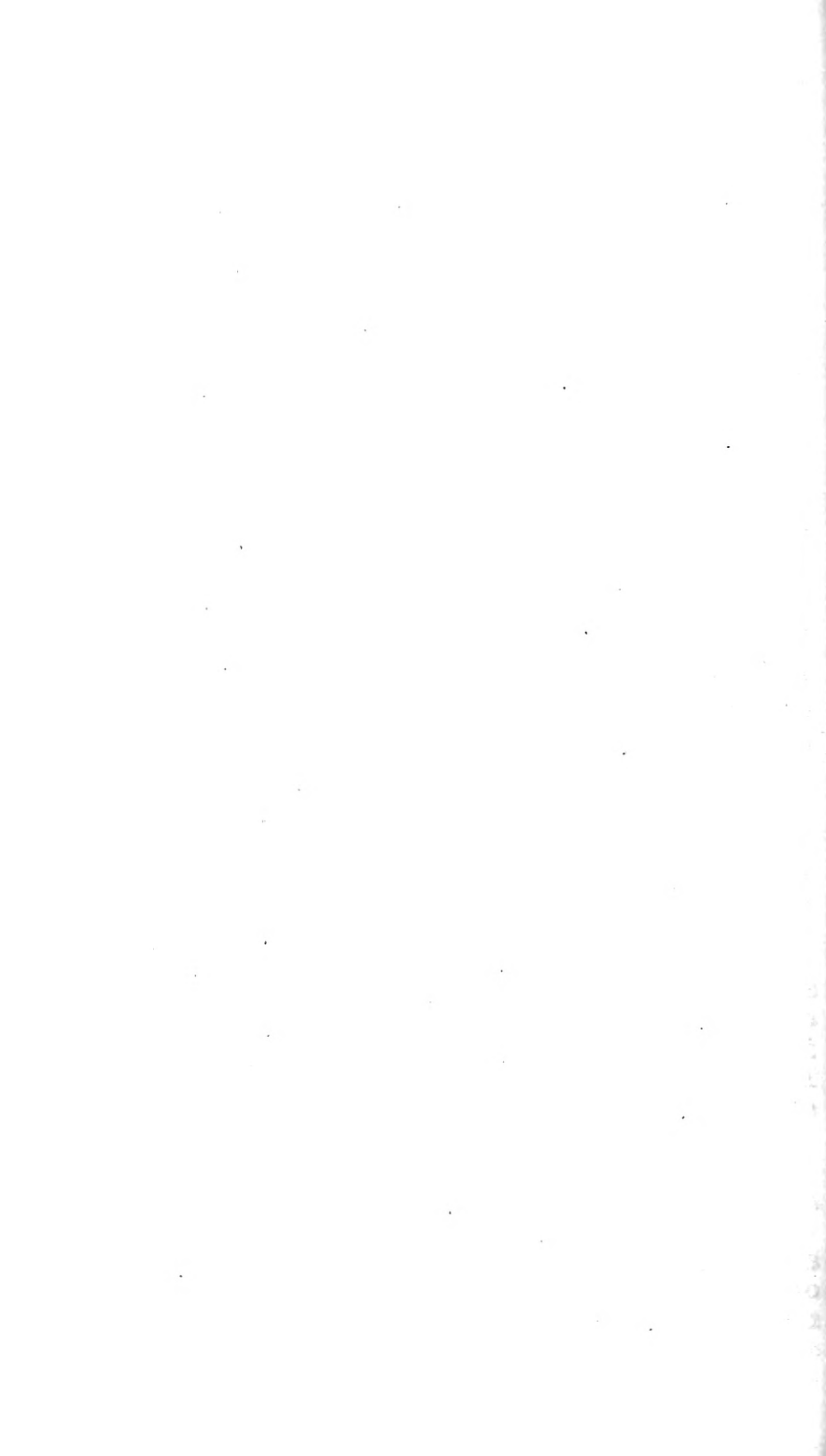
could get away from their duties at home, or in the stores. However, God knows their good will and intentions and will reward them handsomely.

Had a turn at the fiddle. Just a few old tunes to throw a little life into the household. Nothing classical, but just the old time familiar airs they know. If music hath charms to soothe the savage breast I hope the brethren will not lose their tempers when I scrape off a few jigs and reels.

Got back from the school at 10:15. Said Little Hours. Went out to help Gus pick up the rest of the potatoes. He is going out with Father Roach on a fishing trip and wanted to get them all up by noon. Finished the job all but getting in about three sacks. I shall take care of them after dinner.

Lugged in the last of the sacks and they made a fine showing when they were all spread out on the garage floor. There were big potatoes, little potatoes, middle sized potatoes, potatoes in the cellar, potatoes in the garage, potatoes in the drive shed, lots of them, and later on there will be potatoes in the stomach.

Went over in the afternoon to call on Angela M- who is ill. She still suffers from the cramps. They are very violent at times and render her unconscious. No one knows but God how much she suffers from them. This is about the sixth



year she has been laid up helpless with them. Poor child, how great will be her reward in heaven.

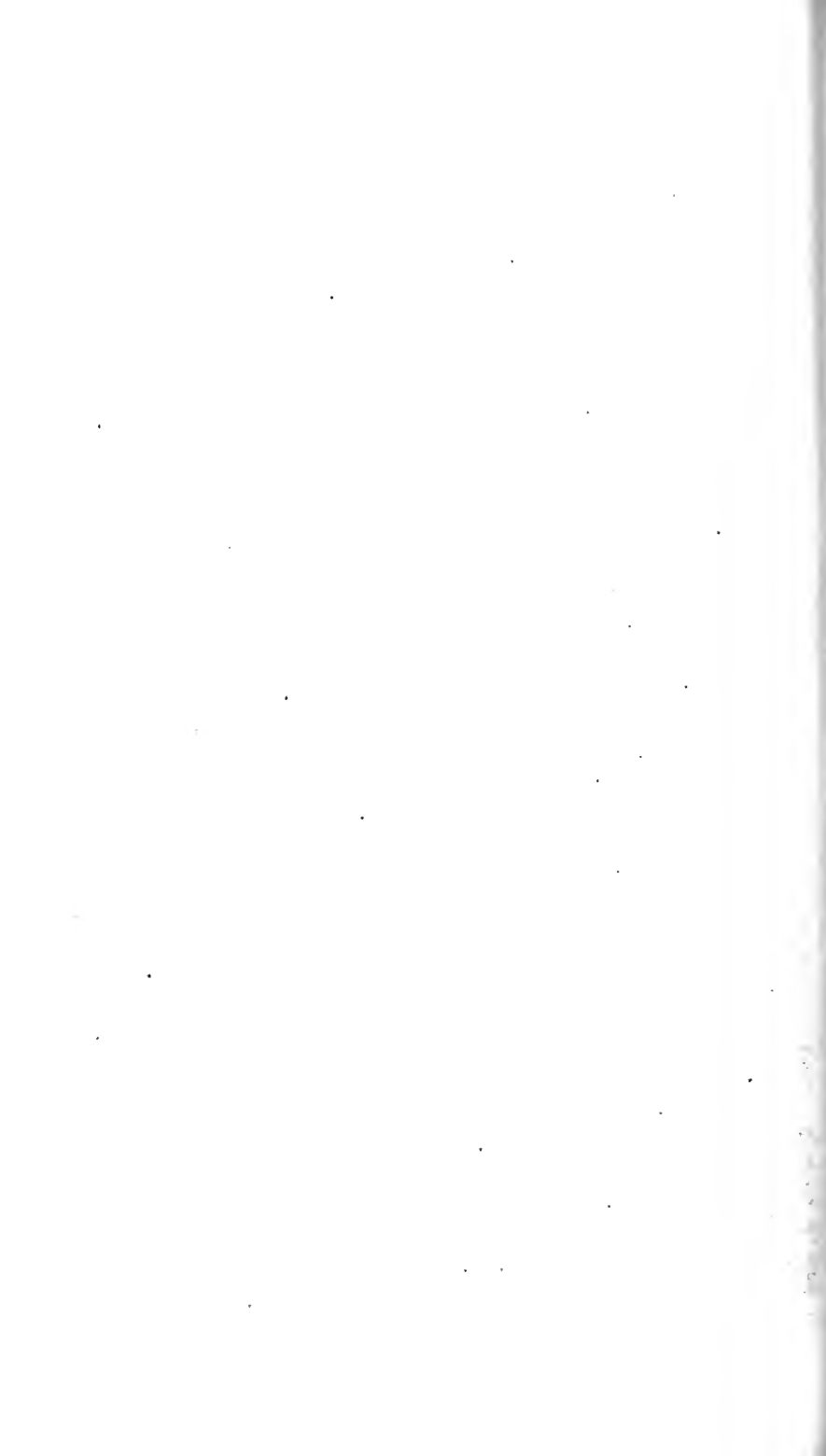
Spent the evening walking with the brethren talking over things of local interest. Spent an hour or so later reading in Canon Law. The weather has been ideal. I hope it continues so for some time as I do not like the rainy season when I have to take to the road with the machine. I do not feel entirely at home with the affair yet, but hope to get control of it some time soon. Father Roach and Gus got back at six with one fish. The signs were good for fishing, west wind and all that, but there were no fish. We shall have to catch some out of the fish wagon if we want to have any dinner tomorrow.

Wrote a letter during the day to W. Jones. He was my travelling companion around Seattle during the summer and made it very pleasant for me. I saw a lot of the country I would have missed if he had not been along. He was a delightful companion and we had many a good laugh over the turn of affairs. Wrote to C.B. at College. He likes it there. I guess he is pretty much the same as I was when I broke in.

October 8th. After the usual routine of the morning I spent an hour reading Canon Law. Always learning something new and will get better acquainted with church regulations as I go along.



Went down about 9:30 to help in the garden. Just getting squared around for work when I received word of a sick call in Dornoch. Only about 25 miles of a run with the machine. Took Father McNulty with me to help me out of the ditches in case I took a header in that direction and also for the pleasure of his company. Left the house about ten. The roads to Chatsworth were in good shape and we bowled along nicely and reached Chatsworth in about half an hour. Not bad for a green hand, but I made up my mind to take more time beyond as the roads would not be in such good condition. Reached Dornoch in good time and then took the hills of Glenelg one by one. Oh, they were steep. I do not know how I managed to get up them. I did keep plugging along and finally reached Mrs. Coffee's residence where the sick lady is staying. Father McNulty gave her all the sacraments and then we had dinner. Had a talk with the poor old soul who is on the verge of eternity. Tried to inspire her with greater confidence in God and asked her prayers. Surely the prayers of a faithful old soul like her must be powerful with God. Bade her good bye and gave her my blessing. Set out fro home at about half past one. Took a new road and a better one through Arnott. Nearly went into the ditch once being crowded by a passing machine. However, we managed to stick and kept the pot boiling and landed home about 3:15 p.m. Tired after the long drive and somewhat nervous.





Had evening devotions with a good crowd out. Dick K- and his wife called in after devotions and we had a chat. He looks fine. Finished office, read a little and went to bed still nervous. It is a bad business to have a forty-horse-power imagination. I had many a shiver when I thought I nearly fell into the ditch, or recalled the numerous close shaves I had during the day.

October 9th. After the fulfilment of the morning duties, made preparations for Wiarton and Hepworth. As usual I had the anxiety about whether I had everything ready or not. Got everything in the valise as I thought and then pulled it apart to see if it was all there, like a fellow that buried a dead horse and thendug him up to see if he was properly buried. Spent what spare time I had in reading and playing a few bars on the fiddle.

Father McReavey happened in just about the time I was due to go to the train. He accompanied me on my way. I left him at Park Head. He is on his way to Walkerton to help with the Forty Hours Devotion.

Got to Wiarton at the usual time and made my way up to Mulligan's. Found Mr. M- in bed. I thought it a good time to administer the last sacraments as he may go off at any time. Put the matter before him and found him glad of the opportunity. He did not want to be caught



by a sudden call unprepared. He has a good deal of trouble with his heart. He is breathing very heavily all the time. The slightest exertion causes him distress. He was much pleased when the Sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered and we had a little talk on the effects of the sacrament.

Gave some books on religious instruction to Mrs. M's sister, viz the Catechism, Faith of Our Fathers, and Question Box. That will give her food for thought.

After supper I spent the evening talking to Mr. M- and his son. The rest of the family was out on business. Retired shortly after nine.

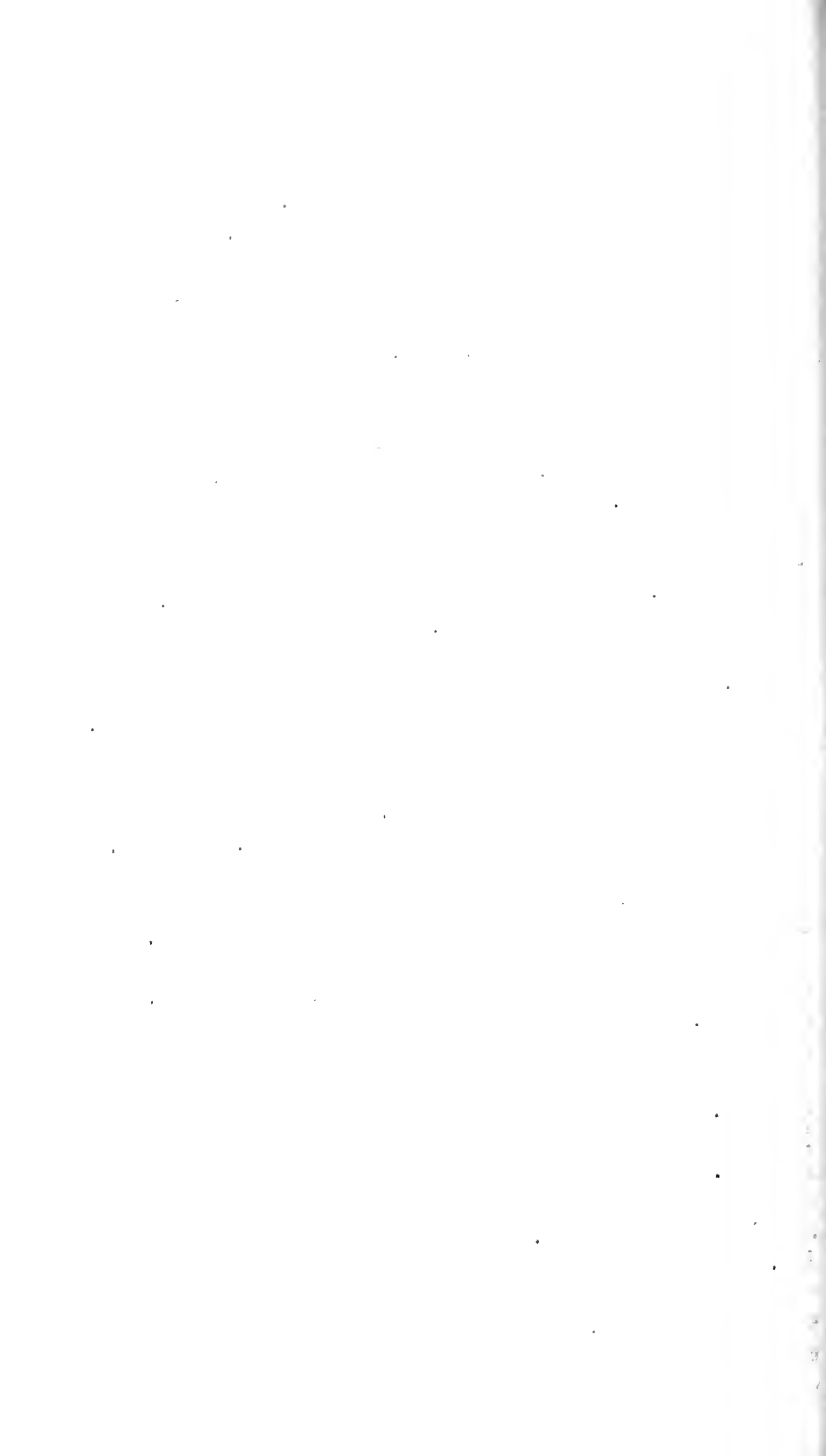
October 10th. Rose about 7:15. Went up to the church to get things ready for Mass at 9:00 a.m. A little spare time to oneself is a good thing as it gives a man a time for meditation and prayer. Confessions began about 8:30. Had the usual number. The whole congregation today amounted to about twenty-two people from far and near. Gave them a short talk on the Seminary Fund and its purpose. Finished Mass about ten and then brought Holy Communion to Mr. M-. Had to hurry as I had to get to Hepworth for services at eleven. We did not lose any time on the way. Mr. L- tried out his Chevrolet on the roads that were rather rough and we pulled into Hepworth just at five minutes to eleven.



Had four confessions and then began Mass a trifle after the hour. Will not say how big that trifle was. Talked on the Seminary Fund and the response at such short notice was very good.

Had dinner with Mr. L.. The good lady that presides over the destinies of his household did herself proud and we voted her 100% for the effort. After dinner I called on Mr. Downs who is ill. He is like Mr. M- puffing away with a bad heart and some other ailments. Decided that it would be a good thing to anoint him soon. Took a run out to see Mr. Eldridge who was ill. I missed him from his accustomed place in the choir at Mass. It made a big difference in the efforts of the choir to have him absent. He was poking around the house not very well and not very ill, but he did not feel able to go to Mass. Went back to the Hotel Royal and anointed Mr. Downs. He was very glad to have me attend to the matter. In fact he felt much cheered after I was through with him.

Had supper and called on Mr. and Mrs. Forhan. Spent about three quarters of an hour with them and then went to the church to get ready for evening devotions. A fair sized crowd was gathering for their exercises of piety and faith. Had Rosary and delivered a homily on the influence of Religion on man's character. Sounds big, doesn't it. It is not wise to mystify the folks with words of learned length and thundering sound. It usually indicates that a man is not sure of what he wants to



say. Gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Spent the evening with Mr. Goetz. Had plenty of company and an enjoyable time. Met. Mr. McD- the new bank manager. He is a fine type of Catholic gentleman and I think will improve on acquaintance. He found it a trifle embarrassing when he first arrived as about everybody he met was wearing a Masonic pin or some insignia of the Oragne Lodge. When he met a few K of C gentlemen with their pins he felt more at home. I shall not tell you at what hour I managed to caress the pillow for the night, but will say that it was early.

October 11th. Rose early and brought Holy Communion to Mr.

Downs. He is now perfectly satisfied and ready for whatever the Lord will send him. Went back to the church to say my office and hear what confessions there were. Had about twenty-five for Holy Communion. Said Mass at nine and after Mass held catechism class for about fifteen boys and one little girl. Went to the Royal for breakfast and had a talk with Dr. Downey. Told him a few old bucolics and left him holding his sides and with tears running down his cheeks. As he is an apostle of sunshine and I am also we agreed that a yarns now and then do a lot of good to suffering humanity.

Took the train at 12:15 for home. Got to Owen Sound about 2:30 and Father McNulty met me with the buggy.

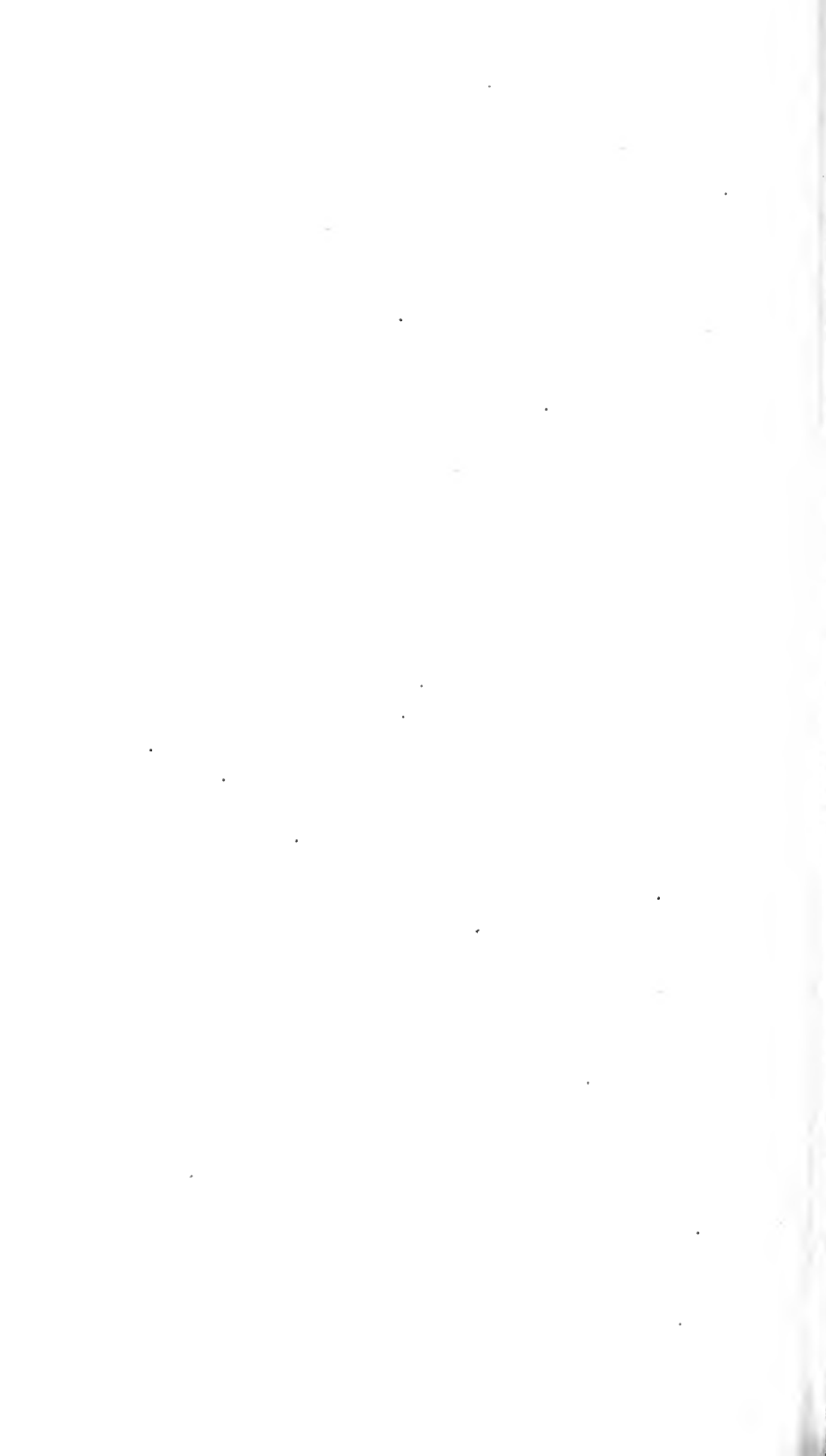




Went to the K of C meeting in the evening. It was rather spirited and took a hand in the proceedings. The Council goat was pawing at the door all evening and they finally let him in for a few turns around the hall. He was in a belligerent mood and tore up things for about half an hour until the Lecturer threw him out. After that things subsided and the members smiled at the antics of the goat. Came home and spent some time reading. Retired about eleven tired enough to go to sleep without being rocked in my cradle.

October 12th. Tuesday and somewhat tired. That seems to be one of my failings. I can get tired more rapidly than any one I know of. At least that seems to be the case. Guess the "rimracking around" as Gus calls it has something to do with it. Said Mass as usual and spent some time reading and writing. Have to keep the diary up to date at all costs.

About 9:30 I was invited to pick apples. Donned the overalls and got all geared up for the spurge among the branches of the orchard. I fear that Darwin would never be able to prove his monkey theory by watching me swing from limb to limb and hang on by a caudal appendage. I have to stick close to the ladder and reach. I am not as active as I was years ago when it did not make much difference to me whether I had a ladder or not. Age and adiposity impede a

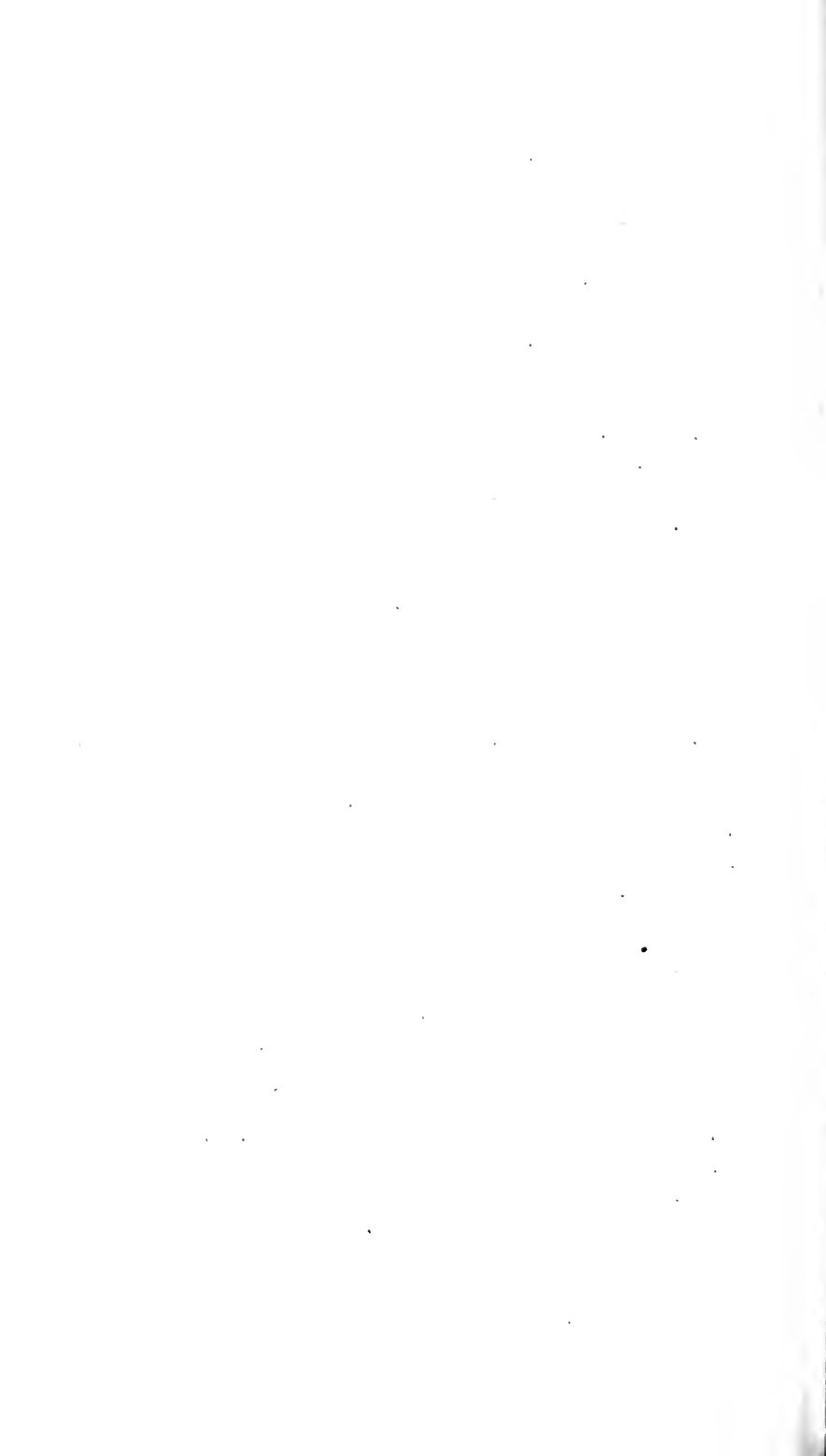


man's activity. Not that I have too many rings on my horns, but I have the adiposity, lots of it, gobs of it, and a lot of it has accumulated in the wrong place. Queer, how a man sags so much in the middle after a few years of sedentary life. But that has not much to do with picking apples except to make it difficult to get around the limbs, etc. Picked the rest of the forenoon. Now apples, fine and juicy, and lots of them. Fine munching this winter.

Took a little siesta after dinner. Had to as the strenuousness of the morning, climbing and lugging of heavy ladders and juggling them among the branches of the apples trees were somewhat fatiguing to me. At two p.m. we went at it again. Picked and pulled, yanked and yawned til 4:30 and had to quit. Just played out. Of course, being as soft as butter yet, I cannot stand the gaff as well as I used to.

Dined out this evening. Went down to bless Dick K's house this evening and had to have supper with him. Spent the evening in conversation and music. D. and the wife provided the music. He plays the violin beautifully and I enjoyed it very much. Came home about 10:00 p.m. and retired, tired and sore after the day's doings. Guess I shall be able to sleep without coaxing tonight.

October 13th. Feeling under the weather today. Something has gone



wrong with the internal economy of my head, as it does not seem to be functioning properly. I imagine the dose of sunshine I got yesterday at the apple business did not do me any good. However, a little specific may put it in working shape again. Spent the forenoon in a state of repose to see what the rest cure could do for my ailment. Around for dinner but not feeling any too well.

Game again for the apple picking stunt. Began at two. Up ladders and down ladders, juggling ladders, rather strenuous while it lasted. Spent the whole afternoon with Father Roach and Gus manhandling a widespread gnarly apple tree. It is strange how those apples persist in growing out on the very ends of the topmost branches. My heart was in my mouth several times while performing acrobatic turns on the top rungs to reach those tempting snows. Managed to hang on and bring them home. Enticed some of the school lads into going up the tree after four and they ran around those limbs like flies running around a cake. Quit the works at five as usual to get time to say office before supper. The apple supply is increasing noticeably and we have started a pit for some of them. Father Roach is pit digger and manager.

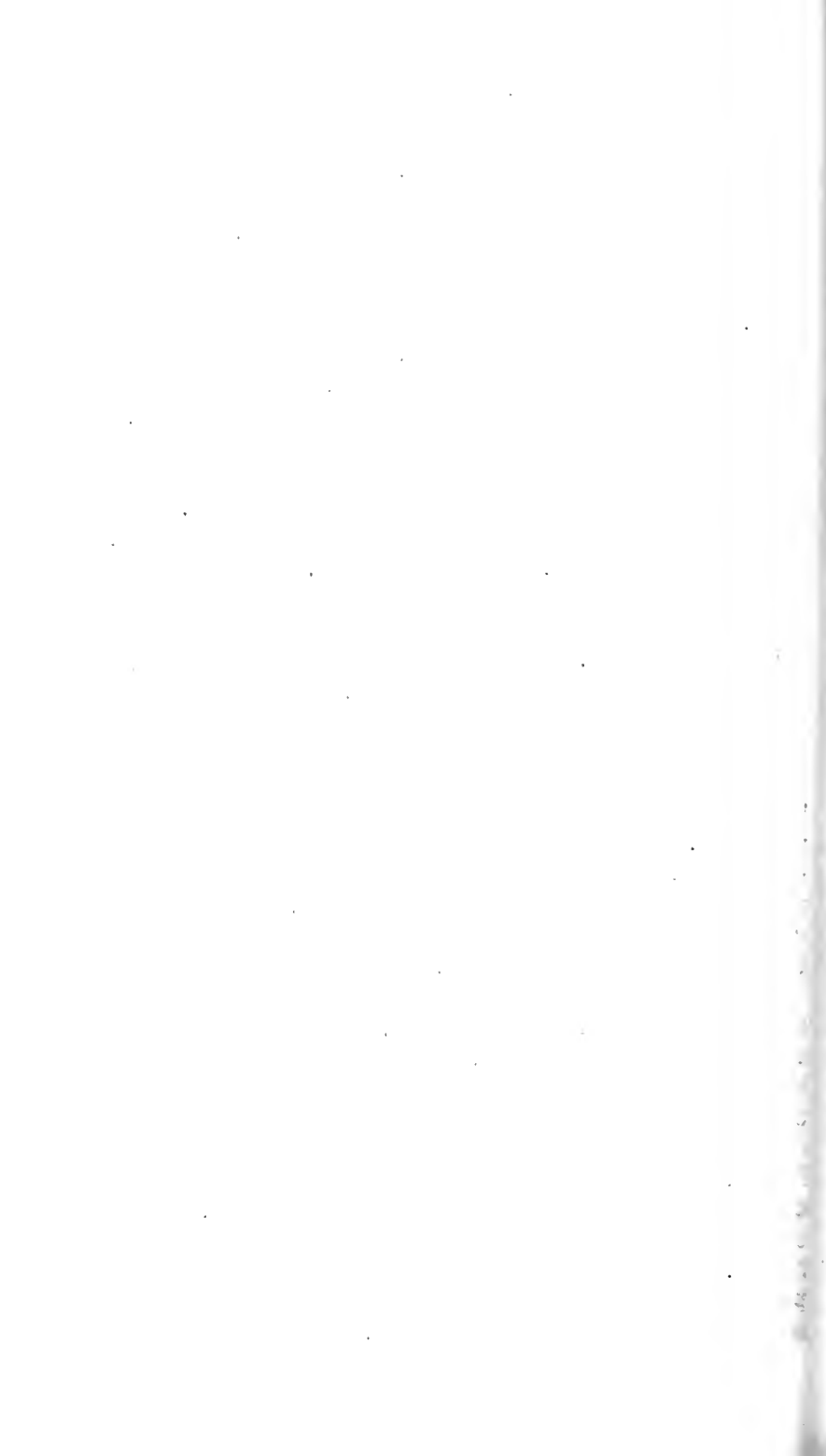
Went over after supper to visit the convent. New Sister arrived and we had to make her feel welcome to the confines of Owen Sound. Did our best to seem cheer-



ful over the situation. Told a few old yarns for the edification of the Community and left them all smiles.

Evening devotions at 7:30. Good crowd out. Father McNulty said the Rosary with his usual unction. Mother tripped on a board in the sidewalk. She got quite a fall and suffered some injury. Do not know how serious it was. She is a new comer in Owen Sound and does not know all the holes in the walk yet. Feeling better tonight and will be O.K. in the morning. Good night.

October 14th. Weather fine, sunshine, delightful. After my usual official duties were performed and I had taken a few rounds out of the machine and said my office I adjourned to the orchard to help out with the apples. Found I had two assistants for the day. A couple of school lads lent a willing hand with the work. The orchard was filled with their chatter for the first hour or so. So much so that Gus commanded silence as it was getting on his nerve. Poor Gus, he seems to be disturbed by noise. If the lamb bleats he threatens to take an axe to it, if the rooster crows too loud he lets out a flood of objurgations upon its unclucky head. Guesse we shall have to wear carpet slippers when he is around. We clawed and pawed at the apple trees till noon. Nothing unusual happened except that the ladder fell on my head while moving it about the tree. Broke the





top off, but managed to tack it back on in serviceable fashion. Gus in the meanwhile was pulling carrots. Took time out for dinner.

Went back to the work again at 1:30. Kids on hand as eager as ever. Got the snows all picked and then gathered the pippins and russets. They are plentiful and a good size. The snows are about the finest I ever saw, and the russets are larger than usual. The pippins are like small pumpkins. Worked till five and found ourselves out of a job as all the apples were picked that were ready for the bin. Put them in the cellar and then adjourned for the evening tired and contented with that day's work.

The thought came to me during the day how kind Providence is. We have apples for nearly every season of the year. Harvest apples in early, then the early fall apples to carry one till January, then the hardier kind to run over till May. Yes, God is good.

Did a little reading after supper and then retired early as I was too tired to do any further work. Ready for a good rest and the morrow.

October 15th. Oh, what a beautiful day. Not as many as usual at Holy Communion this morning. Spent the forenoon taking a look over the situation, getting up some points for a



sermon, played the fiddle a little bit and read some more. Received notice the pears are in need of attention. That means to don the overalls and juggle ladders and baskets for the afternoon or as long as the fruit holds out.

Adjourned to the orchard at 1:30. Found operations in progress with Gus up on the ladder clawing space and branches for an elusive pear. I had no idea there were so many on the trees. They hung in bunches and were of large size. We must have several bushels of them. Finally got them all collected and adjourned for the afternoon.

One is loath to see those beautiful days slipping by. It reminds one of some, gentle, kind lovable mother just putting on all the tender loveliness that some mothers assume in their advancing years. There seems to hang around them a spiritual beauty that enhances their sweet characters mellowed by years of silent suffering that only God knows. And then they slip quietly out of life with only a short notice in the daily press of their demise. The world scarcely notices their passing, but the void they leave behind is never filled. So it seems to be with Mother Nature. She is putting on her most beautiful attire prior to making her final adieu for the season. How lovely she is! Neither the hand of the artist nor the ravings of the poet can paint her as she is. She is the despair of both and both can only sit



back and rave over her. Perhaps it is God's way of calling the attention of men to the beauty of another world that will not fail. If this apssing beauty and loveliness is so entrancing, what must be the beauty of Heaven. We look on her and she smiles radiantly and then with a gentle sweep she wraps herself in a beautiful white mantel and hides her face from the world for a while. And men will not see the hand of God in it all. Poor, blind creatures!

Devotions in the evening. More reading and then sweet sleep.

October 16th. Day dark and lowering.

Saturday and its more or less hasty preparation for the mission. Get the car ready and get everything else ready and then see if you have it all ready and go over it again to see if you have missed anything that might be necessary or useful on the mission. Oh, it's a great life if you do not weaken.

After dinner it looked more threatening than ever. I guess the devil was just kicking up a dust to disturb me. Well, I thought it time to take the bull by the horns and quit worrying over the weather. I just took the auto and set out for Chatsworth to get there ahead of any storm. I beat it all right for it is overdue three days and has not arrived yet. Spent the rest of the



afternoon gabbing away with the neighbors when I had finished my office and anticipated. Had supper with Dan and looked over his guns and talked guns for the rest of the evening until Dan went back to the store.

Heard confessions as usual. Had a few more than customary as the talk I gave them last week did not do them any harm. Strange how those near the church will hang back till the last minute to go to confession and crowd out those from a distance. There is a lot of human nature about some folks, about as much as there is in the rest of us.

Called on Mr. Dowds and the family. Spent the evening trying to console them in their trials. They have a very serious one. Poor T-. If we only knew why the Lord afflicts some and not others we might be able to explain things to the rest, but as Divine Providence did not ask our advice nor consult us about the Wisdom of it all, we cannot give an explanation beyond the one He gave us, viz, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth." That ought to be clear enough to any man that has faith.

Borrowed a book on the War, looked at the pictures, and dreamed of fighting Germans all nights. They had me treed. Woke up "plum scart".

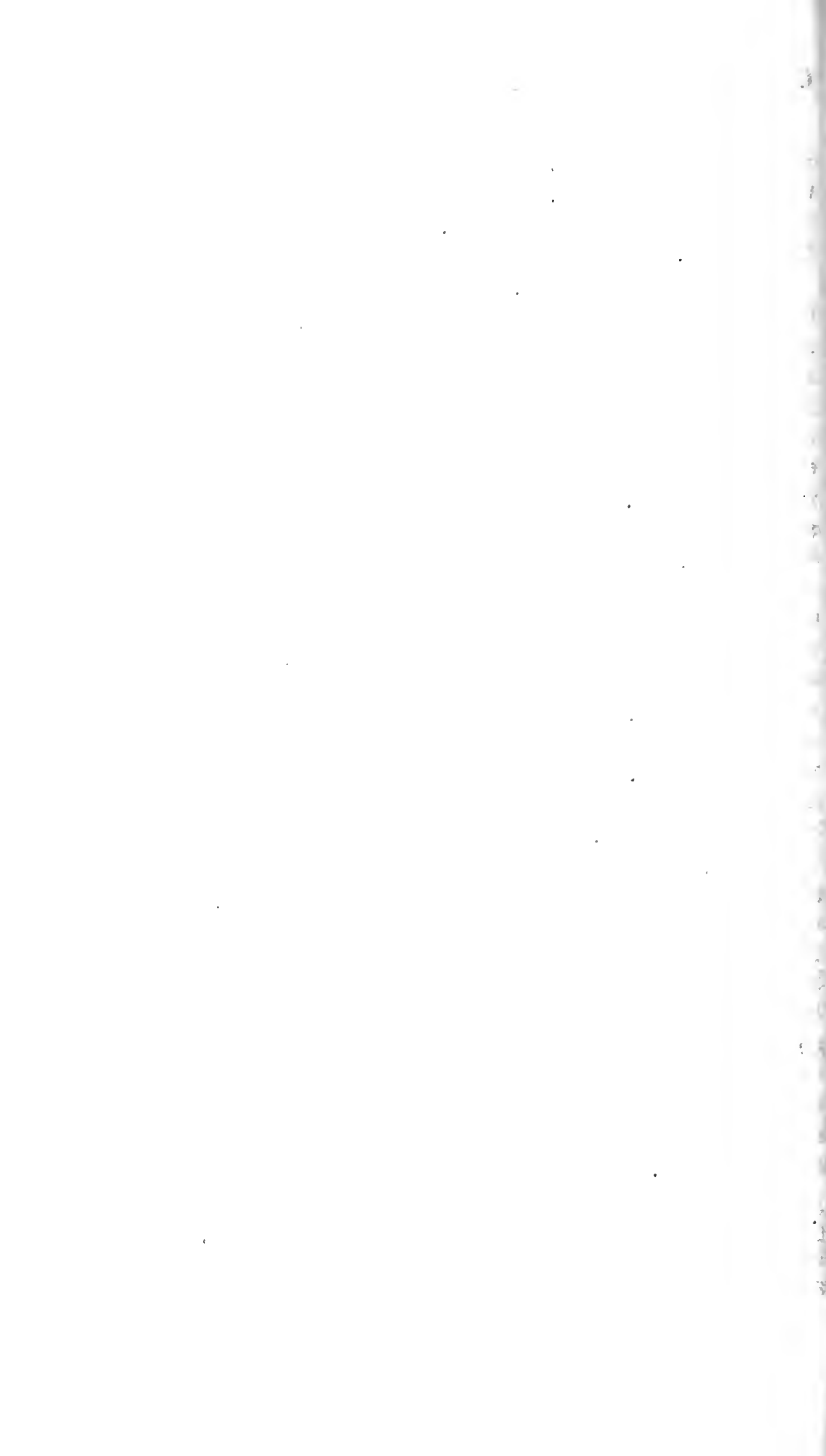
October 17th. Said early Mass at Chatsworth. The procedure was





about as usual. Had a good crowd for Holy Communion. Got through about ten and left for Dornoch. Had company on the way. George V- was on his way home and came with me. Had nice talk with George and liked his company. He is going to be a good man if he follows in the footsteps of his father. Drove into Dornoch with a flourish and sailed up the steep hill to the garage like a country boy sailing into a piece of raisin pie. Gave them all the glad smile which they returned more or less broadly.

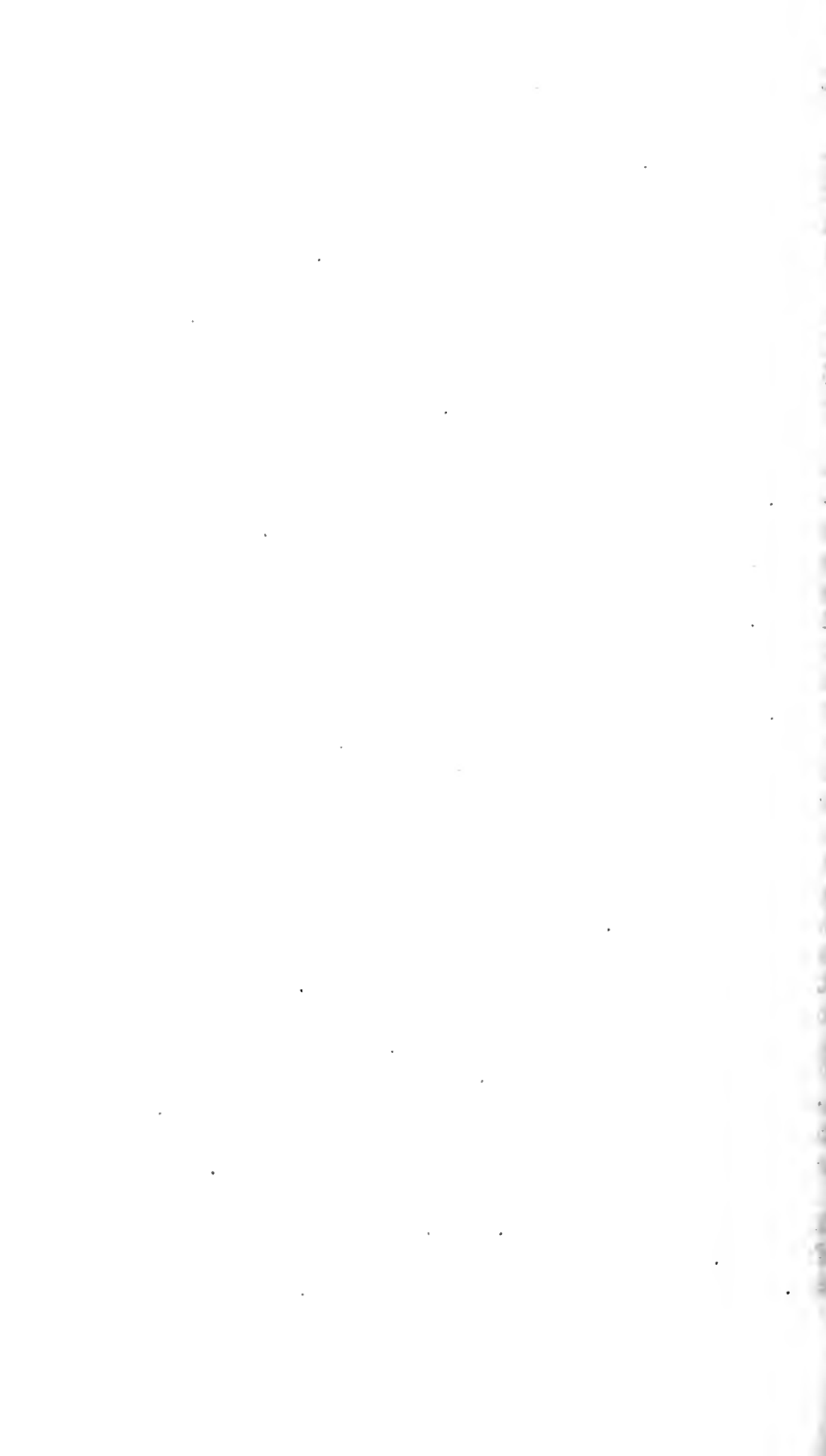
Got ready for High Mass. Congregation all there with few exceptions. Some absent through illness and some through cussedness. The Lord will take care of the latter and the Doctor can look after the former. Gave them a homily on the Gospel about the man that owed ten thousand talents. It was rather a homely homily, but then the folks are simple and understand it better that way. None of your periphrastic circumlocutions for the plebeian auricular appendage. They do not understand that language, but good English, simply spoken and driving home eternal truths, that is what they like, understand, take home with them and try to adapt to their daily lives. God bless them, they are all right. Suppose they do get a trifle profane at times when the old mare begins to kick at the "whipple-tree". They regret their hasty and intemperate speech as soon as it has slipped out of



their lips. I wonder if we have not often times said as hasty and impatient things when we hit our thumb with a hammer or some such accident.

Went on a sick call to Mrs. Superna. Brought her Holy Viaticum. The old lady is quietly slipping along the down path toward the grave. Some of these days she is likely to take a little extra spurt and find herself with her God. Got lost on the way and wandered around through woods and swamps. However, it was worth while to see the glory and charm of the forest in autumn time. The avenues through the pictured corridors were carpeted with a lovely matting of fallen leaves, golden, crimson, saffron pale green, all gently strewn over the ragged torn roadway to cover up the homely corrugation of man's crude methods. Up hill and down dale, wherever we went were the same beautiful tints on earth and tree like some gorgeous mantel woven by skilled hands upon a fairy look. We arrived at our destination finally after many a bump and thump over the corduroy roads. Attended the old lady and passed around a few glad words to the family. Made our way home by another way. It was not much of an improvement over the other road, but we continued on our way till we reached Dornoch in time for supper.

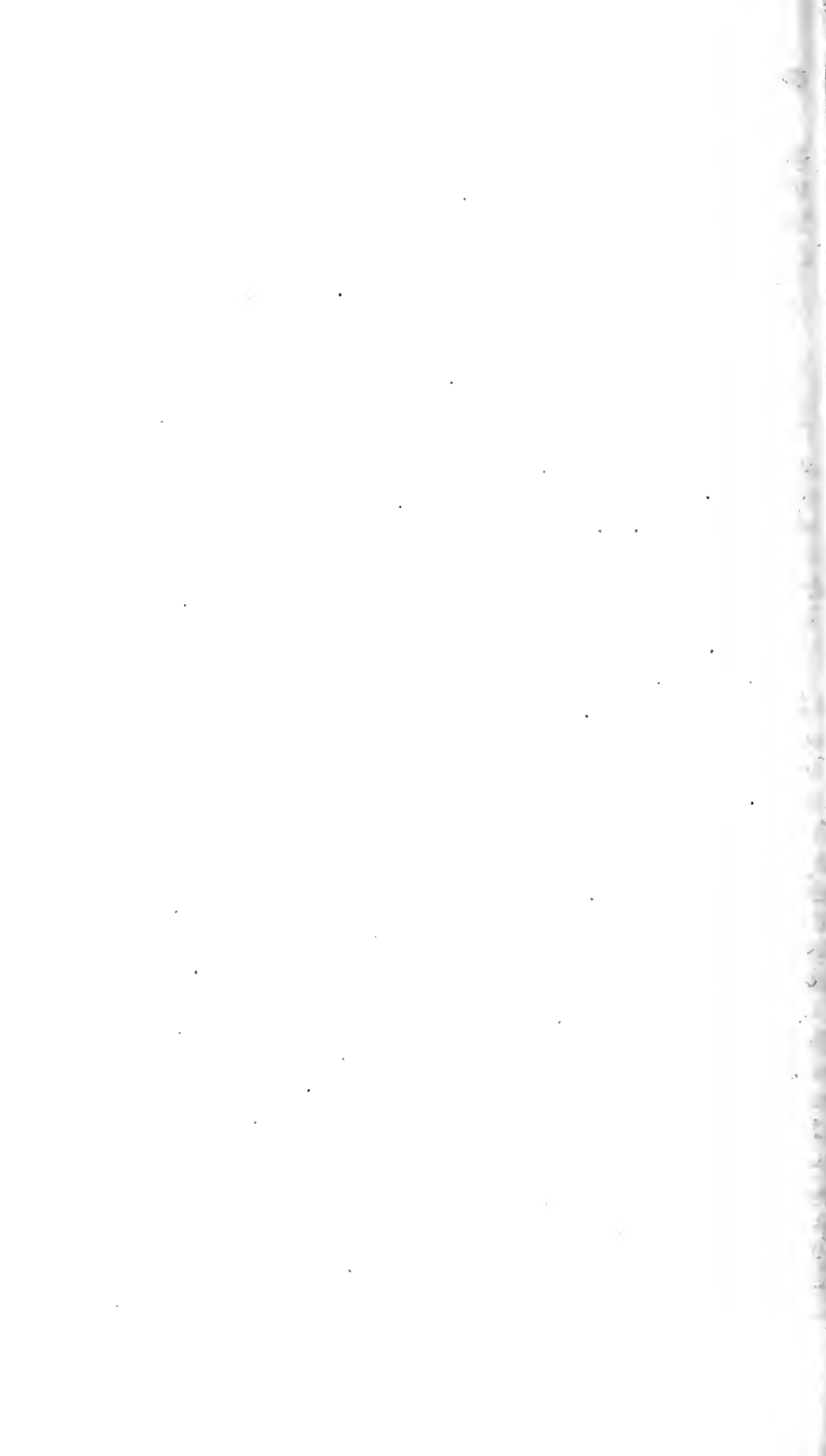
Had supper with Mr. V-. He has a fine family. One little lad was afraid of me. He had been at High Mass. During



the sermon he looked around and then saw me making gestures. He started to cry and gave the explanation later to his father that I was pointing my finger at him all during the sermon. Oh, how conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Had evening service. Not very many out as the weather is still threatening. Gave them a talk on the Necessity of Sanctification. Sanctuary lamp broke again. No damage done. Spent the evening with J.S. Had a little game of cards with the family and spent the rest of the evening talking with the folks. Spun a few old yarns and then went to bed dog tired. During the night the old gentleman, Mrs. S-'s father, sang four songs in his sleep. It sounded funny to hear him disturbing the silence of the night with melody in the borken voice of old age.

October 18th. Had High Mass for Mr. V-'s intention. Had a lunch and then went on another sick call. Had to go around by Williamsford to reach my destination. Got lost some more. Reached there about eleven. Gave Holy Viaticum and anointed Mrs. K. She is only 94 and seems to be failing. As it is about thirty miles to their place, I thought it best to give her the help of Extreme Unction. She is very bright for her age, can hear as well as ever but can hardly move around. She has not been feeling well for the past few days. She is likely to go to pieces one of



these days. Like the old one hoss shay, they will find her just crumpled in a heap and gone. Called on Mr. F- and gave him Holy Viaticum. He is waiting for the end. He is cheerful and waiting for the Lord to call.

It is consoling to meet folks like them. Such faith and piety and resignation. Like children tired of play they are content to lie down and rest in the arms of God. Asked Mrs. K- to remember me when she got to Heaven and saw God and the Blessed Virgin and the saints and her friends, and she smiled very tenderly and said she would. God bless her, her prayers must be powerful with God.

Had dinner and then set out for home by way of Dornoch. Plugged along more or less slowly till I got home about three o'clock. Drove into the yard and managed to get a puncture just outside the garage. Glad it was not on the road as I am not much of a hand with the auto yet. Will see how they take it apart and put it together tomorrow to learn how to meet emergencies.

Had a walk with Father Roach after supper. Told him the various incidents of the day, much to his amusement. Spent the evening saying my office and reading. Went to rest rather early as I was tired. The bumping and jolting I got on the way through the swamps and along the road were more than fatiguing than all the work I did. It seems to



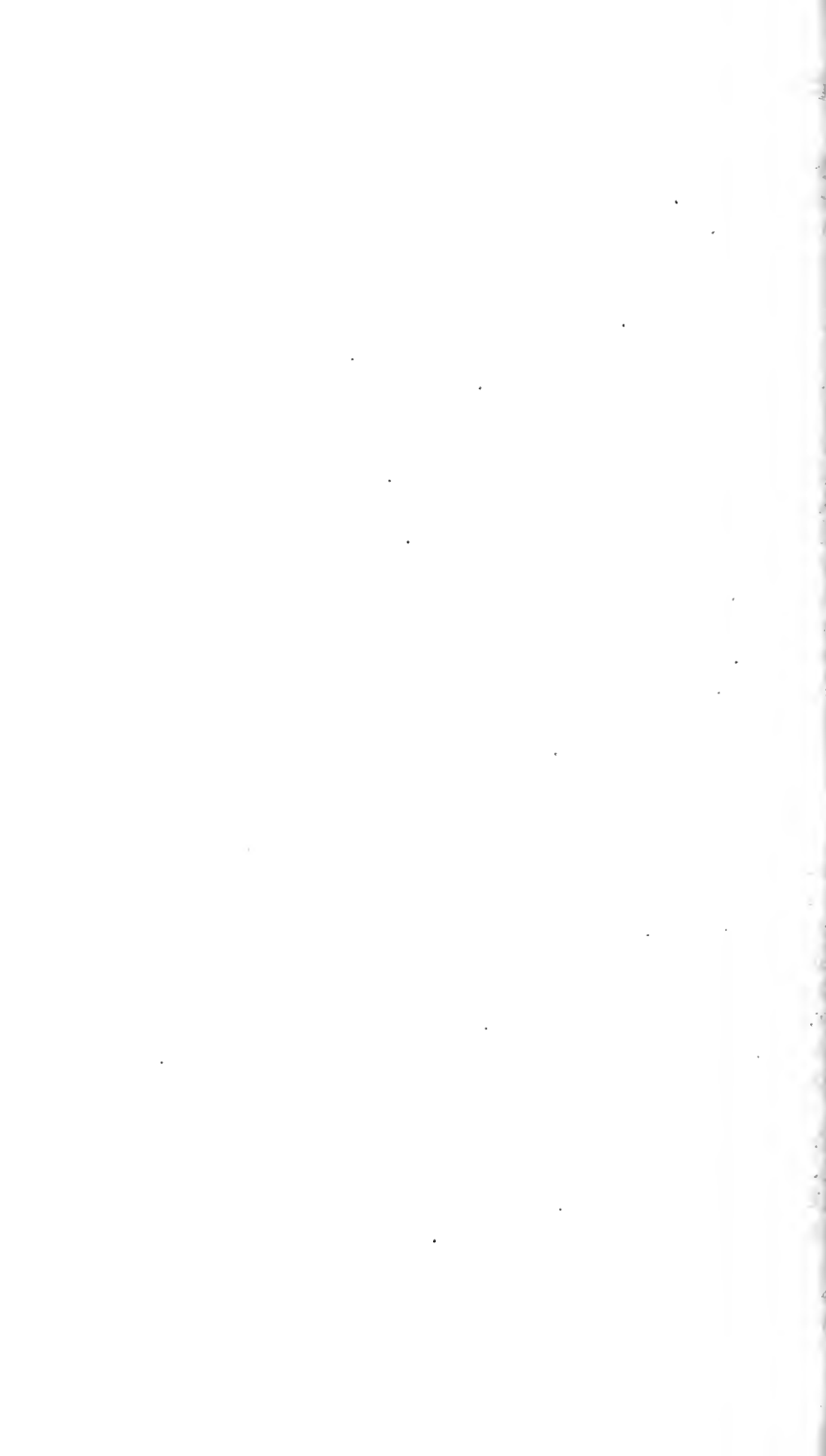


me that our auto can buck worse than a broncho. It can kick up a row standing still.

October 19. On deck as usual for morning services. Said the seven o'clock Mass. Went out after Mass and found Gus wrestling with the hind wheel of the machine trying to get it off to fix the puncture. He managed to puncture his thumb before getting very far with the operations. I shall be around shortly to see the finish of the deed.

Well, now that a day has elapsed between pages, I shall get down what I remember of proceedings before the type gets too cold to record.

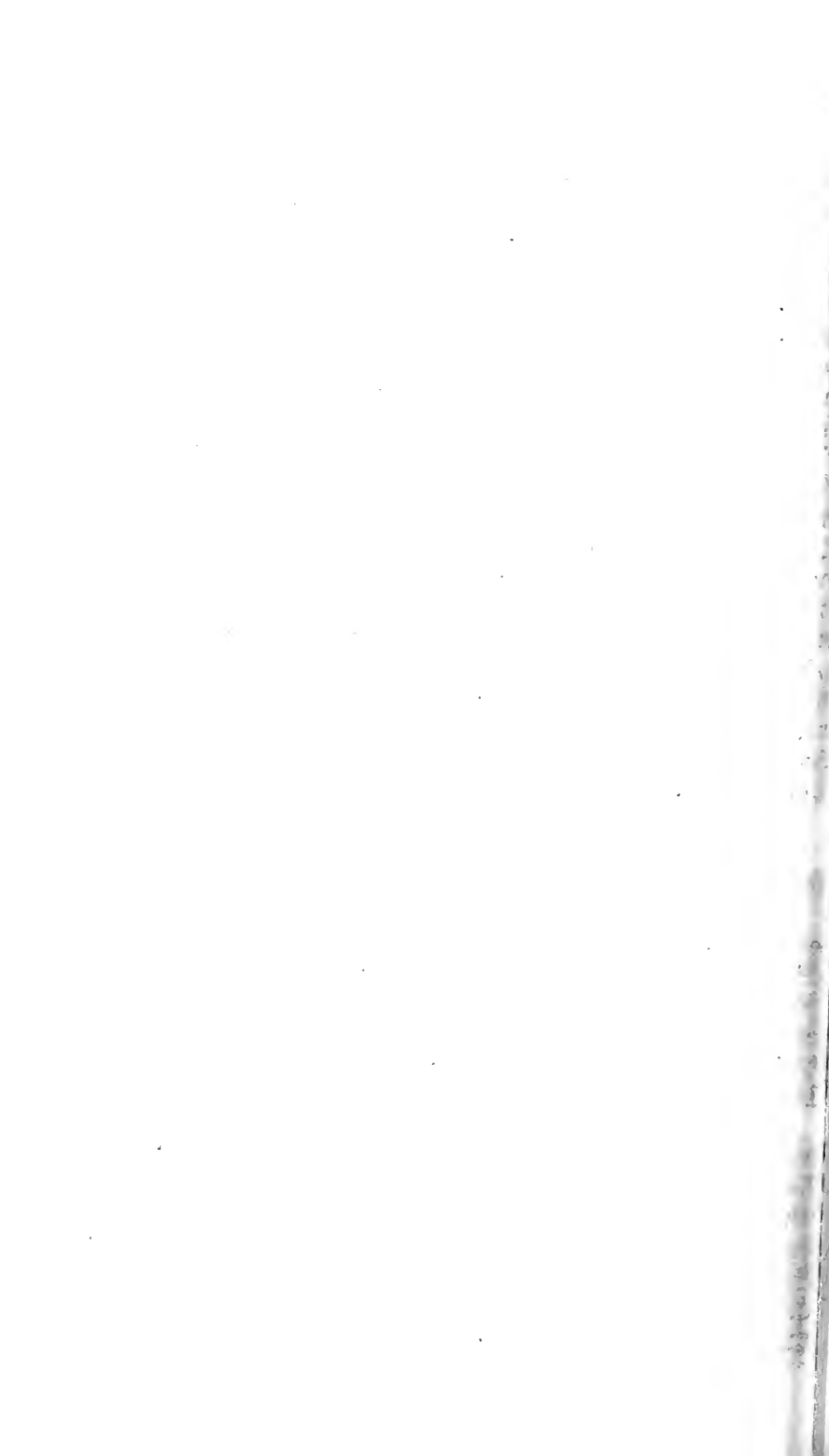
Took a look at the tire and found that I was a victim of circumstances. The inner tube punctured itself on the rim. I was rather glad that I did not pick up a nail. Managed to spend the whole day repairing the break and then had to take it down to the garage and have them vulcanize the tube. Two holes, 50 cents. Say, money comes easy to some people. I managed to learn a lot about the internal economy of an auto wheel. I fear that I would have had to phone for assistance if I had been caught out on the road with that flat tire. I would never have been able to fix it myself.



Went down to Mr. D-'s residence and met some of the congregation there. Had a nice evening of it. It gets rather monotonous hanging around the house all day. Am not much on sight seeing anyhow. Had a cup of tea and some cake before leaving and paid the price of it before the night was over. Did not have a nightmare, as I did not get as far as the stable where she resides. Just could not get to sleep as the old heart began to thump like a stave mill in full blast. Guess the cylinder is not working freely. Some of these days the engine will cease to work and I shall bog down on the road. Well, whenever it comes I hope to have a chance to get ready for it. Would like to have the opportunity to receive the last Sacraments and then leave the rest to the Lord.

October 20th. Father McReavey has returned to the city and called. Spent the morning with him discussing things and men. Got into a page of Canon Law. Had quite a discussion over it and found out many things I did not know. The debate lasted till noon time, much to my benefit.

Went at the car again to fix the orn. Learned some more about what makes all the noise and what caused me all the trouble on my way to Dornoch last Sunday. Made the proper repairs and feel better satisfied with the outlook o my connections with the car. Went down town in

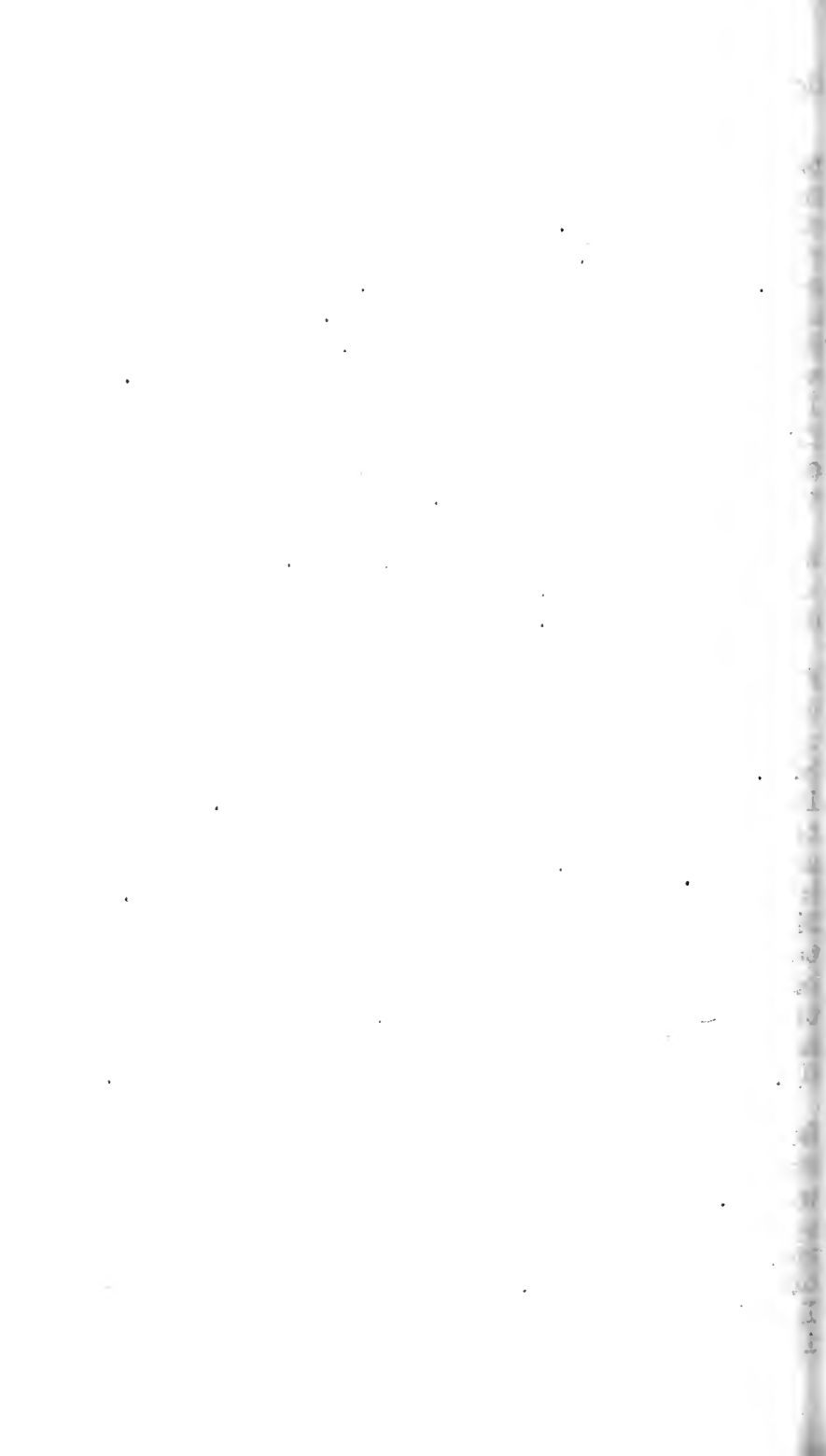


the afternoon to pay some bills and make some official calls on the sick and delinquent. Found the sick all right, in bed, but the delinquents were out. Will see them later. Returned and spent some time reading. Father McEavey came in to see me. Had some more profitable talk about parish work. I need all the information I can get from men who have had practical experience in parochial affairs. Am willing to learn at all times.

Evening devotions for October. Rosary and Benediction. Father McNulty conducted services.

Father Roach and Father McNulty called on Colombo something-or-other and had quite an encouraging conference with him. The gist of the conversation varied between religion and chickens. I think Colombo was more pleased to talk about chickens. However, I think they have him headed in the right direction. She seems to be willing to have him go to church and live up to his religion, but he does not seem to know much about the all important matter. Like so many more he is entangled in a mixed marriage. Oh, the misery of those mixed marriages.

Got a letter from Frank. As usual there was a cheerful strain to his contribution. Glad to hear from him. He is optimistic and will make things turn out well and keep within the limits of the ten commandments. He is built that way. I think he would have made a fine priest if the Lord had called him to that line

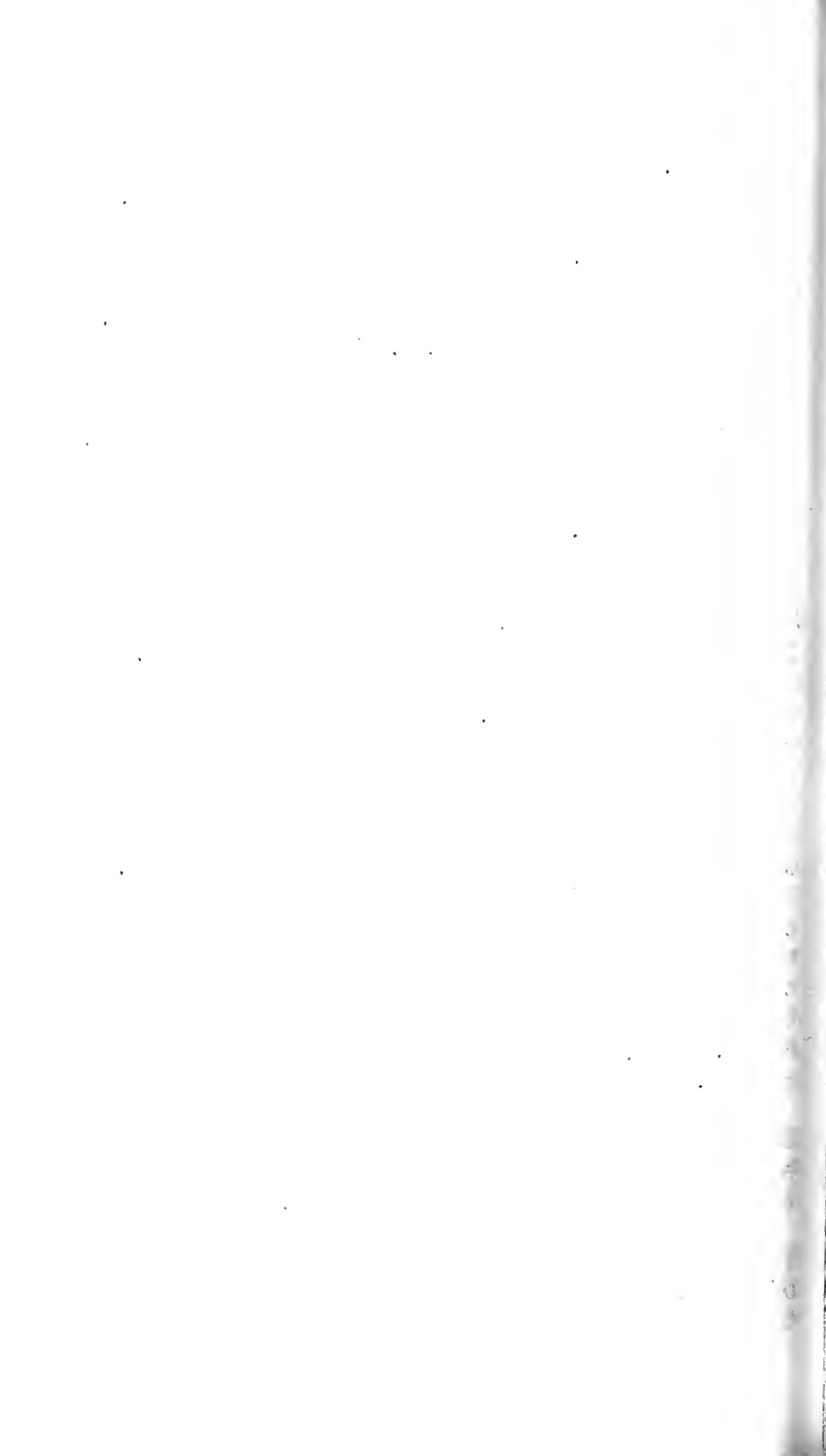


of work. He is an apostle in his own sphere from what the men have told me. He is an illustration of the power of good example. They all take their hats off to him and when it comes to an argument he just wipes the floor with them. As they are mostly A.P.A's and do not know anything he has not much difficulty in dragging them through the mud and hanging their hides on the fence to dry.

October 21st. Another of those grand October days that seem to lift a man out of himself and plant him in fairyland. Too bad we shed the fanciful habits of childhood so soon. What a wonderful thing it is to be wise in our generation. (Sarcasm with a capital S) The prosaic man of affairs sees only a lot of dead leaves lying on the ground or falling fitfully in the gusts of wind that scatter the wealth of a season with reckless hand abroad. To the child's mind it is an opportunity to revel in the fallen verdure and visit the fairies and build air castles and the ten thousand and one things that run through the enchanted castles of childhood. Oh, to be a child again just for a day.

Spent the forenoon browsing among the books, digesting a little Canon Law, and talking with Father McReavey.

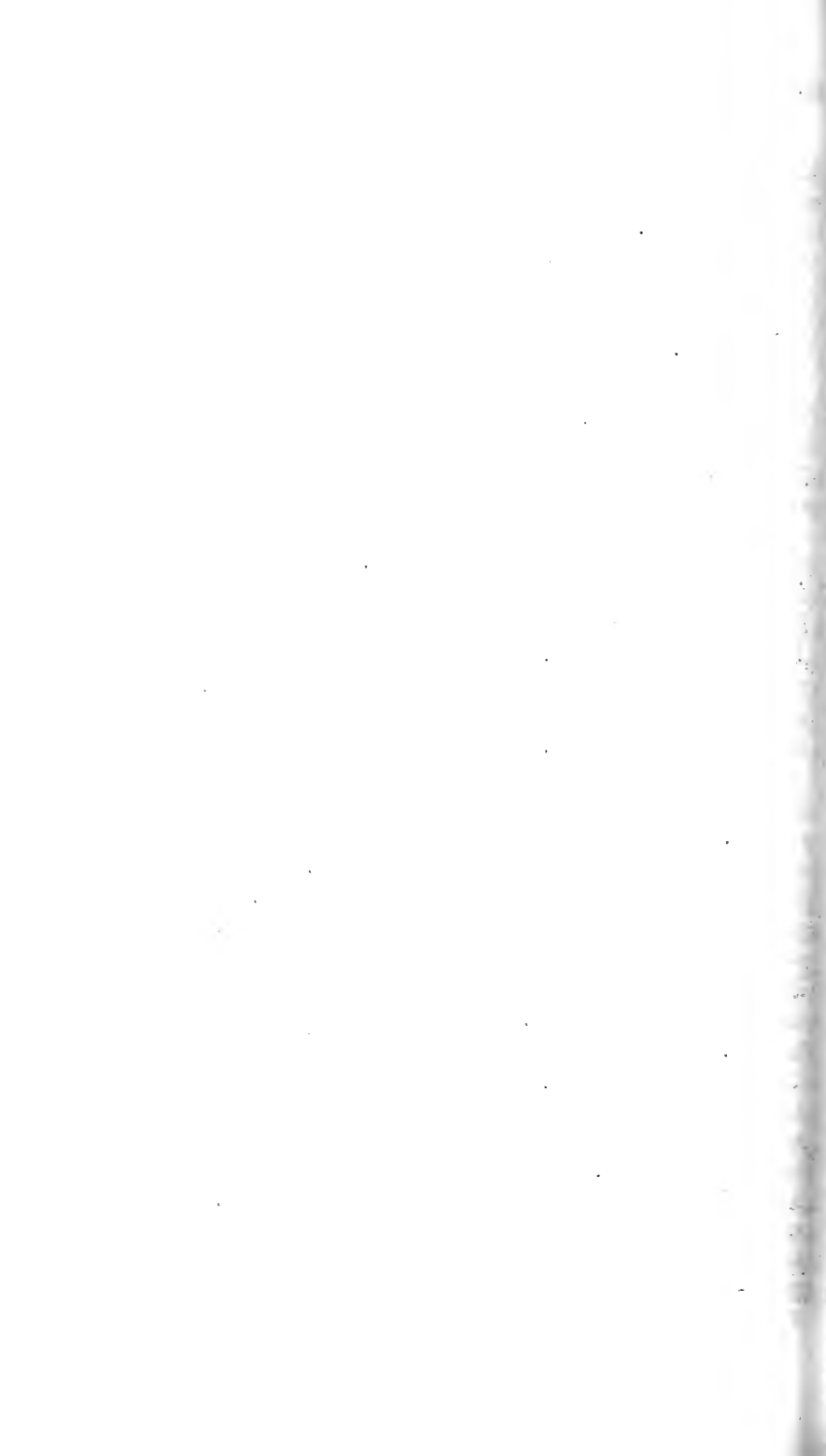
Took a ramble around the grounds after dinner, gathered a few fallen apples, the hardy old greenings that hang on





like grim death till the last days of autumn begin to vanish in the early days of winter. What plump, solid lumps of fruit they are. They look as if they would endure the hardships of years, and they will if they are properly taken care of. Not that they not show the signs of maturing age, but they seem to have a potential endurance, if I may call it so that will carry them through years. I know for I have kept one for over two years under peculiar conditions and it showed little signs of decay at the time I broke it open. However, it is not likely that those we have will be expected to remain intact for such a length of time. Apple pie, apple sauce, apple dumplings, apple everything, they all come in handy to reduce the high cost of living.

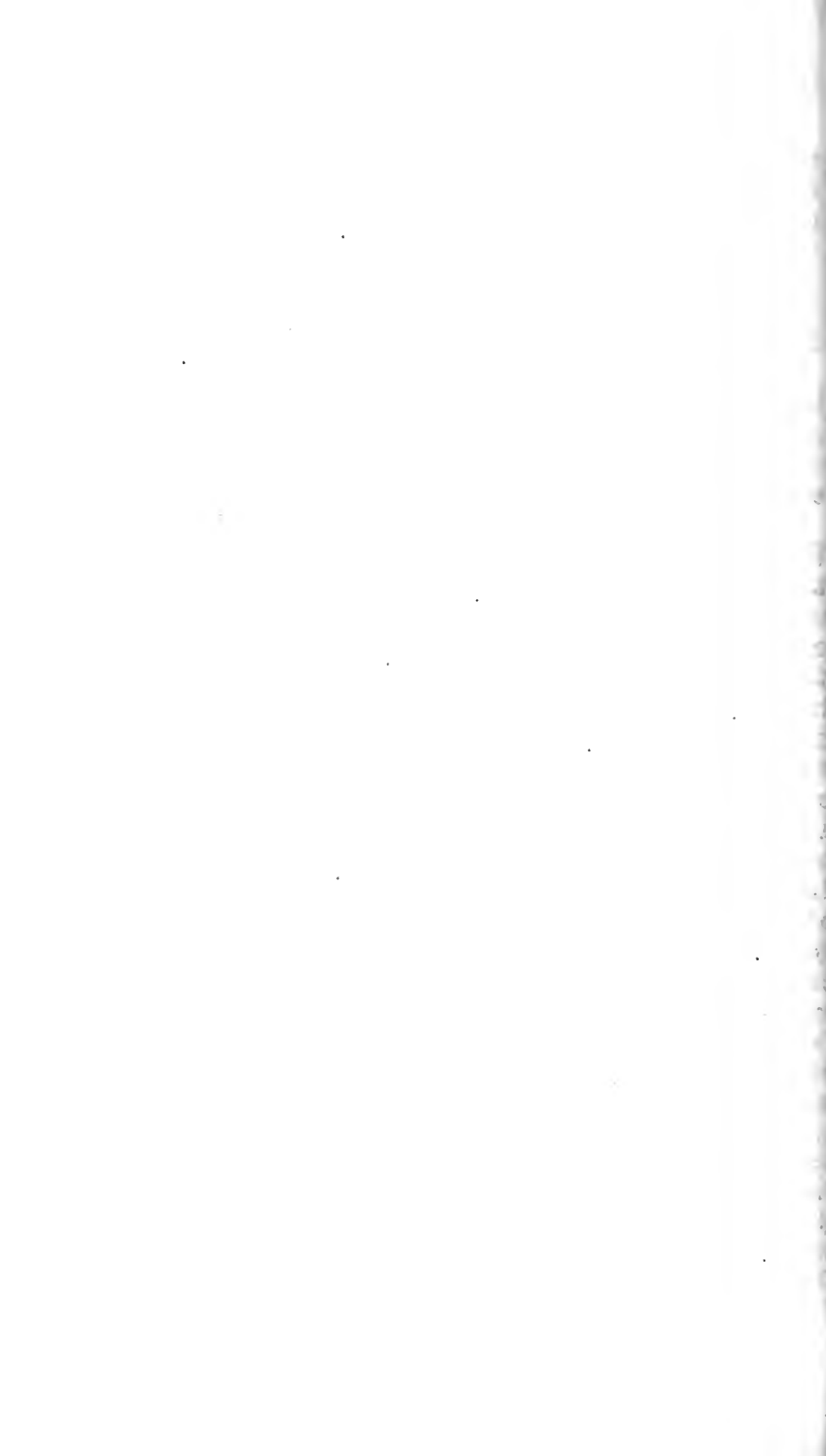
Took a walk along the bluffs this afternoon. It is my first tour of exploring along the crest of the hill. It was quite a pleasant outing for me. How peculiarly Nature works at times. One would think that those bluffs had been laid by hand they are so regular in their formation. They have stood for ages. Quite probably the Indians in the early days, before the white man came along with his progress and man-made inventions, held their conventions where I lay. It is a likely spot overlooking the river and very level. One can imagine them in all the glory of their paint and blankets holding their pow-wow and performing their religious rites in the shadow of the towering



trees, communing with the Great Spirit, and holding high revel when their regular proceedings were done. Such was the custom of the Cheyennes in the West and I suppose the Hurons were much like them in their general customs. Returned in time to say office before supper.

Had a good long walk with the brethren after supper talking on things in general and relating anecdotes of olden days or exploits learned from our fathers.

There is a certain fascination about the tales of olden days. Time has a gentle way of making smooth the rough paths of childhood and later days. The pleasant things remain in memory haunting its halls, the stings of outraged fortune are forgotten. When old things come to view they are dressed in the glamorings of fancy hiding the raw wounds and putting on a glorious exterior to what was but a prosaic thing at best. We all indulge in the pastime and as we grow older we live more in the days that have gone. When old friends have silently crossed the border land into Eternity and we are left alone, then it is we feel inclined to indulge in reminiscences of our youth. It is so difficult to make new friends. The ways of the younger generation do not appeal to us and we take what comfort we can in visualizing dead friends of days now gone to extract that pleasure we can out of the experiment. I suppose that is one reason why the old are so willing to leave this



world behind, for it no longer holds the strings of the heart. Life's sweet dream is over as far as they are concerned.

October 22nd. With a wealth of sunshine and gladness. It is a crime to be indoors these glorious days. It is more pleasing to be out in the woods with a gun in pursuit of something for tomorrow's needs. Soon the gray days of November with its rain and chilling blasts will be upon us and the memory of these pleasant days will be all that will remain to cheer us with its charm. How sad it seems to see the trees outside my window holding up to view their naked limbs with but a few yellowing leaves hanging on in spite of the breezes that have scattered their fellows over the green sward.

Spent a rather busy morning typing letters for Father Roach and making arrangements for the Forty Hours that open on Sunday. Prospects for a lot of consoling work ahead, but while we are doing that we shall be doing nothing else. That it self will be sufficient and give us courage to bear the burden as long as the Lord wills it. It may be the last Forty Hours we shall make together. Who knows? Whatever the Lord wills in the matter ought to be sufficient for us who are trying to make the way easier for those for whom He travelled such a tortured way along the streets of Jerusalem and up the heights



of Calvary. We are only stewards to dole out the largesses He has bestowed upon us in abundance for the welfare of others. He never refused the repentant sinner, nor was He ever unkind to them. Who are we that we should make the way more difficult than He intended it to be. If we were only half as hard on ourselves as we are inclined to be on the poor falling creatures for whom He died we would be either saints or driven to distraction by cruelty. It is not a mere lip saying that God is Our Father. He meant it in its most profound measure. His is a mercy unlimited and why should we try to set limits to it. The humble and contrite heart He will not despise. Glory be to His Holy Name.

Took a long into my old friends' reflections during the afternoon. There is not much doing this afternoon as Father Roach is away and Father McNulty is busy about something or other around the plant.

Evening devotions for the month of October at 7:30. I conducted them. After evening devotions I went with Father McReavey to call on some of the Catholic parishioners, friends of his. Spent an hour or so with more or less wisdom and considerable humor. The old gentlemen and I are champions of Boswell Corners as the result of the conflict.

Came home and took another turn at Canon Law. Not very good stuff to promote





quiet dreams, but then a man has need of it in his business and the sooner one gets acquainted with all the tools of his trade, the sooner will he graduate from the ranks of apprenticeship to that of expert. Not that I shall ever startle the world with my depth of knowledge, but I hope to get a good working acquaintance with the subject.

October 23rd. Another glorious day. I hope it remains so during the coming week. Forty Hours will be well attended if the weather is agreeable. I do not have to go on the mission today. It is my turn to remain at home. Of course, there will be considerable to do around here in the absence of the brethren.

Helped hear the confessions of the children this morning. How like a Spring garden their little souls are. Proper weeding and watering and care will develop strong healthy plants to stand the rough usage of later days. Oh, if they could and would always remain as they are, so beautiful and innocent. But the world is so cruel toward tender plants. God keep them from all harm and direct their paths aright!

Heard confessions from three till six. Steady stream of penitents making ready for the Forty Hours. Began at 7:30 and had another generous outpouring of penitents. Father McKeavey helped me with



the multitude. If he had not been on hand I should have been in the box till very late.

It is a great consolation to see the numbers turning out to welcome Our Dear Lord on the occasion of His public visit to the parish. God bless them, their hearts are right and are willing to do all they can to make the occasion a great success. One wishes there were not such a thing as sin in this world. I feel that there are many more who would like to come but are held back by the fear of relapsing into evil ways. They do not want to fall, but feel themselves so weak that they cannot stand alone. They seem to have lost heart and hope that some day, somehow they will be able to straighten out the account and rectify their sinfulness.

October 24th. The great day has come at last. Said the eight o'clock Mass. Had a great number for Holy Communion. Gave them a gentle homily on the Gospel and made a few remarks on the obligation of embracing this opportunity of welcoming Our Lord into their midst.

Father McReavey sang the High Mass. We had a procession and carried out the ceremonies as far as we could. Had all the little children in white and they made a splendid appearance. Our Blessed Lord must have smiled if I may use the expression, and blessed the innocent



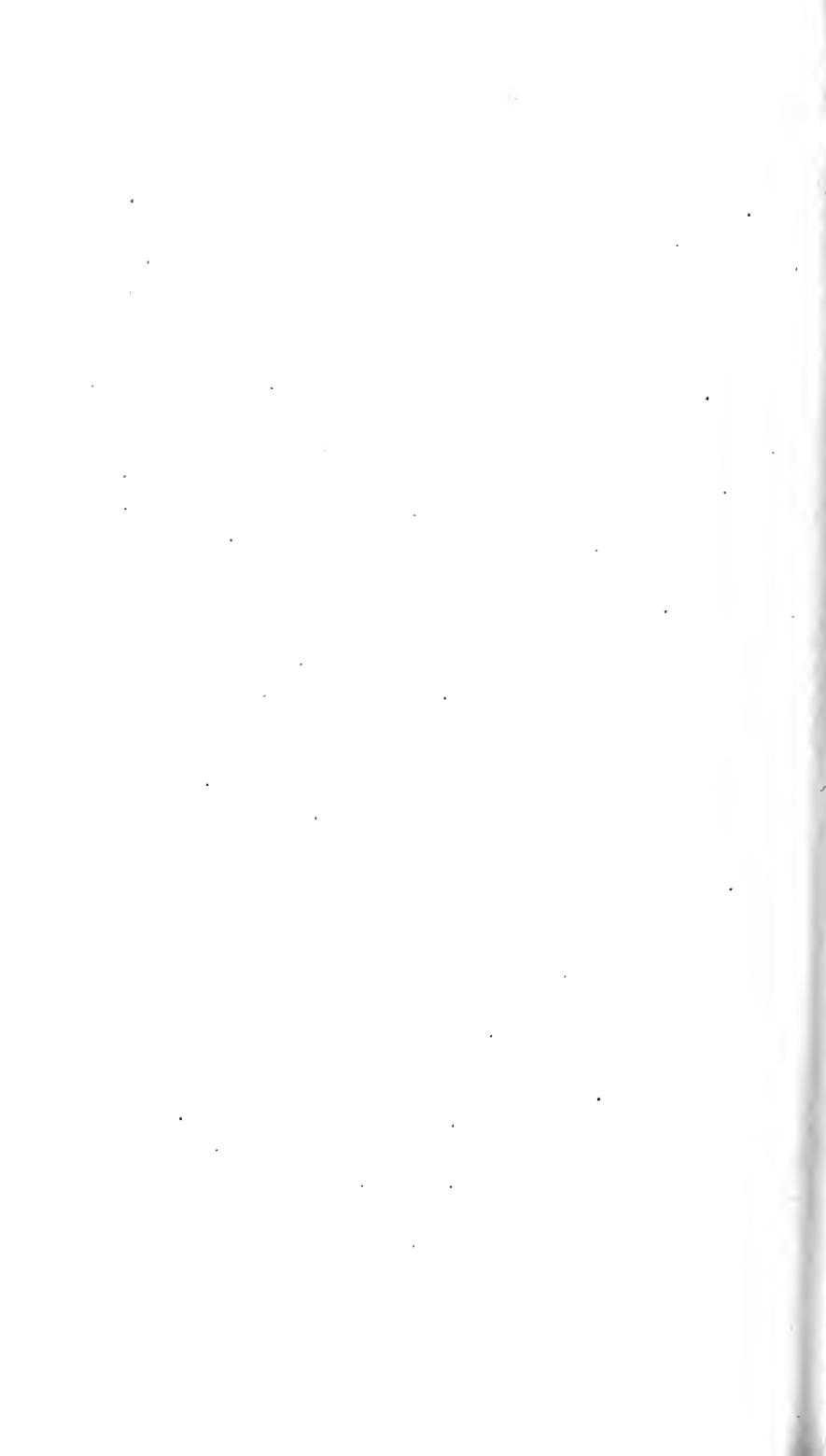
hearts that accompanied Him on His journey. Preached again at the High Mass. Subject, the business of religion, or rather Religion along business lines. Made it applicable to the Forty Hours.

Went out at 2:30 for the Children's visit. The church was filled. In fact, most of the afternoon there was a great crowd present in adoration. God bless them, they are showing a grand spirit. Had evening devotions, sermon, Rosary, Benediction, and another sermon. Made a mistake in choice of subject for the evening. It was not altogether my fault as I understood that the occasion was to be a sort of little mission. Spoke on Particular Judgment. However, I do not think that the sermon was wasted as it would serve to put a person into a mood of reflection on the Great Truth. More confessions after services. Tired tonight after the work and anxiety of the day.

October 25th. Up shortly after five.

Exposed the Blessed

Sacrament at six. Gave Holy Communion before Mass for the benefit of the working people. Had a very generous turnout for Holy Communion. More at Mass. Father McReavey sang the Mass at eight. More for Holy Communion. Oh, what a grand blessing it has been to the parish to have the Forty Hours. From all accounts there has never been such a generous response in the history of the parish.



All day long people have been coming and going, visiting the Blessed Sacrament and spending hours with Him in the Church. Heard confessions in the afternoon. Had to get up another Sermon as the ones I had intended to deliver did not suit the occasion. Was on the ragged edge of despair, did not know what I was going to do. Placed the matter in the hands of Our Blessed Lord, told Him I was stuck blind, and had to depend on Him to help me through. He DID. I felt as though I had made a fizzle of it entirely, the others stated it was a great success. If it was, then it is all due to Our Blessed Lord. I cannot take any credit of it to myself. Not that I would want to do so, for that would be foolishness and it would look as though I were preaching for my honor and glory instead of His. I could not conceive of a more foolish thing than to do that. The evening service was very well attended. More confessions after services. A whole hour of them.

October 26th. I sang the Solemn Mass this morning. Variety is the spice of life. Father McReavey has been very kind in helping me and I would not like to impose on his good nature too far. I feel very grateful for the geneour help he has given me so far.

The day is looking dark and dreary. The past few days have been threatening rain, but it has held off at the times when it





would interfere with the progress of the Devotions. From all appearances it would require a cloudburst to keep them away. There is a determination to remain with Our Blessed Lord till the end. God bless them again.

How much the Forty Hours is going to benefit the parish, we have no means of telling. Only the Last Day will let us know what graces have been received and what conversions made permanent. If good will were any indication of success, then I would say that we can feel proud of our people for the ready response to our appeal for adorers for Our Blessed Lord. And why should they not turn out? Is there any one of them would refuse Him admittance if He were to come to them in the form of man and tell them He was going to abide with them for a time. They would not be able to contain themselves with joy. And that is what He has really done. He has come and taken up His abode with them and will remain with them till they put Him out. Can you imagine any one of them saying, Lord, Go, I am tired of your company.

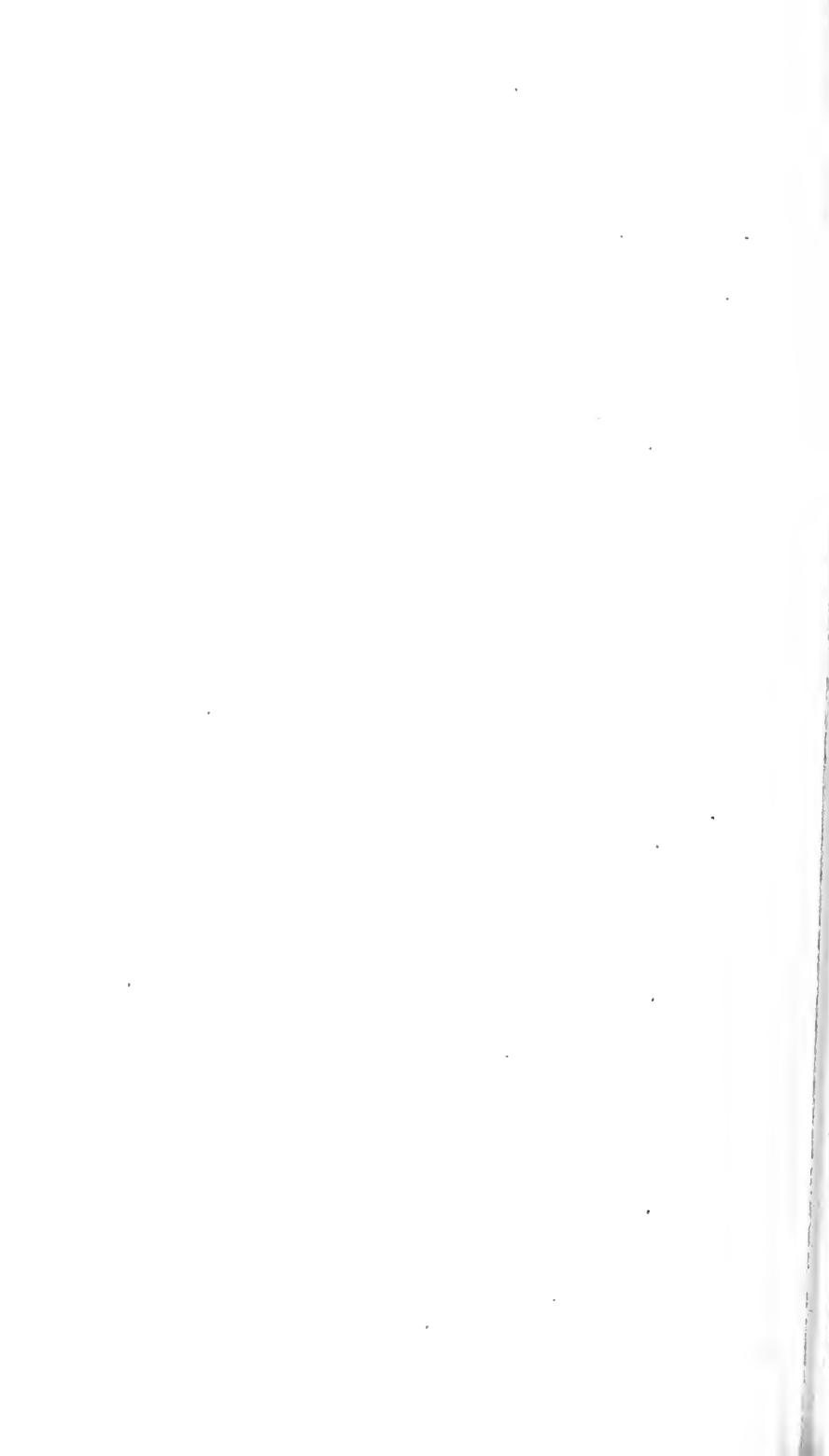
It is surprising the number of people who have come from afar to be present at the devotions. The neighboring mission parishes have sent their coteries to participate and receive the blessings and gain the indulgences attached to the occasion. Strangers too have been here and taken part. Oh, what a blessing is the gift of Faith. How many there are in the outside world who consider it folly to go to all the



trouble and inconvenience of climbing those steep hills to spend an hour with God. Well, we shall have to leave it to God to move them in His own good time. 't is sad to think of the number of worthless Catholics who will let this opportunity pass without approaching their Lord to tell Him their troubles. Poor things, they seem so weak in faith and duty!

It rained during the afternoon; rain falling steadily, one of the soaking kind that makes one shudder with a feeling of discomfort. However, it did not keep the people away from the Forty Hours. 'hey were there in large numbers, though the church would have been packed if the weather had remained fine. Spoke at the evening service on the ideal man. Managed to hold out for nearly half an hour. That seems to be my limit of talking. I do not seem to be able to wander along mid flowery fields and far off planets in search of illustrations for sermons. I guess I lack that genius that some have for an interminable flow of talk. Perhaps it is just as well. One can say a lot in half an hour if it is to the point. 'here will likely be more substance and less fuss and feathers about it if it is well arranged and properly thought out. Spent an hour in the evening after devotions with some friends.

October 27th. Dull, dark, dreary, drizzling. One of those days that makes you huddle up into yourself.



I hope it breaks soon. As I believe in sunshiny days to keep a man in a cheerful mood, I would prefer to have it bright. It is a day like this on which a Dutchman would commit suicide. A Frenchman chooses the sunshiny day to suffle off the mortal coil, but a dull drab day gets to the Dutchman and off he goes exploring lands unknown and with very little in his pocket to meet the expenses of the way. About ten seconds after he is dead he will wish he had spent the last eleven doing something else than cutting short the span of life. his is one place where a short circuit is bound to result in disaster.

Father McReavey came in after Mass and we spent an hour discussing points of Moral 'heology. It is a splendid thing to do as it burnishes a man's wits and fixes principles of conduct firmly. Go to it often, Charlie, and you may know one or two points before you die.

Oh, how it is raining this afternoon, just pelting down in sheets. Thunder and lightning and downpours. Everything out of doors looks drenched. Puts one in mind of a chicken that has been caught out in the rain and is standing disconsolate with tail feathers drooping, and the picture of woe. Just what it seems like only more so. The fast diminishing foliage of the trees is weeping copious tears. The hedge is thoroughly soaked. The water is lying around in pools. The water in the puddles is jumping up in little spurts as each heavily falling drop plunges into the



puddle. Rain, it does not seem to be able to stop. Rain, rain and more rain. Well, it will do some good as the farmers need it badly to make it possible to get some fall plowing done.

Mr. M— from Toronto is here fixing the organ. Was out to the church and heard him running up and down the key boards testing and tuning. What an accurate ear he must have to be able to adjust all those keys with their tones and shandes of tones to their proper pitch. Truly it is a wonderful gift.

Evening devotions as usual. Not much of a crowd out. Perhaps the dark outlook of the weather has a lot to do with their remainign indoors. Really it is more comfortable there huddled up before the fire in the grate with a favorite book, an old friend, to make one glad to be indoors out of the inclement weather. Besides, they have been in church considerably during the past few days, and perhaps feel that it would be overdoing it if they came out too frequently. Whatever the reason was, there were few on hand.

After devotions we went to the K of C hall for a little gathering of Catholic ladies and gentlemen. The evening was spent very pleasantly and all enjoyed themselves immensely if one could conclude as much from the amount of laughter going on around the hall. No place for a kill joy in that crowd. Met a lot of old faces and some new ones. They all

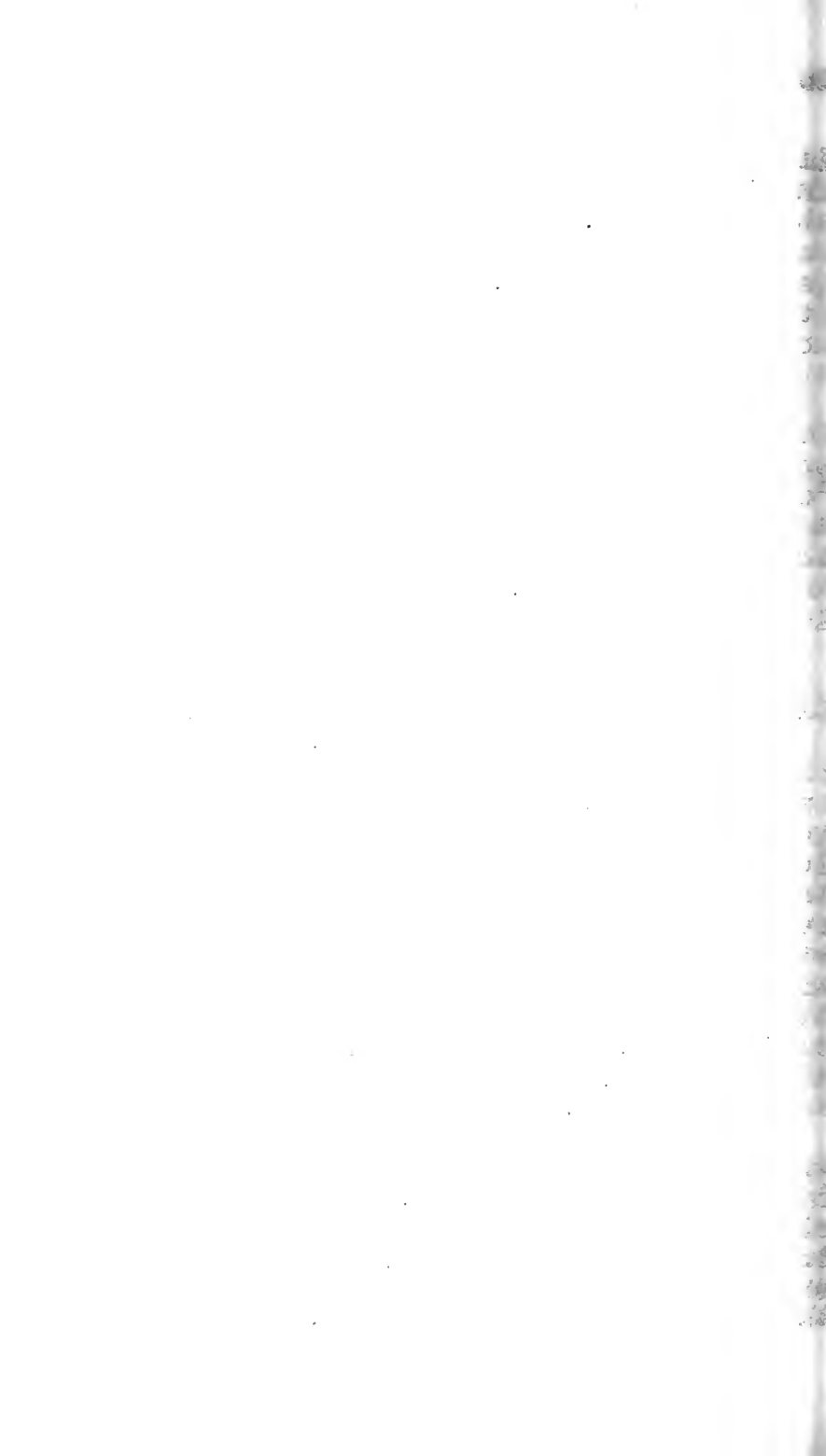
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looked alike to me as I am very slow on making acquaintances and poor at remembering names. They were all very sociable and jests and bantering went on all over the hall. From the general trend of things and the nature of the crowd I am of the opinion they would prefer to be flinging the festive foot to the pastime they were indulging in. When the time came for us to close up proceedings and nominate the winners, there was a general feeling that that part of the entertainment had run its course and another form of amusement would be welcome.

A light lunch was served. The gentlemen did the honors for the occasion. The ladies were waited on, efficiently, effectively, and full-some-ly. (Get that last one) There was enough to go around and to spare. Nothing stingy about the quantity though the variety was rather curtailed. But what do you expect for nothing? The purpose of the evening's entertainment and luncheon was to show the ladies of the parish that the Knights appreciated their efforts in preparing the late banquet on the occasion of the Initiation. We came home, Father McNulty and I, and the rest lingered a little longer.

Had the pleasure of meeting the school inspector this evening. He is making his rounds of the schools in Grey County, Separate Schools I mean, before the winter sets in. It would be impossible for him to get around later. He is an



ntelligent man as might be expected from his position. One thing I like about him is his lack of posing. He strikes me as being a very sensible gentleman and fully prepared for his position. I may be mistaken in this snap judgment of him, but time will tell whether I am correct or not.

ather McNulty just got word that one of his parishoners in Meaford had died. He had prepared her for the end on last Monday. You do not find him neglecting the sick as long as he can get there. Good old Mac'. May he flourish long in Meaford and Thornbury.

October 28th. Another of those uncertain days. It may snow and may rain. Don't know whether you need snowshoes or rubberboots. Did not go to the school this morning as the Inspector is making his official call here. Spent the morning doing some secretarial work for Father Roach as well as knocking off a few letters for myself. Put in some time reading and then discovered I was needed out in the orchard. The greenings and spies need attention. Managed to get in about an hour's work before dinner.

Spent the afternoon mostly in the apple tree. A good share of the time I was sloshing through the mud of the orchard back and forth with pails and baskets of fruit to their haven or refuge under the trees. It began to drizzle a little



and it made it rather unpleasant climbing in and through the wet leaves. The apples are particularly large and of a fine grade. I never saw such a splendid array of fruit as we had piled up under the tree when we finished our day's labor. There is prospect of a very pleasant winter in our neighborhood if the house does not burn down.

Had a good walk and talk after supper. The air was rather chilly and we had to move rather briskly to keep from freezing to one spot. Retired rather early as I was somewhat tired from the acrobatic performances during the day. Somehow or other I cannot stand the gaff as well as I used to. I suppose it is the warning of advancing years. It makes a fellow feel rather blue at times to look back and think of the activities of younger days when he could cavort upon the diamond or rough it in the football game, and now the protest of added years must be heeded and more care taken lest one get a fall that in former days he would smile at. I guess it is Nature's way of looking after us. The old bones are not what they used to be. Just like the old gray mare, she aint what she used to be either.

October 29th. Dismal today with threat of rain in the morning, or perhaps snow. Just cold enough to have the fire in the stove roaring gently and one of my old friends on hand



to spend a pleasant hour. Not a waste-ful hour, but a profitable one. Father Mac wandered in and we fell into a discussion about the practical side of parish work. Had to pull down a volume of Canon Law for reference. The particular point dealt with the giving of Extreme Unction to the old folks. As I have many very old ones it was very important for me to get the matter fixed for instant use. I do not want to be caught with a thirty mile sick call in a hurry when I might better attend to those affairs at leisure when I am in the neighborhood. Besides the roads are not likely to be any too good from now on and I would not like to see any of them pass to the Great Beyond without having all the benefits possible in their possession when they may need them most.

Took a survey of the orchard at ten-thirty and found I was much in demand. It is quite cold. Well, I put on the habiliments of the hired man, overalls, and joined the folks in the orchard and took to the tree tops like an ourangtang going after cocoanuts. Pulled and hauled back and forth till noon and helped increase the pile of apples by a considerable quantity. Just for variety it snowed some and gave a sort of Christmas outllok to the whole affair. It was not much of a snow as snows run here, but then it was something different. In summer time folks would call it a drizzle. Well, we call it a snow dirzzle and let it go at that.





Adjourned for dinner and rest hour. Mr. Downs of Hepworth drove in and unloaded a big chair for my comfort and convenience. Thanks, Ed., I shall give it 100% usage in the near future. St. Ignatius, I believe, had the idea that his children might study, meditate, pray better if they were comfortable. I know that I can read with more attention and profit if I am not compelled to squirm around like a hen on a hot griddle. Too much distraction in discomfort and though it may be more conducive to mortification, it is less likely to produce mental profit and emoulements of that kind.

Went out and helped Gus finish picking the apples. They are all off the trees now and in the bin. My goodness! won't there be a lot of munching of fruit around this house later on. They say, an apple a day keeps the doctor away. Well, we can keep all the doctors in Grey County away without half trying.

Gus went up in the air a trifle. Did not take a flying machine either. The carpenter left things lying around where he had been working and that troubled Gus considerably. He is rather tidy in his habits and believes in having everything in its place. He was quite oratorical while he lasted. Dressed down the carpenter, cook, assistant cook, and would have taken in several of the neighbors if Father Roach and I had not begun to laugh.



Father McNulty has gone to Chatsworth to conduct a funeral tomorrow morning. I would have gone but have to get ready for the road tomorrow and go to Wiarton and Hepworth for Sunday.

Got a consignment of hump from Henry. Good ol HUMP, the kind that curls your hair for you. Pride of Essex County and memorial of the oldest inhabitants there. It is certainly some tobacco. What memories cluster around the aroma of Hump. How plainly it recalls by its fumes the memory of Old Savage and his wife as they got their pipes out after supper on a winter's evening and proceeded to fill the house with the fog they created. Yes, Drummond was right. The smell of the 'tabac Canadienne, you cannot forget that, my firen'. If properly directed I think the odor of said taba would kill all the insects in the orchard and garden. One thing about it, you are never worried about borrowers. They do not take to it nor of it. They have too much respect for its powers of upheaval.

Had evening devotions as usual. Small crowd out as the weather is rather inclement. Got into an argument with myself about some point in Moral Theology. First consulted Sabetti. Could not find out definitely what he felt about my point of view. Turned to Lemkuhl with his German Latin and found he hit everything Sabetti said, but did not bring in my feature of the case. Consulted Tanqueray. He repeated what the others



said, and also studiously avoided my angle of the case. Perhaps I have not thoroughly digested their line of argument. As the case is one of a very practical bearing I shall have to mill it around in my mind and get a solution of the difficulty. Consult living authors, you say. Sometimes you do not dare. There are times when you have to meet these difficulties without the aid of an older head. I would like to have some advice on the matter right away but the matter will wait for a spell. I do not like to have difficulties lying unsettled in my mind. I may forget them and they may come up when I am not prepared to answer them off hand.

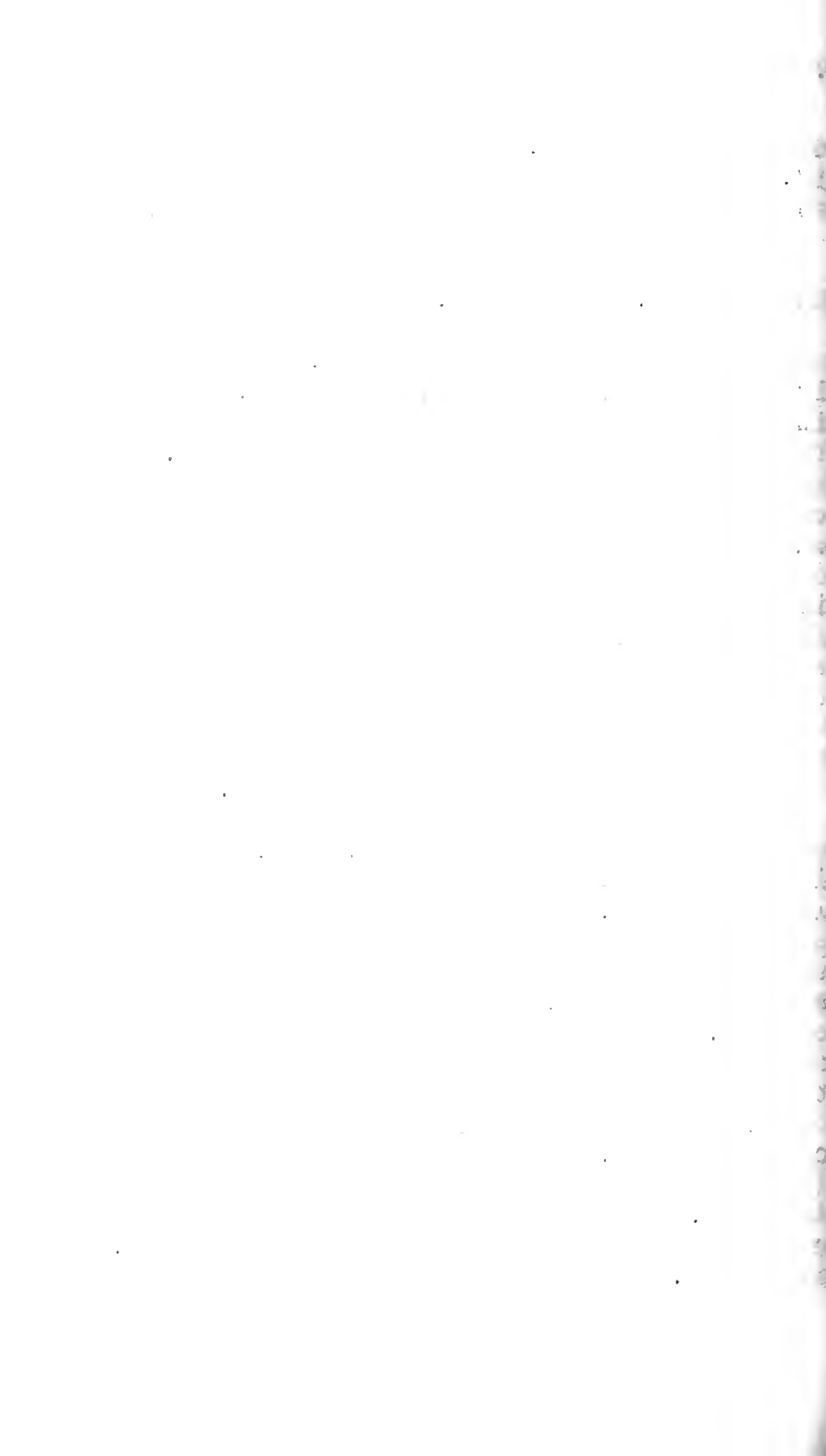
Went to roost at the usual hour and fell into a rather disturbed dreaming fit. I do not know what particular kind of nightmare was camped on my bedstead, but I woke up during the night roaring laughing. I cannot remember the dream, but I know that I was just whooping it up when I awoke. I tried to impress the midnight dream upon the tablets of my memory and thought I had it fixed, but cannot remember what it was all about. In fact I cannot remember a single feature of it. If it were some midnight murder scene I suppose I could recall every shade of it to harrow up my soul for days to come. I have had that unpleasant experience often times in the past and it was horrible. Felt sick for days after it. The thermometer has been falling during the day and at nightfall it got



down below forty. At bed time it was 32. Let the water out of the machine so that the radiator would not freeze.

October 30. Saturday. The usual bustling about making preparations for the mission. Weather is uncertain, may rain, may snow. If it does neither it will remain uncertain. Took the afternoon train for Wiarton. Nothing unusual about the journey, excepting one of our fellow passengers, one of those religiously minded ladies of advancing years who delivered a homily on religious matters for the benefit of those around her — perhaps the sight of a priest sitting nearby was the inspiring cause of it. She continued to give reasons for the faith that was in her and her attitude on religion until she got off at Shallow Lake.

Got to Wiarton in due time. Mr. Milligan was out. He returned in time looking fine. However, I fear it is only on the surface. The heart is still thumping and the shortness of breath still continues. He gets around very slowly. Cheered him up as best I could and spent the rest of the afternoon talking to him and the family. Supper over, a good one too, we had some more conversation. Mr. Milligan and the family went out and Mart and I continued to talk. Mart was engaged in tinning up a chicken for the Doctor who attends Mr. Milligan.

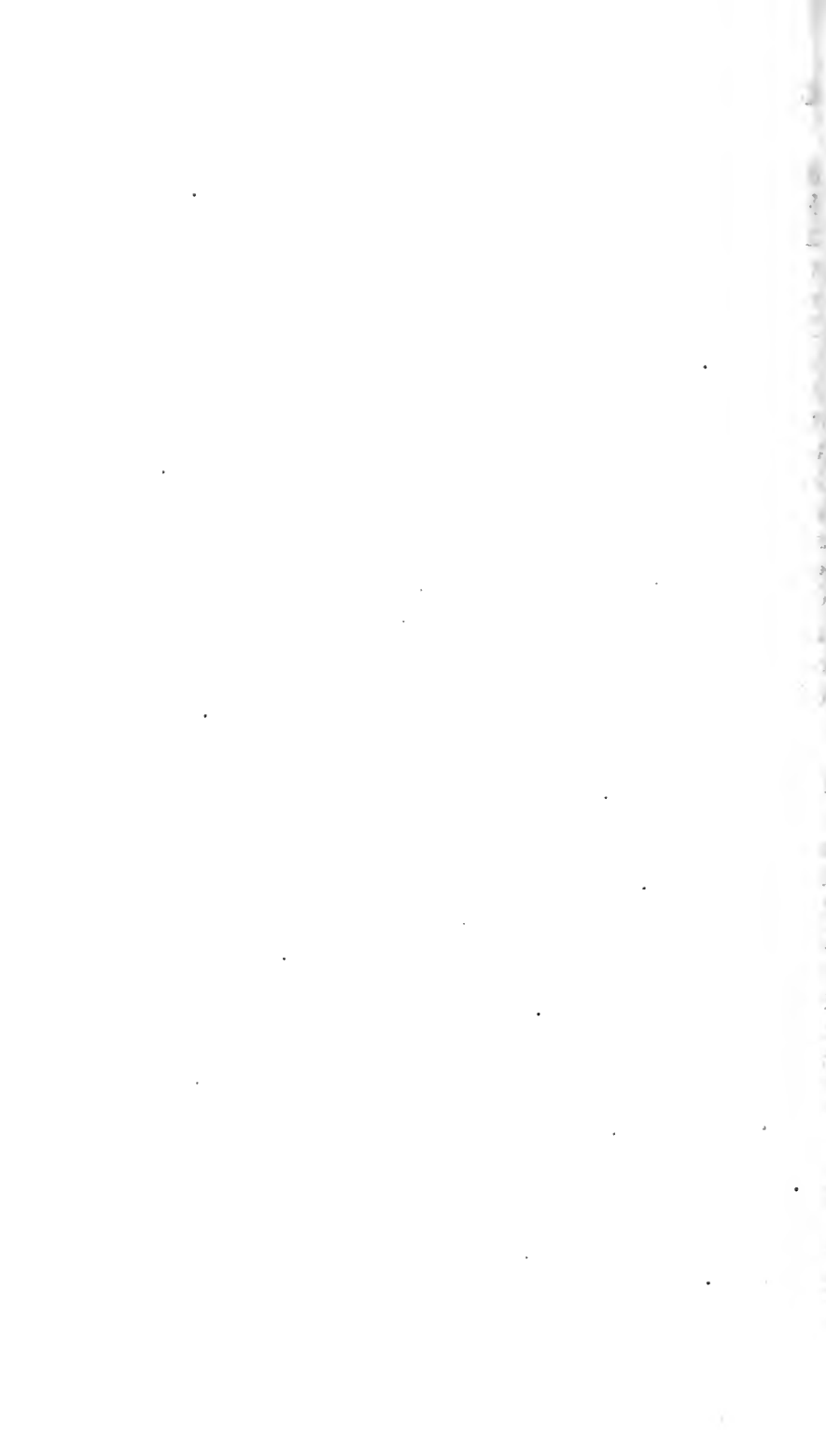




This is the anticipated Hallow Eve. The kids are out on their usual pranks and imagining they are perpetrating practical jokes by stringing some one's gate up to a telegraph pole or upsetting some little house of convenience for the occasion. Reminds me of the old days at home when we used to do about the same things and think we had a good time, if we did not get a licking for our fun. Traditions of the kind last a long time and I suppose the future generations will do about the same things as we did years ago, back yonder, when the earth was in its prime for us, and we thought the whole of creation was bounded on all sides by the rim of woods that encircled the village we called home.

October 31st. Got up at the usual hour for rising in Warton and was soon on my way up the hill to the church. Found some of the neighbors there with a fire on. Said some of my office and made ready for Mass. Heard a dozen or so confessions and began services at nine. Delivered a little homily on the obligation of sanctity as tomorrow is the feast of All Saints. Got through in good time and made ready for Hepworth.

Mr. Downs arrived with his auto at ten and we set out with a little uncertainty about the weather. It rained some on the way. Arrived in Hepworth in lots of time to get ready for Mass. Heard some



confessions. It is edifying and consoling to find in the mission such faith and desire to walk the straight and narrow path. God bless them. They deserve a high place in Heaven.

Sang High Mass. As usual the choir responded with Peter's Mass in D. Made me think of All Saints day at home when I was a lad. Had all the thrills of a real country choir, homely, earnest, and willing. Delivered a little talk to the congregation and finished Mass. Had catechetical instruction for about half an hour and then went to breakfast. Dined some-chew-ously at Mr. Forhan's. Just three of us there but what we did to that breakfast was a crime. Gave the good lady who presides over the destinies of the household a vote of thanks and gave her 100% for the effort. Took a few puffs of a cigar and then set out for Owen Sound. Mr. Downs did me the kindness to bring me in to the city as I have to go to Dornoch for the morrow. Had a good talk with Ed, spun a few yarns, cracked few jokes, and pulled into Owen Sound with a flourish like an old horse pulling into town, head up chest out and tail over the dashboard.

Spent an hour at home and made preparations for the road. Pulled out about four p.m. for Dornoch. Roads are in fine shape. When I got through Chatsworth, it began to rain. By the time I reached Dornoch it was coming down freely.

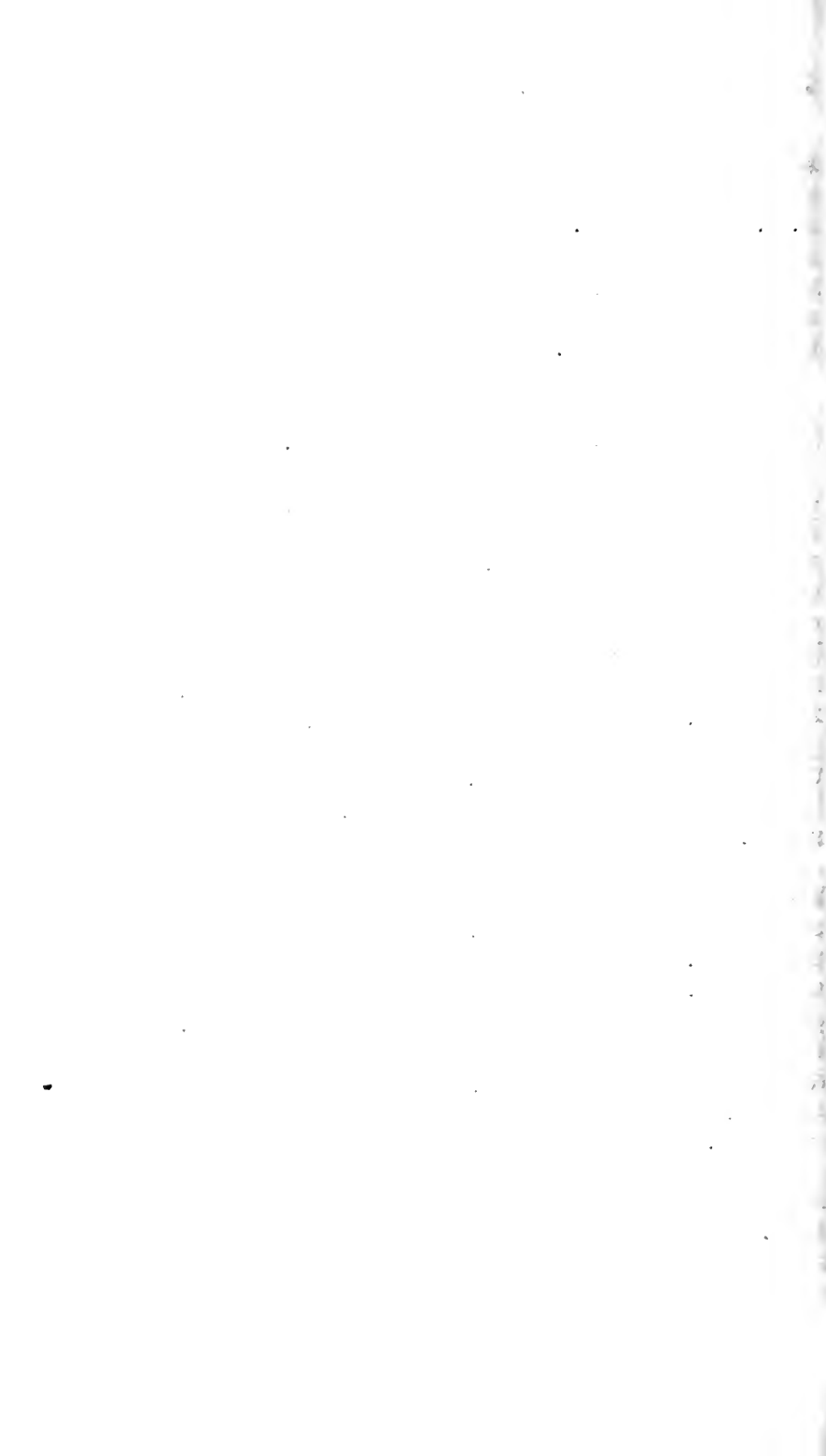


Landed safely in the garage and then went to the village where I put up with J.S. as usual. Somewhat tired after all the pegging around the country, nevertheless, we managed to pass the evening pleasantly enough until it came time to retire.

November 1st. All Saints Day. Oh, what a glorious riot of joy there will be in Heaven today, although I do not suppose they mark time by days and hours up there. However, there will be one grand paean of joy in the presence of the Great White Throne, the Blessed Mother, the nine choirs of angels, the Saints, our fathers and mothers, our friends, — all in one grand, glorious, gorgeous display of joy and happiness in the presence of God. What a glorious heritage is waiting for us. May it come soon.

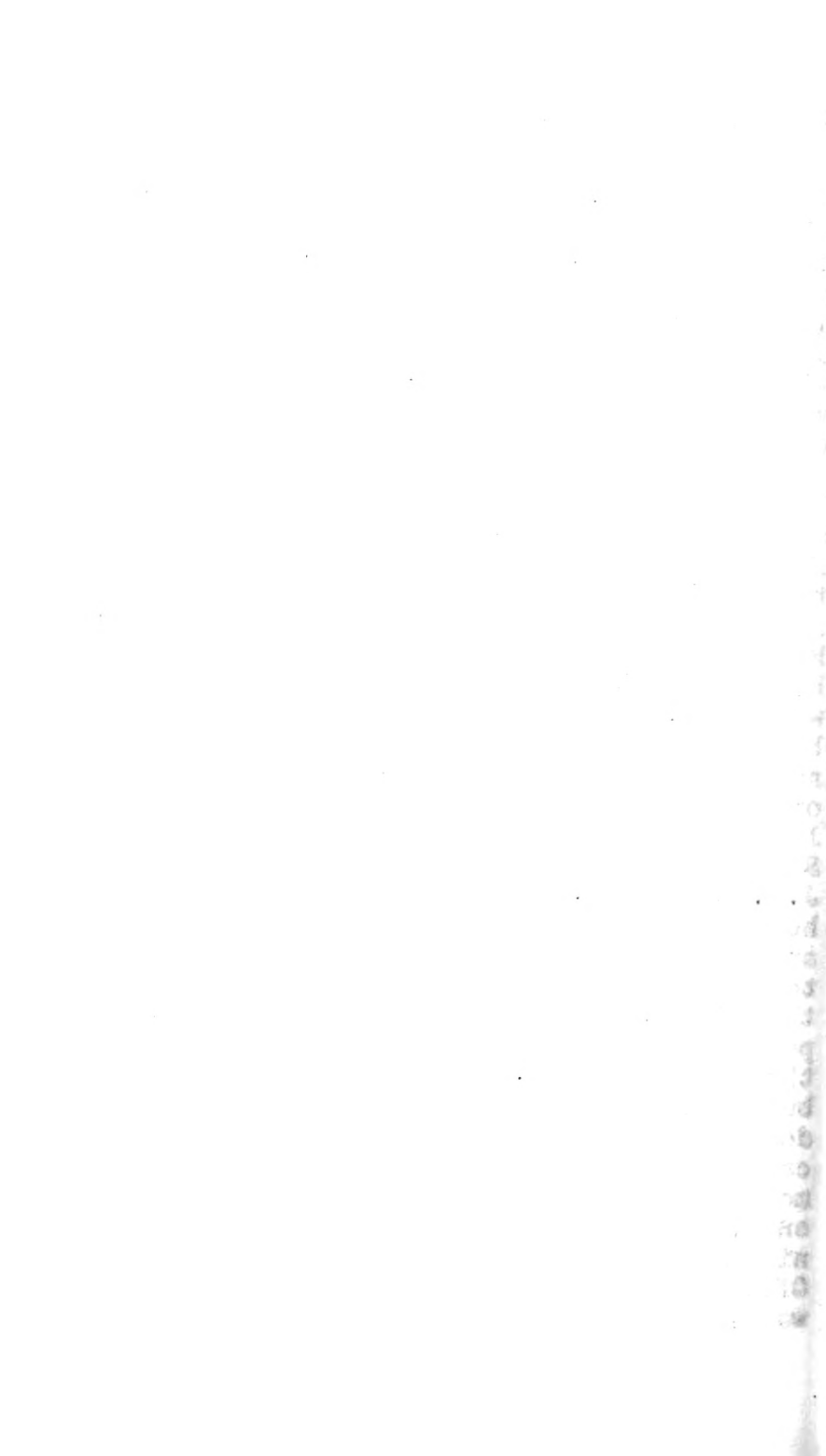
Went to the church early as I expect several confessions. I was not disappointed. Heard till I had to begin Mass at nine. Could not delay as I have to go to Chatsworth for Mass at eleven. What a grand turnout we had, folks from all over the parish, long distances and short, all there to rejoice with the Saints. God bless them!

Set out for Chatsworth a little before ten. Got there at ten-thirty and found a church full of people waiting to go



to confession. Had over forty of them. Did not get a chance to begin Mass till towards twelve. Had Low Mass. Many of these folks had driven several miles and the roads are bad and it would be too bad to keep them fasting till the middle of the afternoon. Gave them a very short talk at the end of Mass on the day.

Went back to Dornoch in the afternoon and said my office. Something unusual for me to be caught with all my office to say in the afternoon, but I could not anticipate it owing to circumstances. Had evening services, Rosary, Sermon, Benediction. Only a few of the faithful were out. More would have been there but the weather was too threatening, and the night inky black. Spoke to them on the Blessed Sacrament and the privilege they had of having it with them. Spent the remainder of the evening at J.S. domicile. It began to rain quite heavily, and got colder. Had a pleasant evening with the folks. Retired to the north room and crawled in for the night. I did not know what to expect, whether I would be frozen during the night or not. Lots of bedclothes, but there are cracks all around the door and when the north wind blows one can almost expect to wake up in the morning and find polar bears roosting on the bedstead. It rained hard all night and morning found it raining still. Often times during the night I heard the water splashing outside the door. It





made me feel as if I were a sponge with water for my native element. Got up once during the night. It was not to look out and see the stars. There are times when a breath of fresh air seems good, and there are other times when you want to get to certain places on time. One has not always to be running for a train to want to get there on time. I was not running for a train, but I got there exactly on time.

November 2nd. All Souls Day. Raining, as if the heavens were weeping in pity for the poor souls that need so much help. Lord have mercy on them and grant them Eternal Rest. They are our friends still and we can do them a good turn. In what measure we mete it out to others it shall be meted out to us.

Went to church early hoping to say some office and make preparation for Mass. Made the preparations all right, but no time for office as folks seemed to drop in from everywhere to go to confession for the feast. Heard them continuously till after nine and then Had High Mass. Did not have time to say the other two Masses permitted on this day as I had some old folks out in the country fasting and waiting for me to administer the sacraments. It was edifying to see the number at Mass inspite of the bad weather. I must have had nearly fifty for Holy Communion. It makes me almost ashamed of myself when I think of the



sacrifices these people make to be with their God and how I grumble so much at the little load I have to carry.

Went out after Mass to visit Patrick Malaney. Poor Paddy, as they call him, has only one leg, and is as deaf as a post. He is one of the old type of Irish immigrants. He lost his leg on the railroad, the Irishman's estate in America. He is cheerful enough in spite of his affliction. I suppose he was worn that leg so long that he can almost feel through it by this time.

Had dinner, or rather breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Moran and then gave them a few samples of bucolics as lived and perpetrated in the land of my birth. No doubt, they must have thought that all our folks down in Essex County were either born comedians, or were "ticked". They laughed till they nearly fell off the chairs. The last I saw of them as I was leaving was a big grin on their faces and their sign to come again when they could hear the rest of them. Will unload more on them some day.

Left Dornoch at noon. It began to rain shortly after I left the village and pretty soon was coming down steadily. I came along carefully and slowly. It was no day to get into the ditch and very poor for mending a bad tire. After passing through Chatsworth it began to come down in torrents. I was glad that some man knew how to put a roof on an auto. I let it rain and kept plugging along

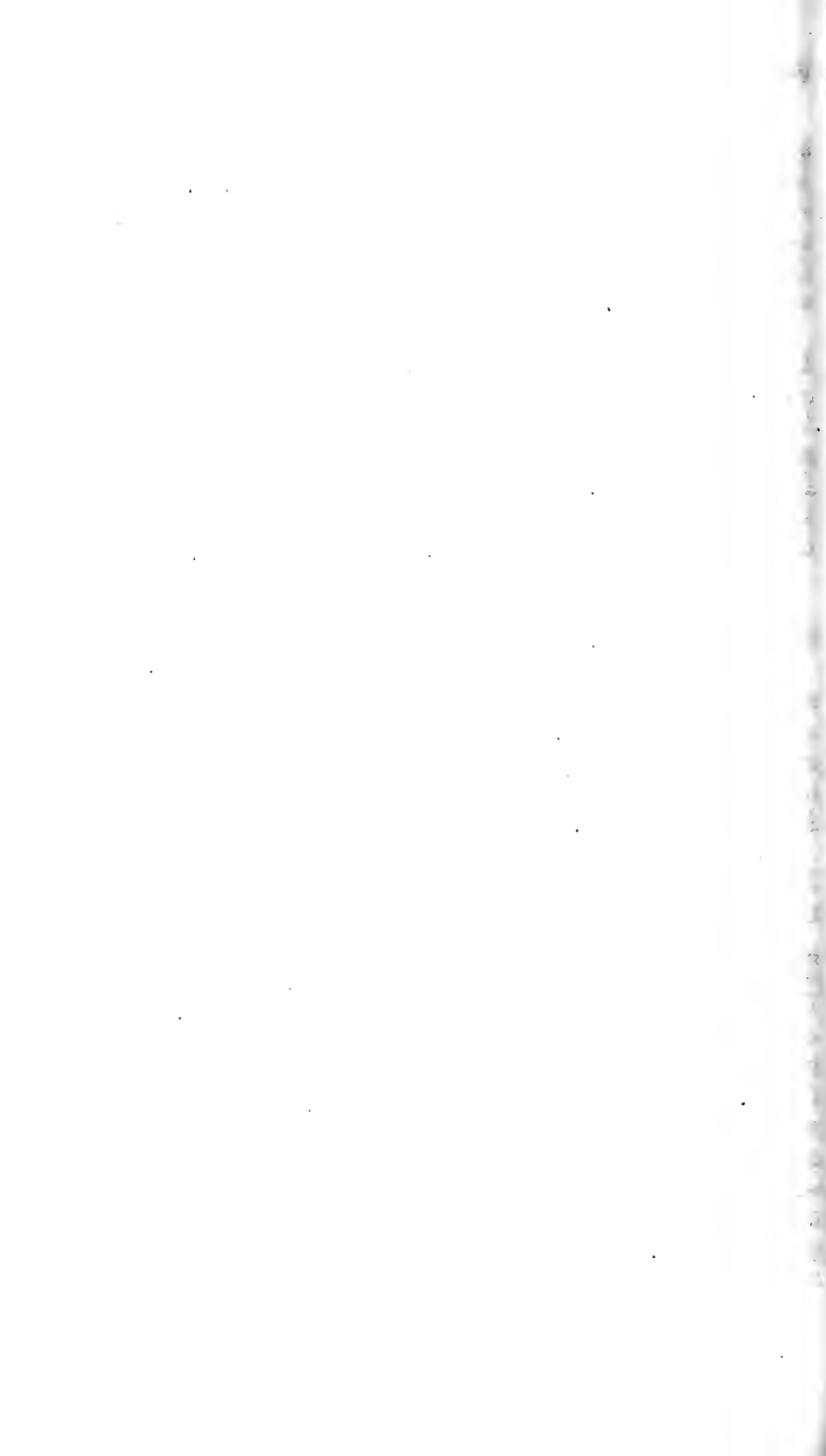


through pools and puddles and finally landed in Owen Sound about two p.m. Father McNulty just got in ahead of me. We sat by the fire and compared notes about our different missions and the work we had.

I was glad to get home. It is much nicer to be at home as one fears he is imposing on the generosity of others no matter how much they try to make him feel welcome. After supper we took a turn on the veranda and then read till the hour for retiring. Good night.

November 3rd. Dark and rainy. Another of those dismal days that make a man in a strange place wish he were back home. The rain falling on the roof outside the window has a lonesome note about it, and the general result is depressing.

Sang High Mass this morning. Some of the parishoners have remembered the Poor souls and I know that their condition will be vastly improved by it, unless Theology is at fault, and it is not. What a grand consolation it is to us to be able to help those who have gone before. When our time is come, perhaps we too shall be detained in that land of yearning where the soul is burning with its love for God and is still held captive by God's justice and its own unpaid debt. How admirably this month seems to have been chosen for devotion

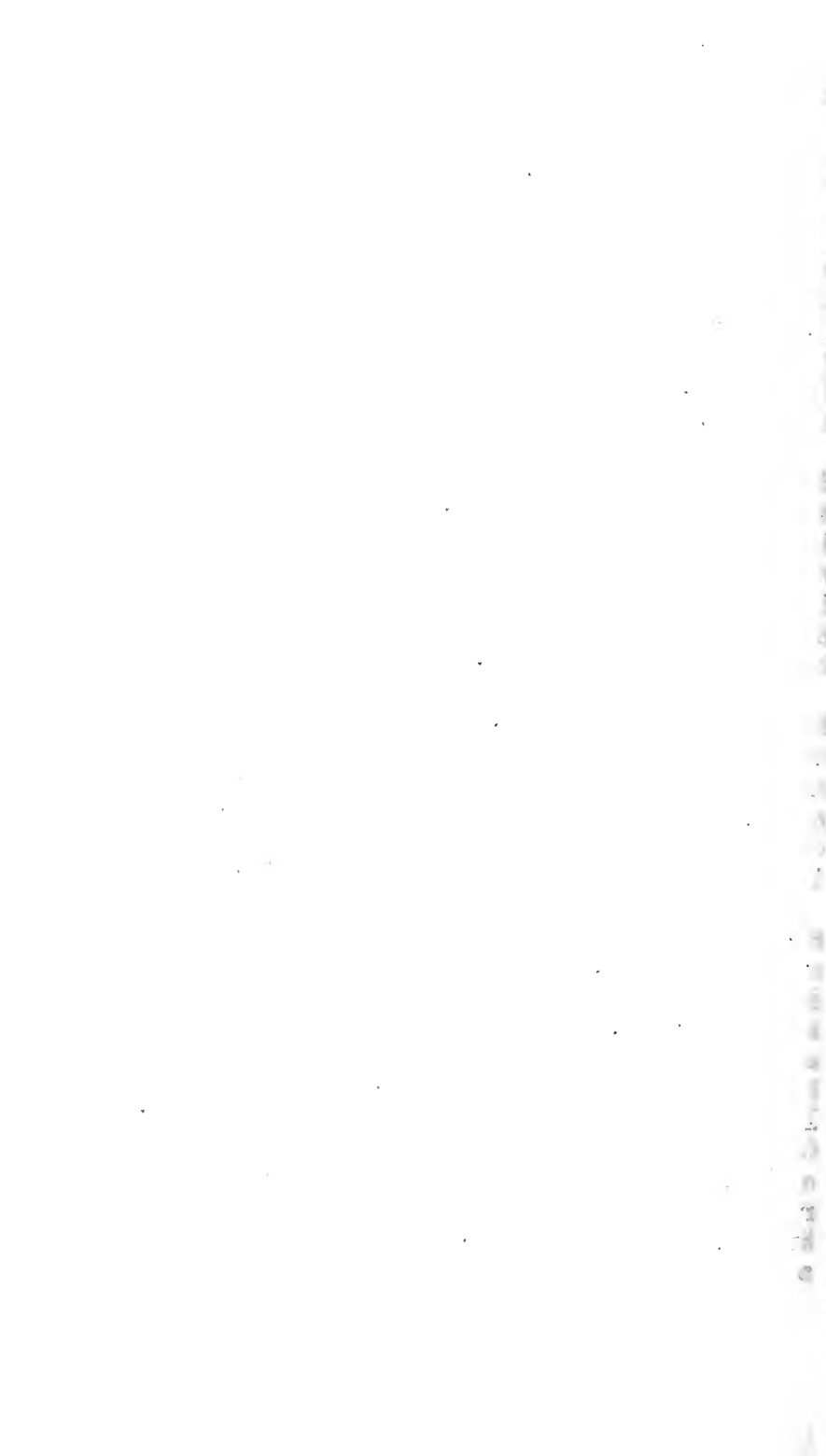


to the Holy Souls. I suppose the damp, dark days with the floods of heaven turned loose on a forgetting world, make us think of friends lying in the cold churchyard with the wind singing its mournful dirge through the evergreens like the sighing of souls in distress. Poor Souls, God have mercy on them!

Spent the forenoon ploughing through some pages of Sabetti. The new volume in accordance with the new Canon Law has arrived and I shall have to delve into it to see what the workings of the new regulations have changed for the benefit of humanity.

Noon and more rain. Father McNulty cheers me up by continually reminding me that this is the rainy season. Afternoon, more rain and more theology. Was down town for a spell with Father Roach in the car to get the bills paid.

Had a long walk with the confreres after supper. The wide veranda is a splendid place to take a constitutional after meals. Walked, talked, and spilled yarns until it was time to take Father Roach to the boat. The rain had let up in the middle of the afternoon. Got down and back safely in the auto and squared away for the night. More reading and some talk with Father McNulty, and then bed. Hope there are no sick calls from Dornoch.





November 4th. Sang High Mass again this morning. Used the small chapel. It is like holding service in a band box, everything is crowded and the place seems so small. If I let out too strong I am likely to push the side walls out.

The day is uncertain as those that have just passed. We are likely to have anything. It rained some, then the wind rose, then the sun shone and then there was more rain. Don't know whether you need a rubber coat, umbrella, or straw hat next. The house is rather quiet since Father Roach has gone. He will be away two weeks. All the deer around Killarney will have to take to the hills if they do not want to run the risk of coming to Owen Sound with a gam stick spreading their slender shanks. Deer meat is cheap meat.

Got another consignment of Hump from home. Will have enough on hand soon to carry me for the year.

Visited the school this morning and gave the children a dose of catechism. They are very attentive and seem to have a good grasp of the practical side of it. If they will only live up to what they know they will be high class citizens and fine Catholics. Some of it will stick if it is sunk in deep enough. May as well plant it firmly in the good ground now and the Lord will look after them. More theology for a pastime.



Got a letter from Toronto this morning telling us that Father R- could not come to take Dornoch next Sunday. That means that I shall have the pleasure of drilling along either with the horse or auto to make the mission for Sunday. If the weather would only clear up I would not mind the ride, but I do not like ploughing through mud. I am not a webfoot. Hurrah, the sun is out as I am writing this. May it continue to shine. It is not safe to talk too loud about it or it will go back and hid behind a cloud.

Confessions this afternoon, school children and adults. Tomorrow is First Friday and the usual number of the faithful will be on hand to get ready to welcome their Lord into their hearts in the morning.

Had a good walk with Father McNulty after supper. Up and down the veranda like squirrels running in a cage, going far and getting nowhere. Felt more cheerful when the walk was over. Have been feeling rather blue all day. I guess the gloomy weather has had a depressing effect on me. Had a few more confessions this evening and then meandered up to my room to put in some more time with the books. Got snuggled down into my big chair and with the fire roaring in the stove beside me I passed the time very profitably and comfortably considering the wind and rain belting against the house outside.

Father McNulty came in and we had some talk about things in general and more things in particular. Got a few pointers

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on how to attend to long distance sick calls in inclement weather, especially when the nights are dark, roads bad, and distance long. Father McNulty toddled off to bed early and I kept on with the books, getting a few pointers for next Sunday's sermon. Crawled in later hoping that the night would bring no alarming news of a long range call. Do not like to put Father McNulty's theory to the test right away. Prefer to wait a while.

November 5th. Dark and rainy. Raw weather generally. It rains for a spell, then the sun breaks through the dull darkness of the day, then more rain. O yes, it is really the rainy season, as Mac says. I believe him for we have had about a week of it now.

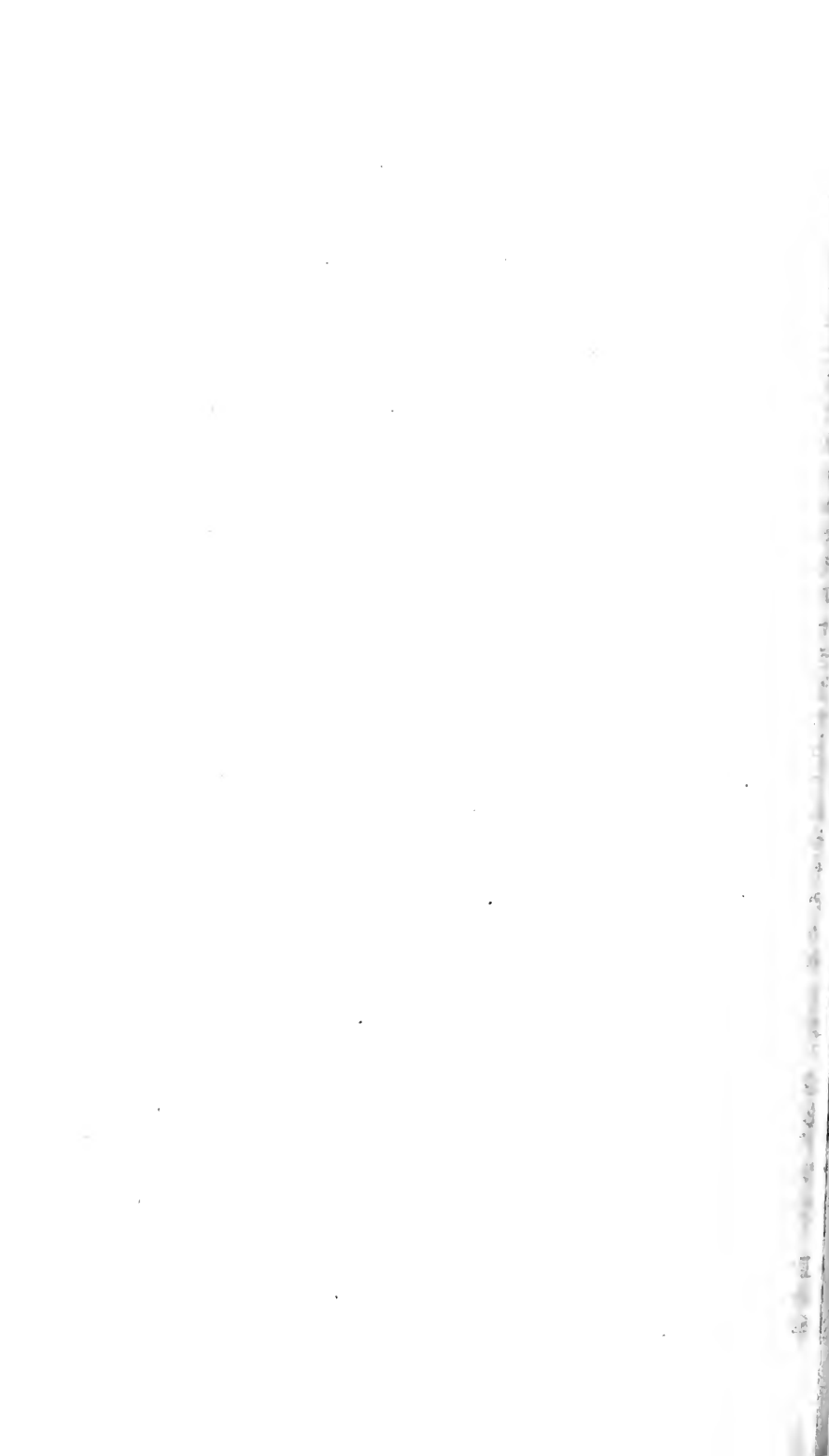
First Friday and a splendid crowd out for Holy Communion. Sang High Mass at eight. Just got into the house after Thanksgiving when I was told some one was coming after me to go on a sick call. Nice cheerful outlook for a drive along the lake shore. I am waiting and whacking off these few notes while he is on the way if he is not bogged. Noon came and no arrival to take me to see the sick. I would have gone if they had not said they would come after me. They finally came — at three p.m. Some prompt. The sick might have died and been buried if they were a trifle slower.



While waiting for the rig, I got into a debate with Father McNulty about the propriety of bringing the Blessed Sacrament and anointing. I know what the book says, but the book does not know all the ramifications of sickness and circumstances. As I am inexperienced in this work I am rather confused at times to know what to do. However, since there is an eternity at stake and a soul perhaps trembling on the balance waiting for me to give the proper amount of weight to its side of the scale, I think that at times I may be inclined to be on the safe side rather than spend the rest of my days eating my heart out in regret over some poor soul going before God because I did not have scientific judgment enough to weigh all the pros and cons with the nicety of an expert. Sacramenta propter homines, remember that Charlie. God was generous enough to give them for us, we can afford to be generous in handing them out to those needing help. If I make any mistake in the administration of the last sacraments it is likely to be on the side of generosity, and I hope God will not hold it up against me.

Got to the house of sickness at last through the mud along the Lake shore. Found the poor thing pretty well whipped. Relying on the Doctor's advice I postponed Holy Communion till the morning.

It makes a man think when he is on his way to or from a sick call. We may be the next, what odds as long as we are





ready, but that is not the thought that is running through my head just now. It is marvellous to think that God has chosen the likes of me to bring His message to the dying perhaps, and to assure them that He has forgiven them all the mistakes they may have made if they are only sorry they did what was wrong. Truly, God is good. Here am I, an unknown, worthless lump of chaos as my old professor used to say when I committed some gaucherie in the etiquette of Latin Prose, and God chose me to bring consolation to that poor soul. Well, God's ways are beyond all understanding. He knew what he was doing when He selected my ignoble self to do His work. I wonder at times if He is anyways pleased with the way I am doing it. Perhaps I am doing it well, like the dog in the story. As he was not good for anything else the owner thought sure he must be good for coons, though he had never tried him on them. I wonder if that is my case. I shall have to leave it to Him, for at times I am almost in despair over the outlook.

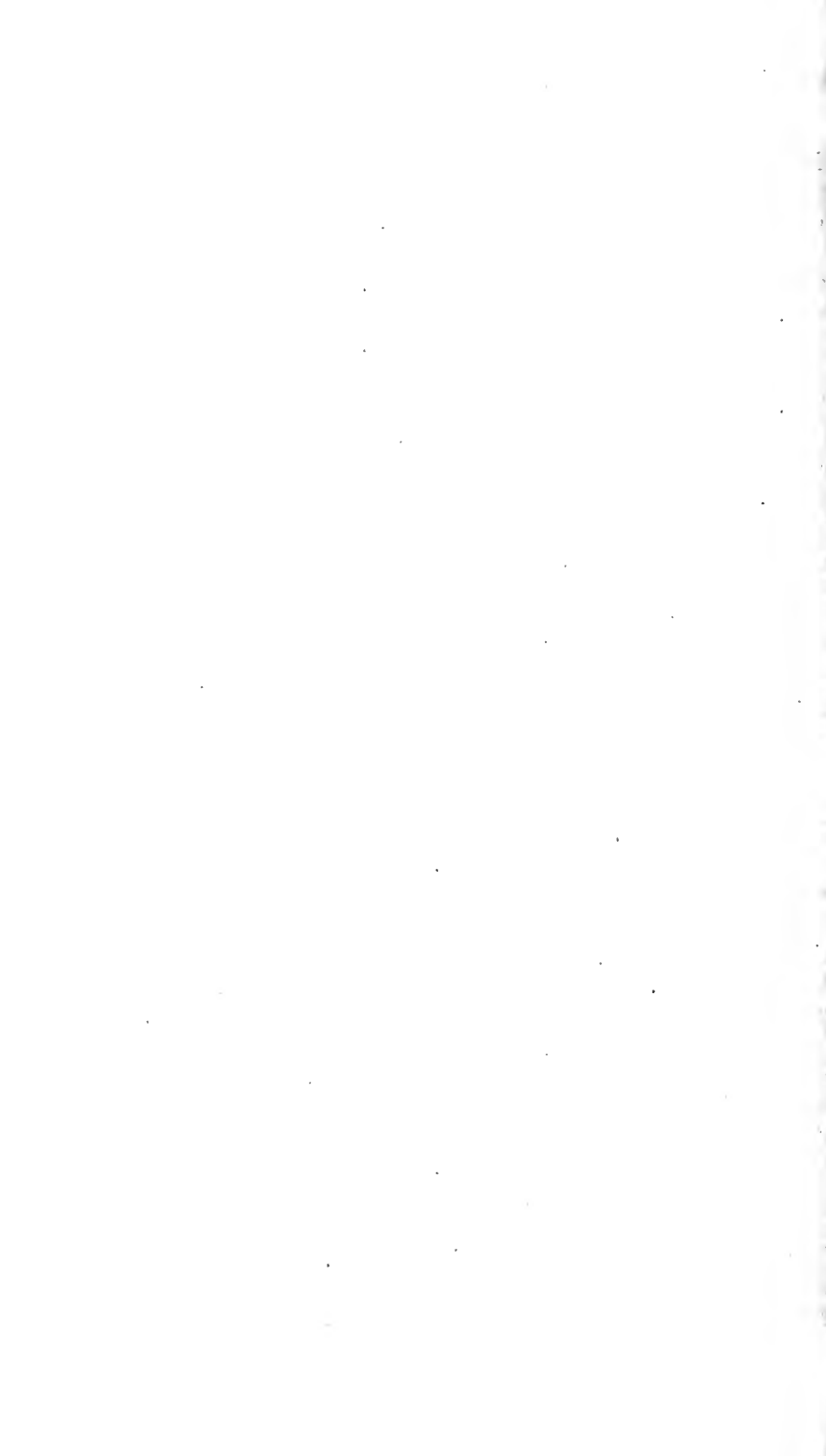
Got back home in a shower, daily or hourly shower, as it oozes rain without provocation. Said my office in anticipation of the morrow and then had supper. Took a brisk walk after dining as the night is rather chilly. Had some talk over the late elections in the United States and their bearing on Canadian politics. Am not much on politics. Have enough to keep me busy trying to keep acquainted with my obligations. Never



did have much use for politics as they have developed a very rotten strain during the past few years.

Had Sacred Heart Devotions. Good crowd out. Held meeting after Benediction and gave them a short talk. Got to my room later and spent some time in reading. Between the sermons and the theology I have my hands full. Wish I had a better memory for the things I have read. What a blessing a good memory is! If it were a lot of nonsense I would never forget it, but when it comes to the things worth while, they just will not stick; just drip off my memory like water off a duck's back, in one ear and out the other, as some wit remarked. Laid out my dunnage for the morrow and retired for the night.

November 6th. Got a jolt early this morning. Was sleeping peacefully mulling over a segment of some pleasant dream at leisure in my nice warm bed, when I heard Father McNulty call. Jumped out in a flash, and got the cheering notice of a sick call. Team work for us, I got the car and he brought the Blessed Sacrament. Had some difficulty in getting the car started as the engine was cold and we had to put water in it. Cold water as there was no warm. Finally got out on the streets in the darkness and set sail for the top of Forhan's hill. Landed safely at our destination through the mud puddles of a side street. I juggled

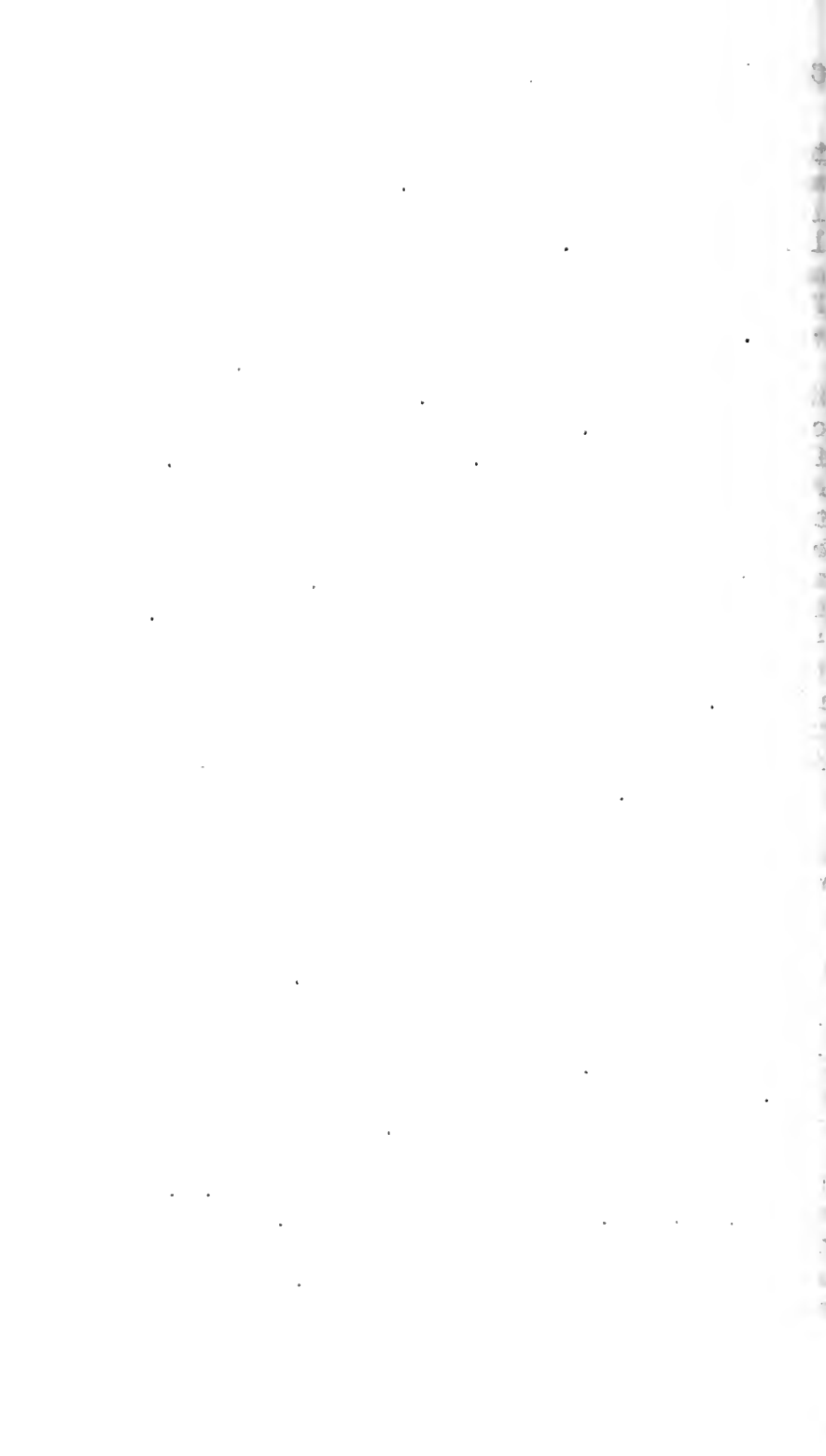


the car around while Father McNulty went in to see the sick. The poor old lady looks as if she is not going to last very long. Gave her all the sacraments and then came home in time for Father McNulty to say Mass at the convent.

Had High Mass at eight. Fair sized crowd present. The body guard of old faithfuls was there. God bless them. Father McNulty brought Holy Communion to the lady I visited yesterday and anointed her as he did not like to take any chances on her condition. Spent the morning getting ready for Dornoch. The outlook is bright and cheerful as the sun is shining and the roads drying nicely. I think I shall be able to take the car and make better time with it than I would with the one-horse-power motor.

Am spending a few moments writing up my notes before dinner as I shall have to go down immediately after dining to meet the noon train from Toronto and have the wheels tested for the journey. Nothing like killing two birds with the one stone if some one holds the birds and the stone is big enough. Am through with the notes now. Will fill the pipe with hump and put in some time reading.

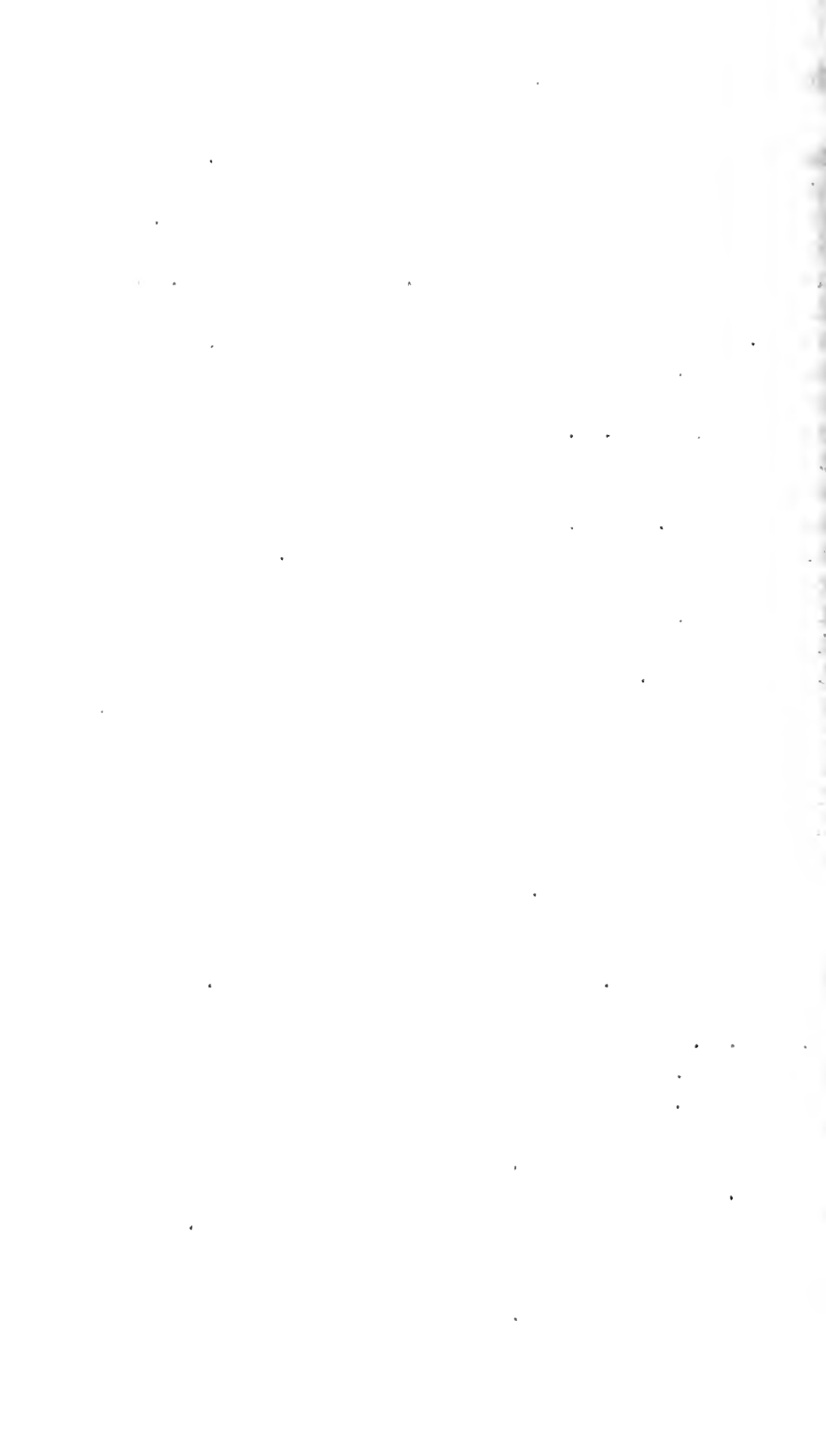
Father Burke came in on the 1:15 p.m. train, C.P.R. Glad to see him. Like a vision from old times to have some new face of an old friend loom up. Gave me the broad grin but restrained the ex-



haustive laugh for later occasions. Came back to the house in style, though I did get stalled on the hill with the auto. Spent an hour with him covering things useful and entertaining. At three p.m. lugged out the car and set out for Dornoch. The roads are in fine shape, dry and hard. Bowled along nicely with the wind in my back and pulled into Dornoch about 4:45 p.m. As there is not much to do this evening I got my office hand early and made ready for the issues as they come. Mr. Lister dropped in with his wife and some more company. Managed to while away the hours in a variety of fashions, you know how they spend them in the country — and had a very nice time of it. Went to bed not knowing whether to say morning or evening prayer. Compromised by a short prayer as the room was too cold to expose oneself to the danger of pneumonia by remaining long exposed to the weather such as blows in the north room in Dornoch when the wind is cold.

November 7th. Sunday, and raining.

Nothing to do till about 9:30 a.m. Went up to the church and found Mr. B- with a roaring fire in the sacristy. Welcome fire. Heard confessions and diddled around getting things in shape for Mass. Began High Mass at 10:40. Should have begun at 10:30 but there were some belated confessions. Cannot refuse to hear people who have come seven or eight miles fasting such a morning as this. Sang the best I knew





how, and preached on the Gospel. Have given them one of Patrick Phelan's homilies. It was very appropriate to the time.

Went with Mr. and Mrs. Moran to have dinner and incidentally to see Patrick Malane. Raining cats and dogs and the roads are slippery. Managed to keep out of the swamp. Had a nice visit and then set out with Mr. Moran to see his brother further along the road. Oh, such mud and rain, and more rain and mud. Got there and the place looked as though it were the center of all the mud in Grey County. Spent a couple of hours with them and then set out for Dornoch. Got back in time for supper, though we did have lunch with the M-family. That is one of the penalties of visiting in the country. You have to eat every place you go and they have lots of provender. May as well be resigned and dig in.

Had evening devotions. Only a few out as the weather is very inclement. Said Rosary and night prayer and gave Benediction. Adjourned to J.S's and spent the evening as usual. Had a nice time. Still raining and dark as the Styx outside. Nice weather for rowing and splendid for young ducks.

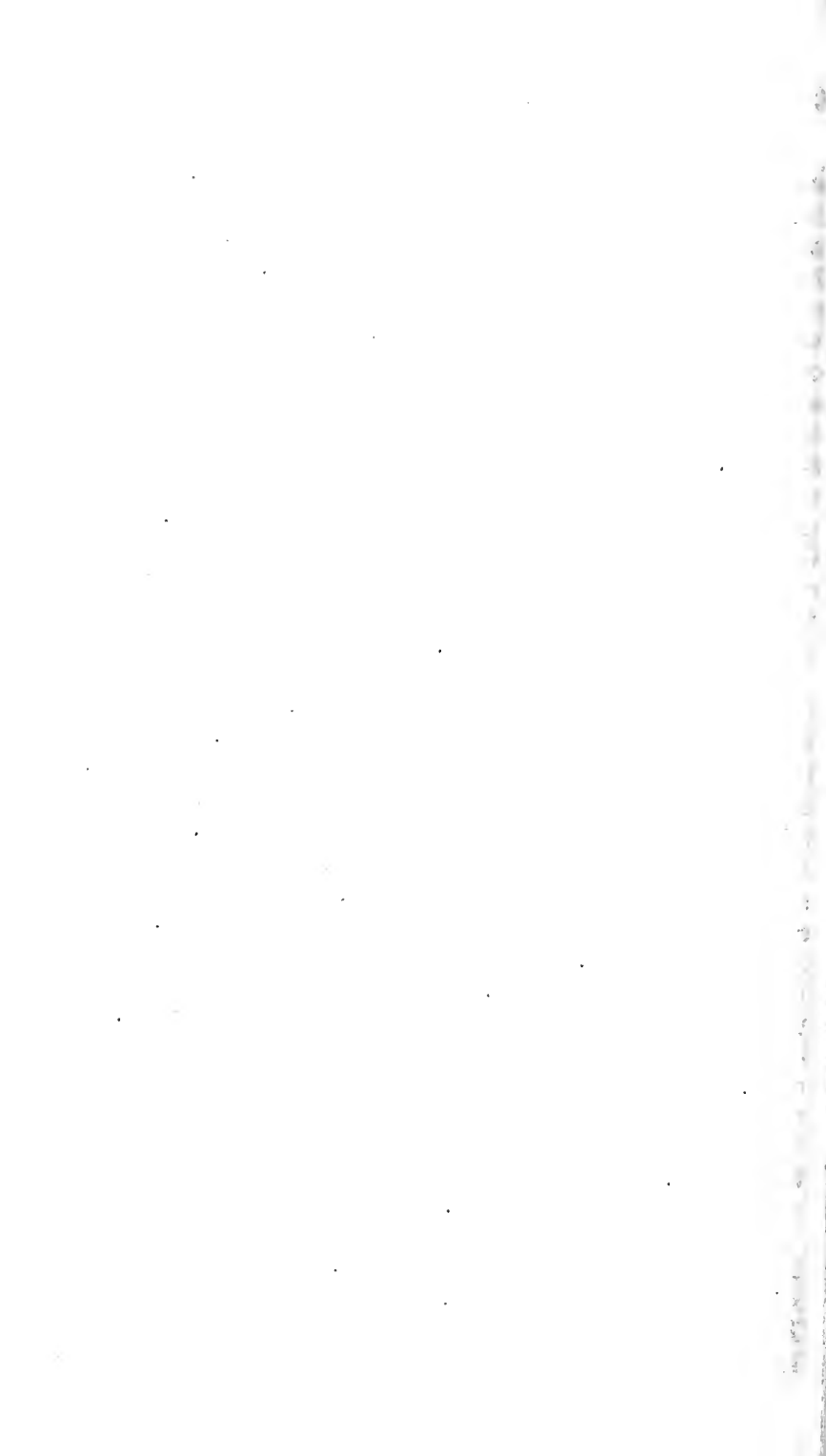
November 8th. Stopped raining and is pretty cool. Prospects bright for a fine day. Sand High Mass and was about ready to set out for home



when I was summoned on a sick call. Only about eight miles off through the swamps and mud of the side roads. I had a sweet time getting there. Did not know whether I would get there in time or get there at all. Said acres of prayers to get there in time. I did arrive and found the old lady in good mood for the reception of the Sacraments. She had been unconscious for three hours before I came, but when I saw her she was heading for the bed. Gave her all the sacraments and then set out for home as I had to catch the 2:10 train for Ayton to help Father Halm with his Forty Hours.

Got back to Dornoch at 12:15. Only twenty miles away from the Depot. Happily the roads are in good condition. Sailed along more or less rapidly, took hills flying, and hollows floating. Got back to Owen Sound at 1:25, safe and sound and no bones broken. Had a bite of lunch and then went to the depot. Left on time. The train is pretty well filled for Monday. Dallied along for two hours and got to Ayton about 4:30. Found Father Halm waiting for me with a car. Took in the sights of the town on the way and landed at the Rectory rather tired after the joggling around during the day. Took a short rest and then prepared for supper.

Evening devotions at 7:30. Preached for him to a good crowd. All very attentive. I suppose the fact of being a stranger had something to do with their attention.



However, I gave them the best I could and hope they carried some of it away for future reference. Heard confessions for an hour after services. After it was all over I spent some time with Father Halm talking over parochial life, its ups and downs, ins and outs. Learned a lot from him about the practical side of it. Retired with instructions for the morrow.

November 9th. Sang High Mass after hearing confessions for an hour. Preached again for the edification of the people. Pastor said he was well satisfied with it. Let it go at that.

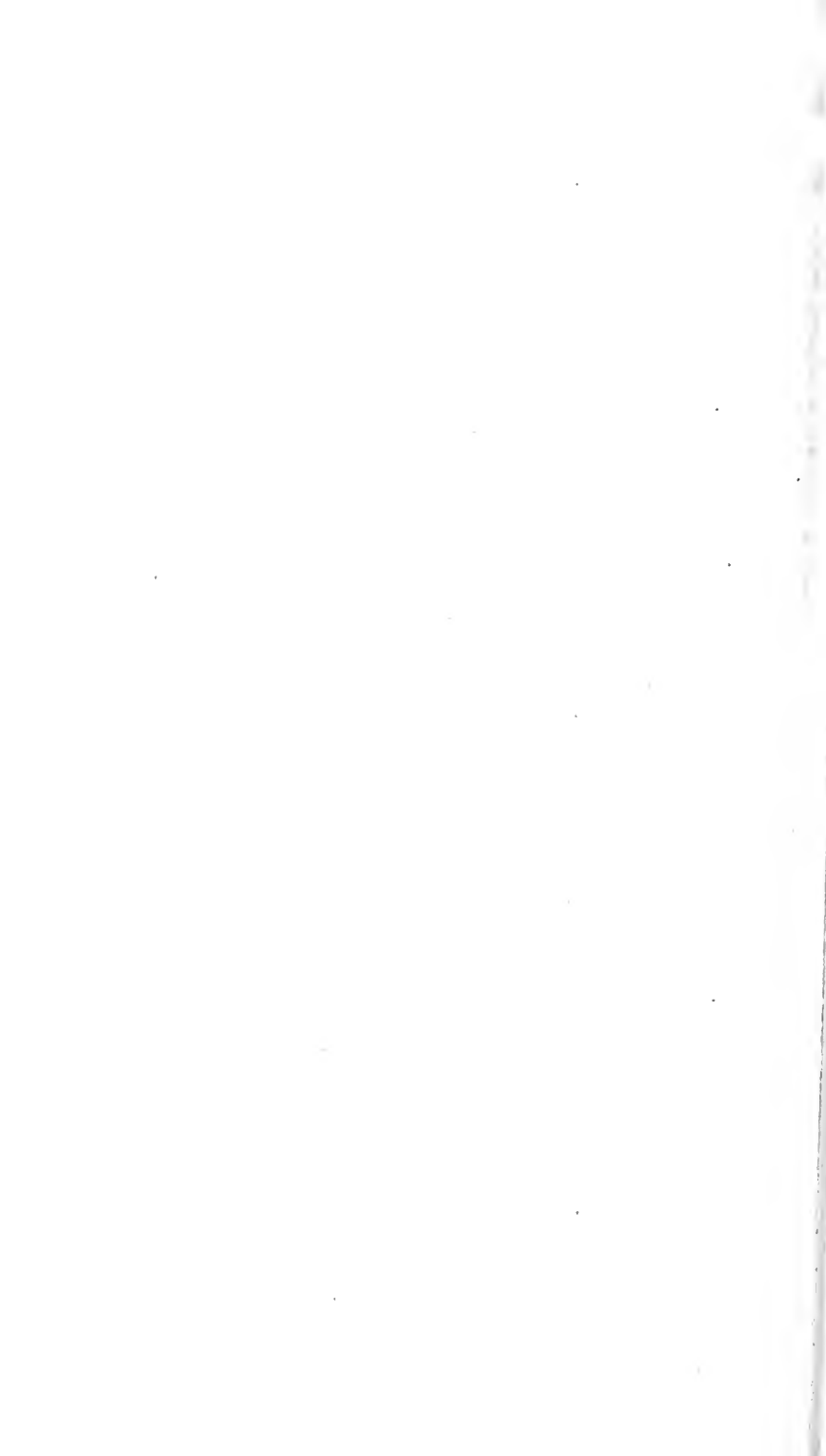
Father Leahar came along for dinner. Had goose, yep, goose and he was some bird. Spent the afternoon in visiting the church and talking with the two gentlemen. It rained in the afternoon. Prospects for the evening poor.

Fair sized crowd out for the evening in spite of the inclement weather. Some had come nine miles through mud and rain to be there. Talked again for them. Closed the Forty Hours with Solemn Benediction and sang the Litany. Spent the rest of the evening in conversation with the Fathers. Father Leahar left about ten for home. Father Halm is well pleased with the result of his Forty Hours and is happy. Expressed his satisfaction with the nature of the talks I gave them. Seemed to be his train of thought.



November 10th. Snowed during the night and there is an appearance of winter abroad. Said Mass and then made ready to take the train. Had a quiet little talk with the Dean and then we went to the Depot. Train on time in spite of the snow flake on the track. Got aboard for Owen Sound. Train pretty well filled. Gave the news butcher a jolt about selling some questionable books. As he is a Catholic and he admits a poor one, he took it in good part. This is the second time I jolted him about selling a particular book. Hope it bears fruit. It is hard to tell at the time what to do with men in his position. Men will do strange things for a dollar. Hate to see a man who ought to know better polluting the minds of the young with filth. It seems almost hopeless to try to stem the tide there is so much hogwash abroad in all places for the purpose of defiling the minds of the young.

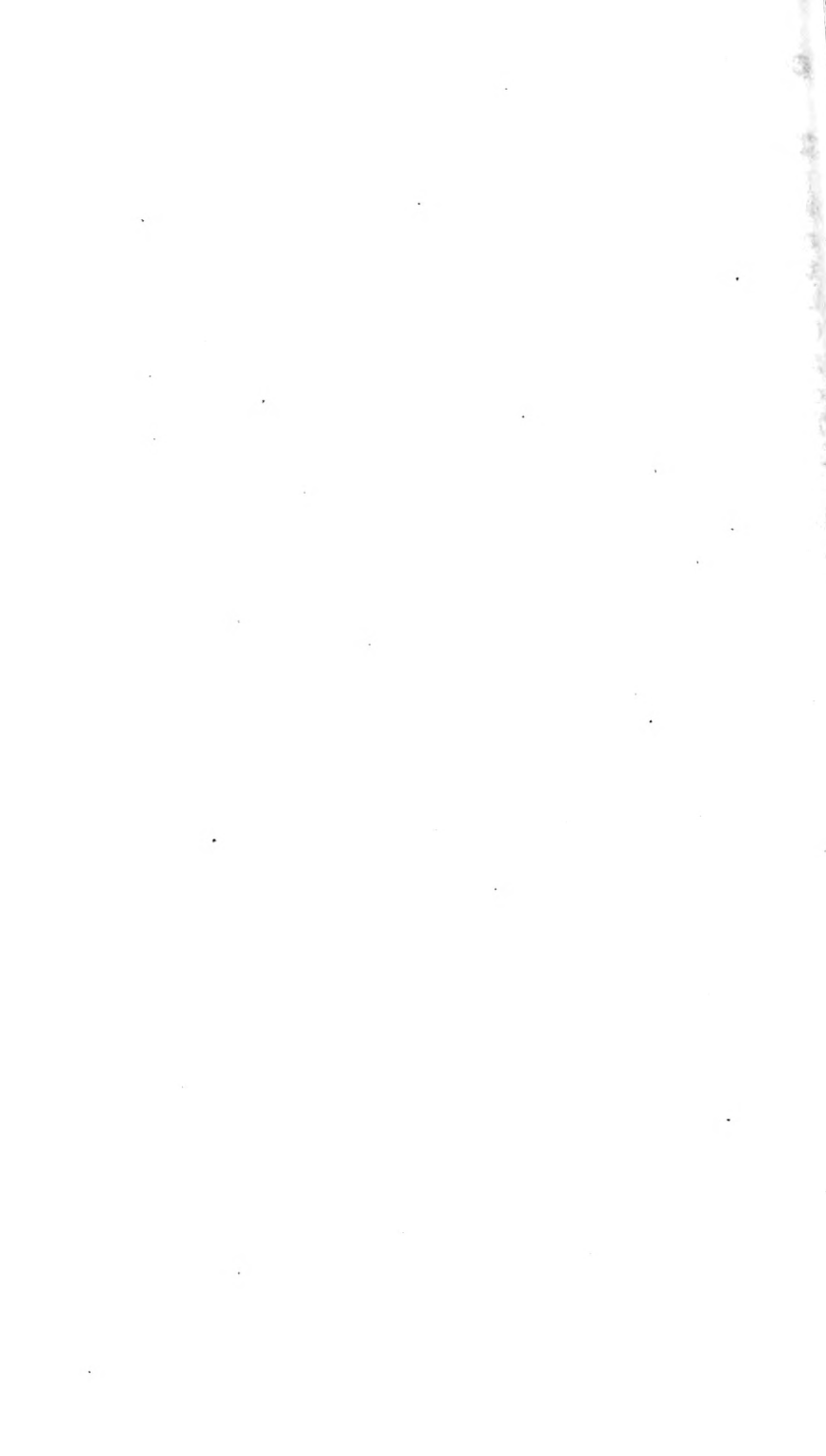
Train nearly stopped once on the way home. Conductor said we had caught up to a cow and were chasing her down the track ahead of the engine. I asked him if he thought we would catch up to her again before he got to Owen Sound. He said he was ready for her as they had a cow catcher on the engine for just such emergencies. Got into Owen Sound on time and Gus met me at the train with the nag. Got home safely. Found everything about as I left it. Gus had the garden about half ploughed while I was gone. Getting things ready for next year.





The afternoon is dark and there is prospect of more snow. Let her snow. Will make the best of the snow banks and narrow roads when I have to face them. Found several letters from the West and home waiting my perusal. Glad to get some word from the folks. Am a great lover of home folks. Just cannot help that. Am built that way. To me the Holy Land is the nicest place I know of. Enough for today.

Later. Spent the evening with my old friends. Glad to get a sight of them after being absent for some days. Had a pleasant hour with them. Retired at a respectable hour and was just getting nicely set for a good rest when the phone rang. Pleasant to have to jump out of a nice warm bed and dash down stairs through a drafty hall to find out who is dead, dying, or in want. Got down there in a hurry and heard a very timid voice inquire, "Father, will there be seven o'clock Mass in the morning?" I assured her there would be and retired wondering who the next belated devotee would be to call up at such unreasonable hours to find out something she might have discovered much earlier and with more agreeable sentiments on my part. I do confess I was a trifle annoyed, but then, one hates to be pestered by a lot of foolishness and triviality and thoughtlessness. Sometimes it is one thing, sometimes another. Wonder when some embarrassed individual will call up in the middle of the night and want to know how to spell 'gasoline'.

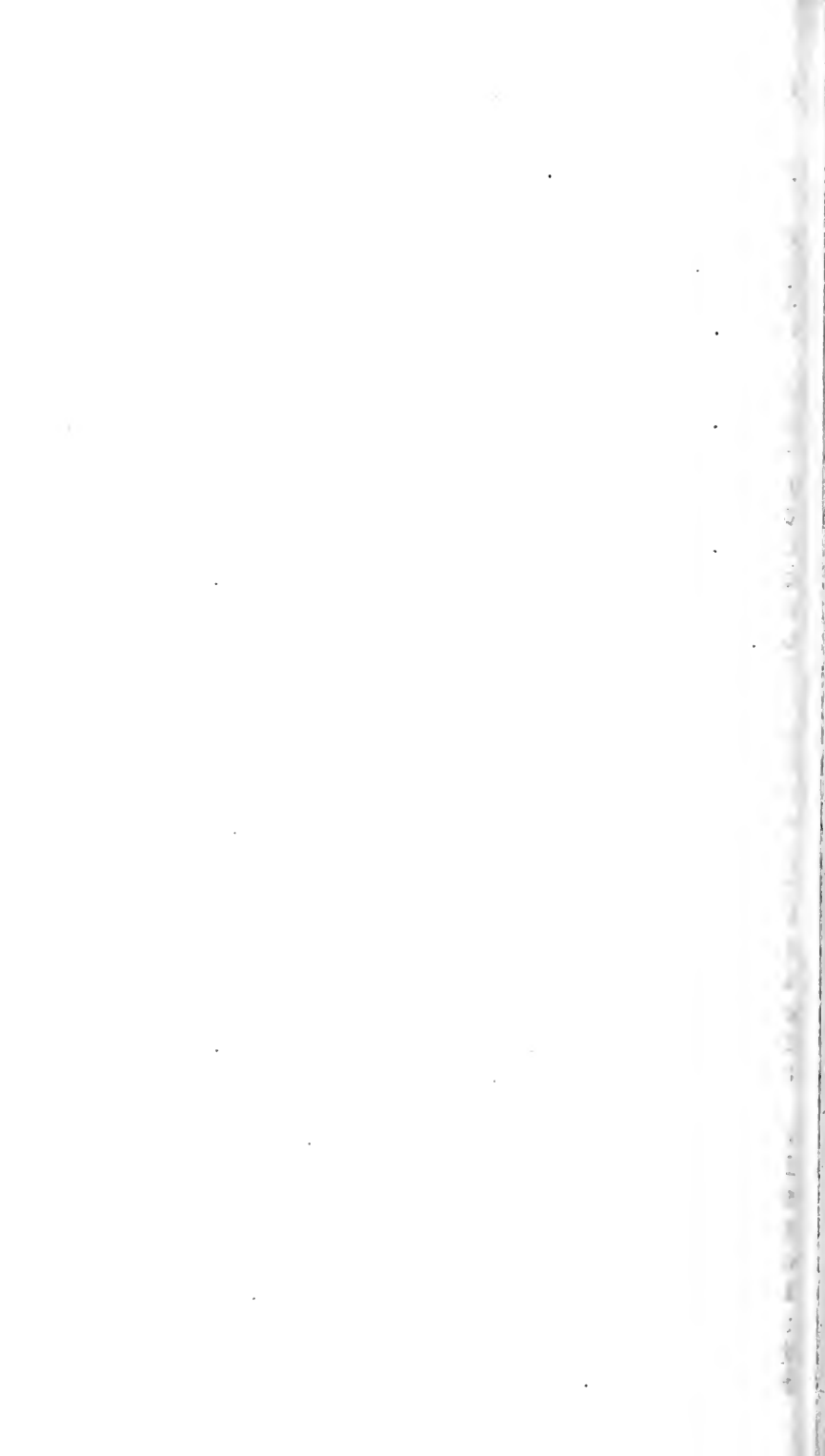


November 11th. Snowed during the night. Morning found the thermometer hovering around the freezing point. Sun broke out and there is promise of a "bright day, but it may snow more.

At eleven this morning the whistles blew. The anniversary of the Armistice. Three years ago today when the world gave one big sigh of relief to think that the awful tragedy of centuries was over. Almost five years of hell and chaos rending the world asunder. And men wondered why God let such things go on, and the whole affair was man-made. If all the billions that went up in smoke and destruction had been spent on the improvement of the races interested, things would be better today. But, then, politics is a strange conundrum. The whole game is so insincere. Men professed the highest and holiest desire for the triumph of right and justice, but only on condition that they would be the ones favored by the issue. Now that there are others demanding right and justice and humanity, these same folks are deaf, dumb, and blind. O tempora, O mores!

Still snowing at noon time. The wheeling whirling swirling flakes seem like so many sprites flitting through the air playing their games in wild glee, only to fall and disappear under the influence of the warmer earth.

Visited the school for catechetical instruction. Found them very eager and



interested. How gladly little ones like to hear of God and to know His ways. I suppose it is because their innocent hearts are yet more attuned to God's influence and it is a grace that they are so. I wonder how many of those little ones will survive the contaminating influence of a fast failing generation. Will they follow the dictates of a wealth-mad world and sacrifice their eternal interests for the sake of a few paltry dollars, or a favorable alliance, or some such cause? Will they learn the game of lying and stealing by fraud and call it business? Poor children, you have an uncertain road ahead of you and many are the pitfalls before you. May God protect you and guide you safely through the quagmire of present day conditions.

Right outside my window there is a branch swaying in the wind. On a fork of the branch there hangs a bird's nest. The tenants have long since gone to other climatic surroundings, and the lonely nest hangs there reminding one of the vacant chair at the family fireside or the abandoned cabin on the plains where once the hopes and aspirations of a family were centered, but soon abandoned. The snow storm is becoming denser. One can scarcely see across the valley and only the whitened roofs of the houses in the town beneath the hill are visible. An ancient horse dragging an open buggy with its occupant humped up against the storm is slowly ascending the hill in front of the house. In all, the day is rather gloomy.



The evening later developed a veritable avalanche of snow. Thick, heavy, ponderous flakes clinging to anything that offered support, like the drowning man grasping at a straw. There they fall and lay in heaps increasing in depth every moment. It is growing colder and night may bring a heavy frost. Has intended to go abroad this evening but the inclemency of the weather makes the comfort of my room more agreeable than ploughing through the blanket of snow that has covered the streets and houses. My old friend Sabetti will do for entertainment this evening.

November 12th. Cold and freezing. Thermometer went down to 18 above last night. All the late apples that have not been picked may as well be left there where they hang as they were frozen like bullets by the cold of the night.

Sang High Mass at eight. The usual crowd was not all there. Some are ill and others likely found it too difficult to climb the hill with all the five inches of snow impeding their path. The view from my window is just what one might expect this time of year. Trees with their naked limbs throwing a rather black and bleak shadow over the snow clad town. It is enough to make one shiver to see it.

Wrote a few letters to brothers and

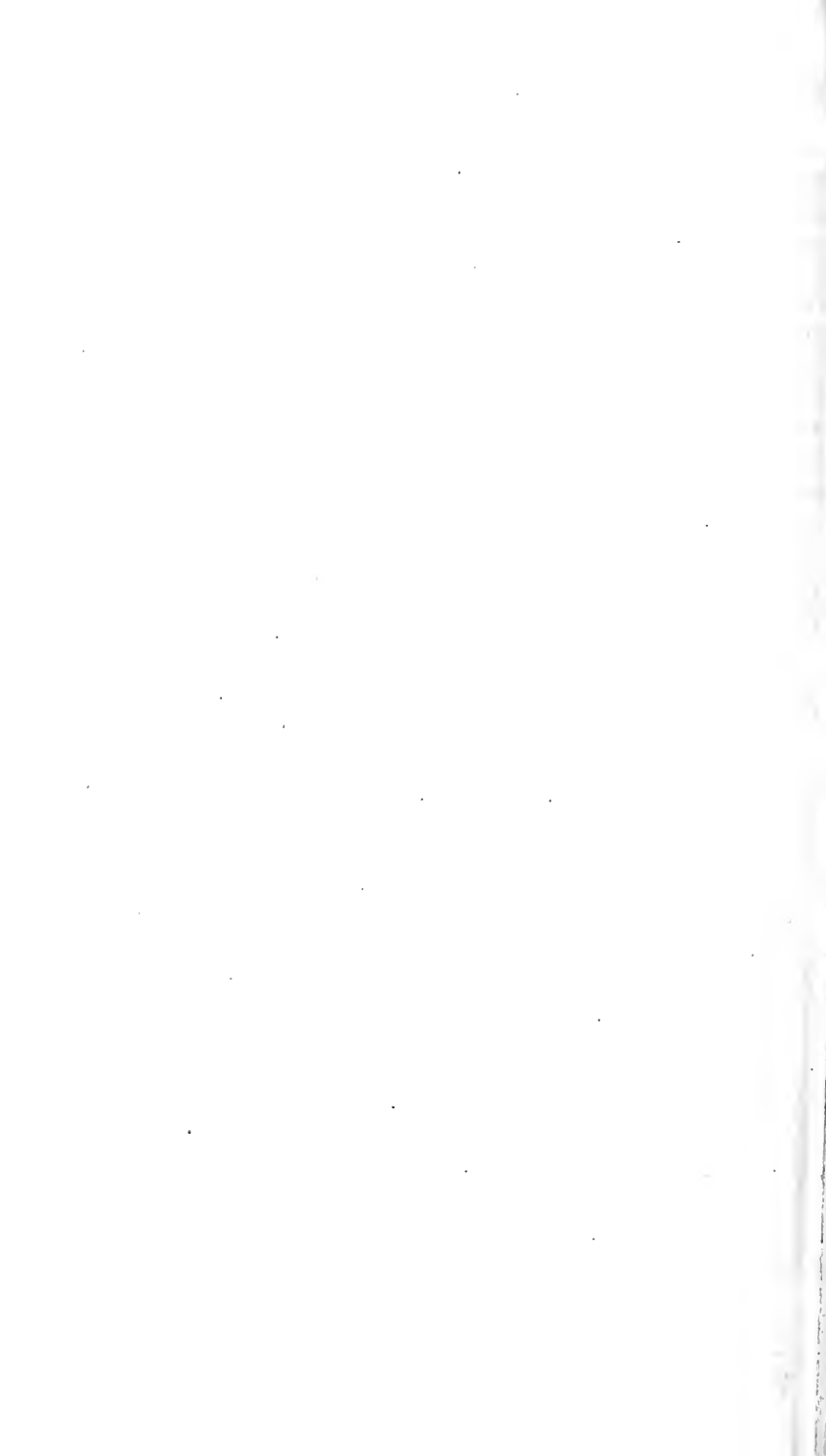




sisters in the West. It will cheer them up to get a line from the neighborhood of home. Nothing like keeping in touch with those we love. It is rather lonely out there among strangers. No matter how well one gets to know them, they are different from the friends of childhood. There is not that familiarity of friendship that is almost equal to the home ties, and besides there is the feeling of restraint engendered by social requirements. Too much formality and too much of the "thus far and no farther". Old friends are like old boots, the longer you wear them the easier they become and the more comforting they get. They can stand a lot of wear and tear and still be serviceable and still endure.

November 13th. Cold, and lots of snow. There is a bleak look about the city as it nestles in its white mantle beneath the hill. There does not seem to be much life about the town. Not even a column of smoke is rising gracefully above the buildings. All seems dead.

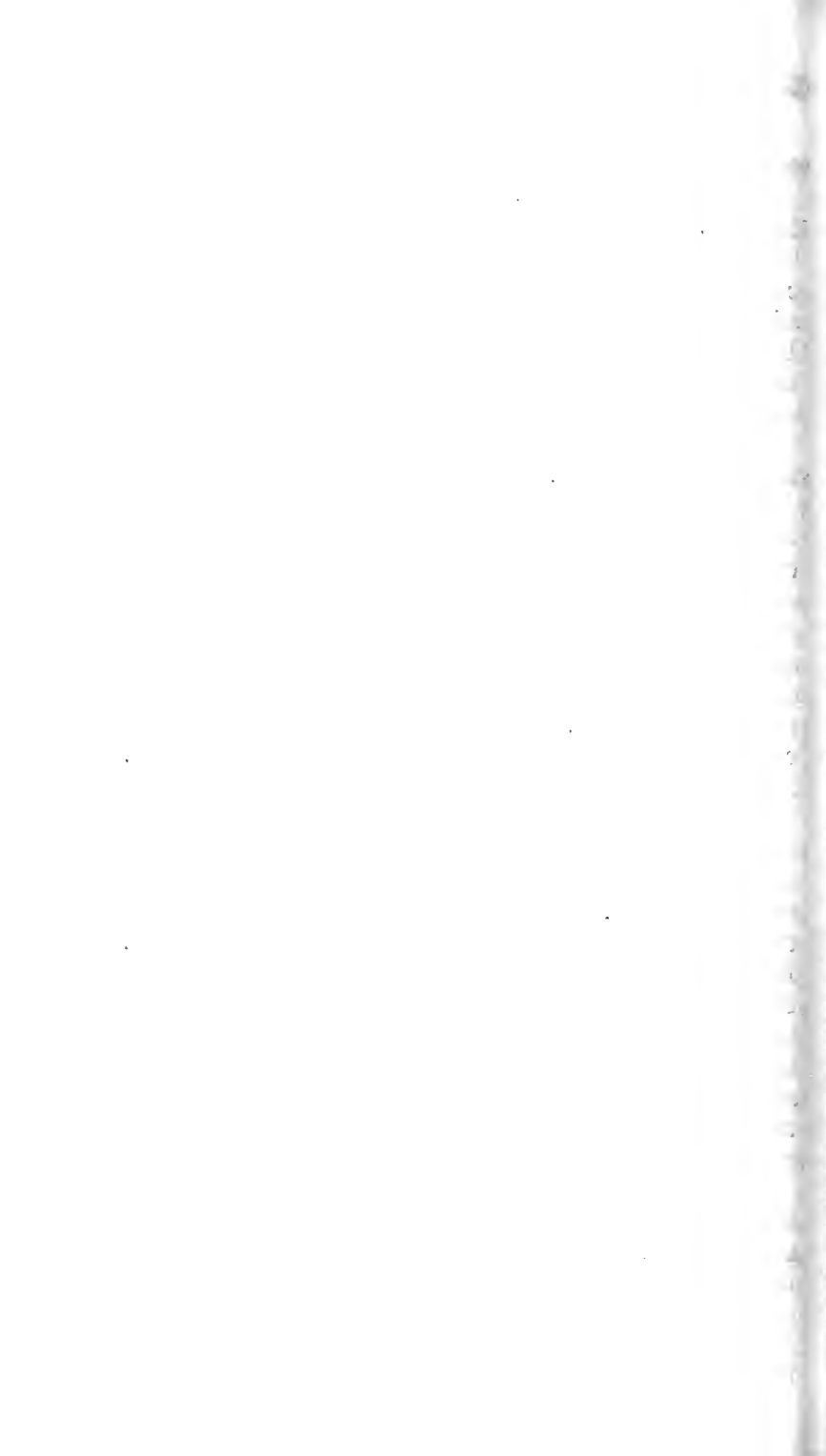
Outside the house the children are tobogganing on the hill. They have been enjoying the sport for some time. Now carefree is youth! The whole world seems in a state of turmoil, Nations are at war, and others are at each others throats — yet, the children play on coasting down the hill and trudging back again, without a thought about the tragedies of life enacted near and far. For them the problems that are shaking



empires to their foundations are only passing shadows. It is better that it is so. Give their young minds and hearts a chance to develop vigor before confronting them with the cares of a sin laden world. They will be battling long and hard enough when they are thrown into the arena. Just now their whole trouble seems to be how to get back to the top of the hill with the least trouble.

The sleighs and cutters are out. I see them passing more or less frequently with the driver often times walking beside his sleigh to keep circulation and applying the back of his mit to the end of his nose to wipe off — it may be perspiration. And each sleigh and each cutter holds its own little problems. I suppose each occupant thinks that his is the great thing that needs attention. All other questions must be set aside for the problem or care that is agitating each heart. And what monstrous things they make of the simplest difficulty! If they would only let Almighty God bear the burden for them, they would be happy, but they think oftentimes and generally that they can handle it best, and usually make a sorry mess of it. Is it because they do not trust God, or that God is only a myth to them?

Spent the morning getting ready for the missions. Now is the time we shall have to do some figuring as to how we are going to get to the various places. After we have done our best we shall have to leave it to the Lord to get us



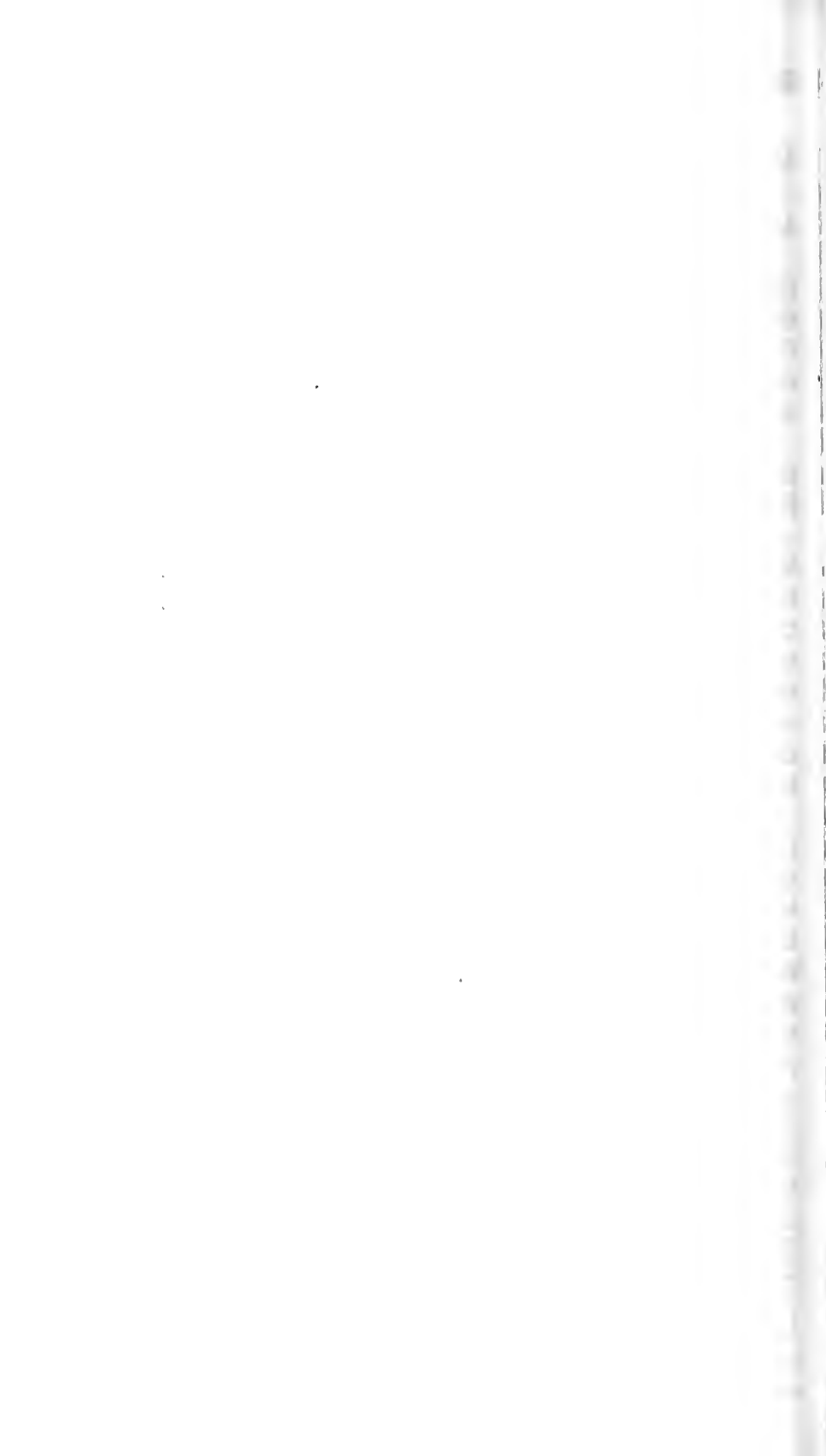
there as we are trying to do His work.

As Father McNulty said when we had

difficulty in getting up one of the steep hills of Bentick and just made it, "We were bound to get up as we had the Lord with us and He would not see us stuck under the circumstances."

Gus was in this morning telling me how he trimmed up some of the neighboring youngsters for throwing snow at the windows of his house the other day. From his account he was rather eloquent: read the riot act for the occasion and dressed them down for everything they ever did, said, breed and generation. Too bad he was not a politician. It seems bad to see that fluency being wasted on a lot of irresponsible kiddies.

Have had no word from Father Coach since he went away. I do not know whether he has driven all the deer over the top of the North Pole or whether they have had him climbing trees. They would have some difficulty in getting him up a swamp oak as there is considerable adiposity about him and he does not bend very readily. From his general appearance one would say that he would have difficulty in climbing a tree. More than likely he would tear the tree down and use it as a fender to ward off the attack of any outraged buck that would commit an assault on him.



There goes a delivery boy on a wagon. He looks so cold perched up there on the open seat with the wind whistling Garryowne in his ears and blowing on his fingers to keep them warm. It is trying hard to snow. The effort is not very great yet, but give it a chance and then we may see it piled up in reefs around the house and blocking the way. Hope it will be favorable for tomorrow as I have to drive from Wiarton to Hepworth.

Left at 2:15 for Wiarton. It is snowing and the fields are all lying snug in their mantel of white. The farm houses too with their snow covering and the farmsteads all littered in white recall the poem of Whittier's, "Snowbound". One can almost see them hugging the kitchen stove for warmth, or hear the stock munching in their stalls while outside all looks so bleak and cold. What a change from the past month when all was so beautiful in the crimson of the Autumn. Even the passengers in the train wear the appearance of winter in their big coats and scarfs. And they all say that winter has arrived too early. Well, perhaps it has.

Got to Wiarton and spent the rest of the day and evening with Mr. Melligan. He is huddled up in a chair with his infirmity keeping him in a helpless condition. He has not been out of the house for a week as the weather has been too inclement. How long will he last? The swelling continues in his feet and the labored breathing increases with the slightest excitement.





November 14th. Not so cold today, and prospects of more snow. Made my way up the hill and got ready for Mass. Had the usual number of confessions. Started Mass late as they were slow in arriving. Glad to have them come at all in such weather and with such a hill to climb. Churches on hills overlooking the town are picturesque but very hard for old folks to reach on such a day. After Mass brought Holy Communion to Mr. Melligan and set out for Hepworth with Mr. Lambertus. The roads are rather rough and the auto has to be run rather carefully to keep on the road. Arrived in Hepworth in plenty of time to hear a few confessions and begin Mass on time. Good crowd out for the day. Preached a little homily on the Gospel. Sang High Mass. Had catechetical instructions after Mass and all the people in the congregation were as much interested in the lesson as the children and even more so. It seems as if they are hungry to learn something about the things pertaining to God. Will devote more time and attention to that branch of the work in the future as they seem so eager to learn their religion.

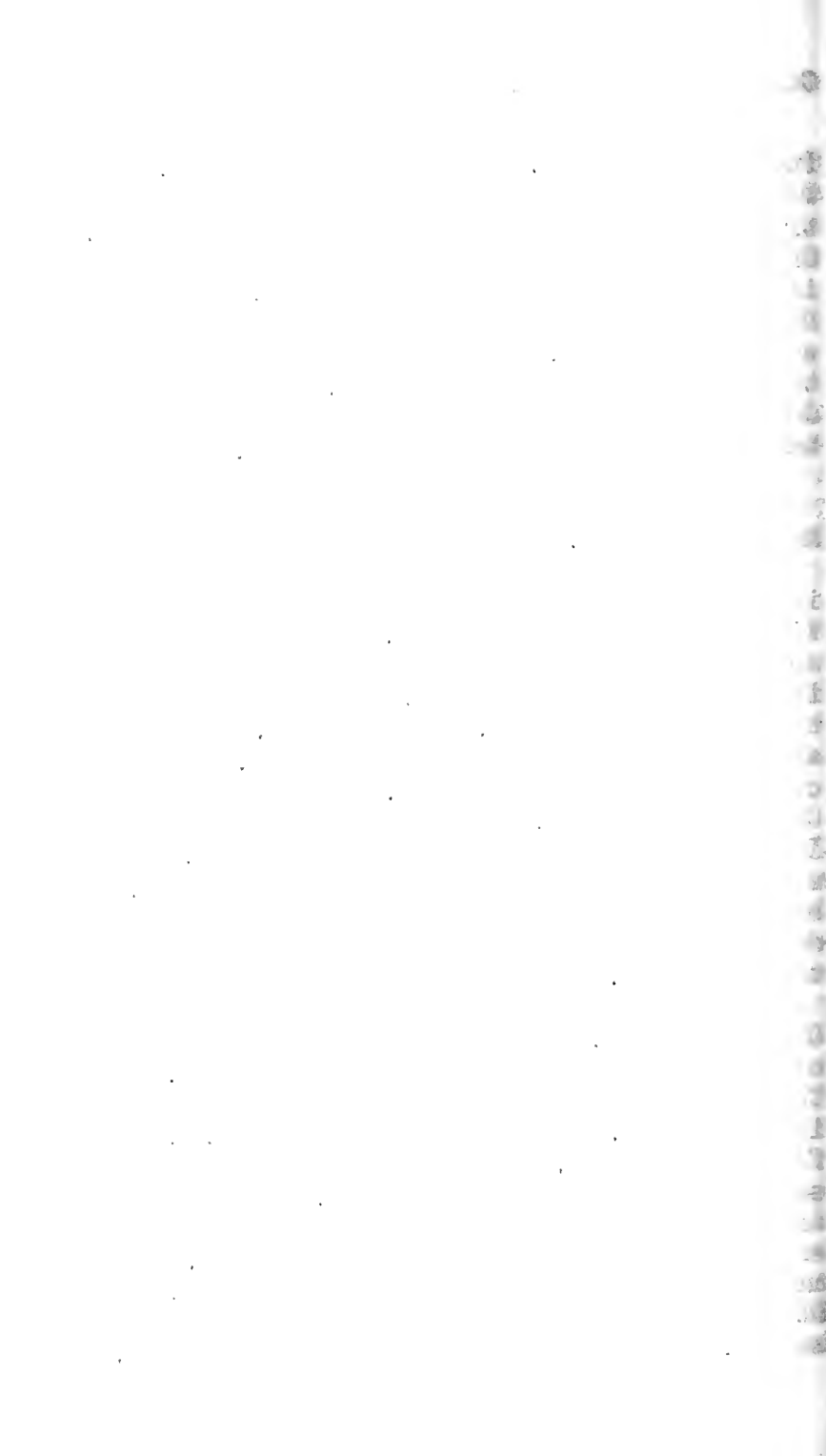
Spent the afternoon with E. Downs. He is not feeling well. Mr. and Mrs. Goetz came in during the afternoon and we made the time as pleasant as possible for him. After supper I went up to the church to get things ready for evening services. I did not expect many out, but there were about thirty or so for services. Spoke again on Judgment for them. Heard confessions after services in preparation



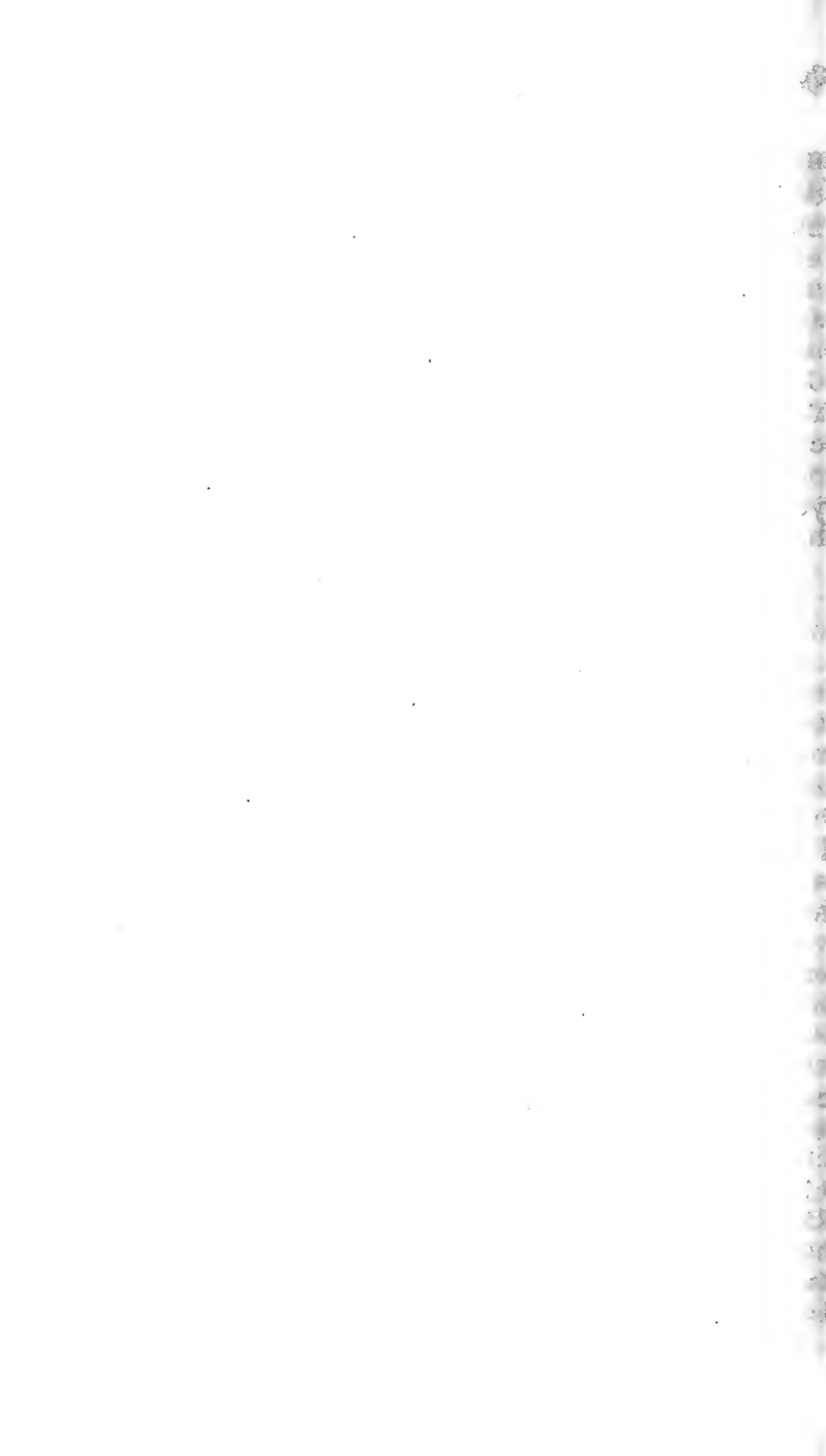
for the morning. Had about fifteen. Went back to Ed's and found him in bed trying to head off a touch of pneumonia. One lung is tightening up and he is trying to break up the congestion. The Doctor was in in my absence and gave him some treatment. Spent some time talking to him and cheering him up. He is not downhearted over the outlook. Went to bed and had a good night's rest.

November 15th. Found Ed had spent a good night and was resting easier and felt better. Brought Holy Viaticum to Ed's father. He is in bed and will be there for some time according to Doctor's orders. Promised to call before I left town. Said Mass. Had about thirty for Holy Communion. Heard confessions before Mass. Brought Holy Communion to Ed. Did not anoint him as I was not certain of his condition. Some would have probably acted differently, but I am green about the matter yet and do not always know what is the best thing to do.

Called on Mr. Downs and told him a few old yarns and tried to cheer him up. Told them all to keep the sun shining in his room. Left on the 12:30 p.m. for Owen Sound. The ride was about the same as the one on Saturday. The trains are pretty well filled with passengers and all have the wintry appearance. Gus met me at the train with the cutter. Home again and glad to eat our own wbhaw again. Father Reath was up for Sunday.



Hung around the house for the afternoon doing a little reading and comparing notes with Father McNulty. Rather upset after the variation of life on the mission. Managed to do a little writing and then took a rather lazy survey of some of the Canon Law. Funny way to study Canon Law isn't it? If you were somewhat fagged and fighting off a threatening cold I suppose you could put a lot of pepper and salt into your reading. Glad you can do it, but I cannot develop that high power that a genius has who can forget everything but the work. Somehow or other the talk of the evening developed on hobbies and such as are displayed in our Community. It seems that everyone has some kind of hobby. It may only be an indication of what one likes very much. Mostly they are harmless enough and do promote a smile at times. Who can mention horses in the hearing of Father Heydon and not have to listen to a dissertation on the pedigree, qualities and accomplishments of Moline. Mention violins, not fiddles — I am the only one that dare call it fiddle — but the masters, waow! you can hear a lot about Paganini, Cremona, and Steiner and all the rest, but not a word about the old conrstalk fiddle. A word about rifles and shot guns and fishing tackle and all the impedimenta that go with outdoor life will bring about a rather general discussion about ballistics, bullets, hooks and lines, and a lot of technical expressions that are Greek to the ordinary layman. Let the subject be hills and hollows and you can hear tales that would



make your hair stand on end if Father Shaughnessy has the floor. Start a quotation from Horace or Vergil and listen to Father McBrady pour out a flood of Latinity that would make the original author stand back in amazement to think that after all these centuries his words were so familiarly spoken by the natives of far off Canada. Yes, we all have them more or less, some very pronounced and others not so much, but give them a chance and they will have theirs too. A harmless hobby is a lifesaver.

November 16th. Lots of snow with threats of more. Father McNulty has his eye on the thermometer and will keep me posted on the progress of the weather. Nothing like the weather to promote discussion. Between the beaver and the thermometer Father McNulty can give a pretty exact prognostication of the outlook. (The beaver is a weather vane on the school across the way)

Nothing new, strange or startling about the routine of the day. Gave most of the morning to reading with a few strokes at the fiddle just to keep the house awake to the situation. The afternoon was just like the morning only more so. Threatened to go downtown to interview the barber and have some of my auburn thatch removed, but put it off till tomorrow. The afternoon is not very inviting. More agreeable curled up in the chair with the books.



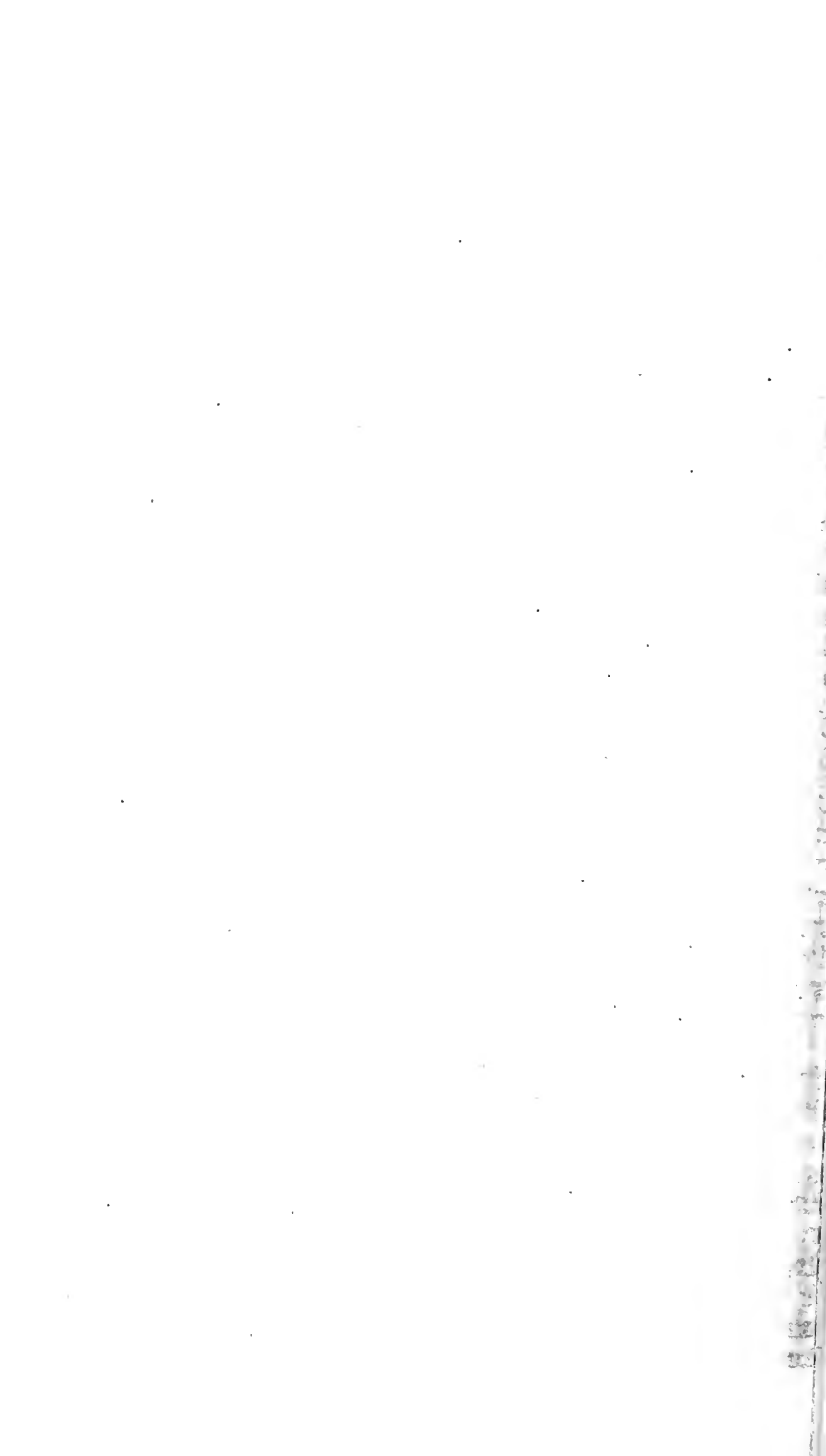


Have had several debates about the probability of Father Roach's arrival home from his hunting trip. As usual we agreed that if he did not come by the boat today he would come by the next one. Heavy argumentation on such a subject. Waow! variety is the spice of life. Try debating on such subjects when threatened with ennui. It is enlivening.

Went out to see the sick after supper. Found Angela as usual curled up in the big chair waiting for the next manifestation of cramps. Had a serious attack last night. Poor thing, she is a heroine of suffering.

Came home at nine and spent some more time reading. Getting rather tired of the one subject and will have to vary it with some of the rest of my friends. Too much of the one subject is likely to beget disgust. Will take up some other line for variety, likely literature or history. Have not decided which. Weather outside indicates a storm of some kind, likely snow. Will probably find an extra six inches of the beautiful in the morn. Well, let her come, might as well have two feet as one. Good night.

November 17th. Thermometer rising and snow melting. Raw day. Spent the forenoon after the usual routine of the morning in reading and swapping experiences with Father McNulty. There is no excitement in town. Went



down for a spell and had the barber trim up my pink roof for the good of the cause.

Afternoon was spent in reading and more reading. Between the office and some Canon Law and a few shots at the daily paper to see how the world is progressing towards democracy and all that kind of camouflage, I managed to put in a few good hours of study. After all when all is said and one it is the old friends, the books that give the greatest amount of satisfaction. The daily press is busy at furnishing scandal in tabloid form and advocating some side or other or party politics or grinding an axe of its own. Truth is not what is wanted so much as advantage. Get back to the old fellows and get at the boiled down truth of things. You may be a couple of hundred years behind the times, but then you have something that will hold. Out of the mass of present day journalism one can get confusion and chaos and that is about all. Of course, the geniuses may be able to sift the wheat from the chaff, but we are not all geniuses.

In the evening I began a survey of the life of Luther. Poor Martin, he made a mess of it. I wonder if the world will ever come to the conclusion that he was insane. He acted like a man bereft of reason at times. He certainly had learning enough, but then learning is not all. A proud spirit will play havoc with a man of learning. Perhaps it was not learning at all that he had. May be a



good memory of what he read without the power to digest or dissimilate it. One can hardly imagine a really big man making such a miserable mess of things as he did. It seems as if he were more a little man rattling around in a big job than a big man undertaking a gigantic task. Well, he upset things all the same and left a trail of misery behind him. One can hardly feel proud of what he did when one sees the results of his work.

November 18th. Thawing still. Snow going rapidly. Wind from south. Expecting Father Roach home today but he has not come. There is some delay and he may not come in till tomorrow. Will be glad when he comes.

Visited the school this morning. Got the usual welcome from the little ones. Gave them a drilling. Got so interested that I ran over the time. Nothing like getting interested in the work. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. Put it before them in concrete form and it will stick. A clout on the head with a brick makes an impression, but a paving block well directed will make even a greater impression. Got into a chat with Father McNulty and it was noon before we noticed it.

Finished up the life of Luther this afternoon and am more convinced than ever that Martin made a fool of himself. I suppose he thinks so by this time if he



has not long ago come to that conclusion. I do not like to judge a man and say that he is lost, but I would not like to take Martin's chances on the life he led after he kicked over the traces.

Took a glance at the paper this afternoon. Things in the old land seem to be in bad shape. I wonder when the Gospel of might will yield to the Gospel of right. Nations professed to be fighting against Germany to expel the doctrine, but it seems to me that they were bluffing. When it comes to the application of the gospel of right at home it seems a different thing to them. It is a strange world and a strange time we are living in. Men were yelling their heads off a few years ago about the atrocities of the Germans and today you cannot get a peep out of them when worse things are being perpetrated in Ireland. After all I suppose it is pretty much a case of whose dog is hit. Never mind, a hundred years from now we shall not be bothering our heads about the petty strife of nations. The big thing will have happened and I hope we shall all be there where the things of earth are forgotten in their insignificance. God alone and His service is worth while.

Went down to the K of C hall this evening. Met several of the brethren there and had a little social time, nothing very violent, just a few hours of innocent pleasure. Came home at a reasonable hour. Good night.





November 19th. Thawing yet and the day looks dark and threatening. May have rain out of it. Have been expecting to hear the boat whistle to tell us Father Roach is about due to arrive, but it seems from inquiry they know nothing about it yet. Perhaps they are not telling us anything they know. That is usually the way with corporations such as railroads and steamship lines. They go on the principle that what we do not know ought not to bother us.

Sang High Mass this morning at eight. Fair crowd present. The old reliable and faithful few. God bless them. Took a plunge into the study of machinery this morning. The syphon got out of order and we had to explore the mysteries of the affair. Got it working all right and let it go at that. Strange how little things like that can make such a difference in the economy of one's life. Just a simple remedy for lugging water up stairs to throw it out again, and how much depends on it. They have not yet got acquainted with those things out in the country. They mostly use the old fresh air system. It is simpler and just as efficient but rather uncomfortable on cold days. There is a limit to the proper use of snow balls.

Snow on the roads is all gone and the wagons are in use again. It is something peculiar to see the green leaves on the apple trees and hedges after such a heavy frost and ice and snow. But it is there and the leaves are hanging on the

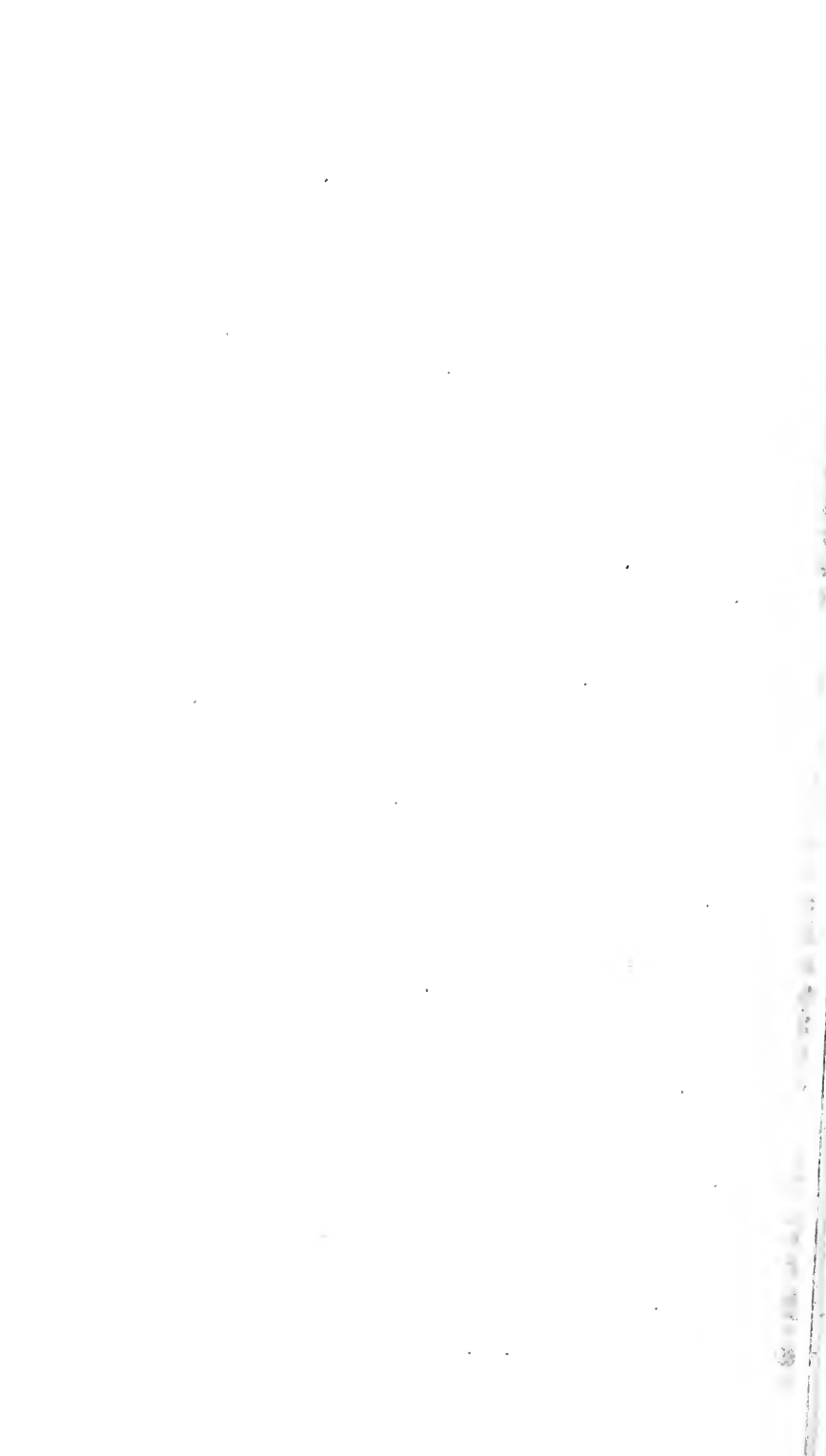


apple trees very plentifully. Perhaps winter is not here at all. If not, then the sample or advertisement was good.

Young lady called in last evening to make arrangements for her wedding. Going to marry a Protestant. When will they get sense? It seems that when it comes to affairs of that kind they are both deaf and blind. Some day they will wake up and ask for some one to kick them for the mistake they made, but then it will be too late. Sad, sad, sad to see them do it.

November 20th. Morning dark and threatening. Rather raw. Left this morning for Chatsworth. Have to sing a High Mass there at 9:30, but more likely it will be later. Took the buggy as the roads are too soft for the car and there is not enough snow for the cutter. Muffled up like a mummy and hoping for the best I set out on the long drive. Plugged along up hill and down hill on the walk. As the way to Chatsworth is mostly up hill it is all walk with a little spell of trotting in between. Well by dint of perseverance and pushing on the lines a little at times I managed to get there in two hours. As I expected I found the church pretty well filled and a lot of them wanted to go to confession. Heard them all and began Mass an hour later than I expected.

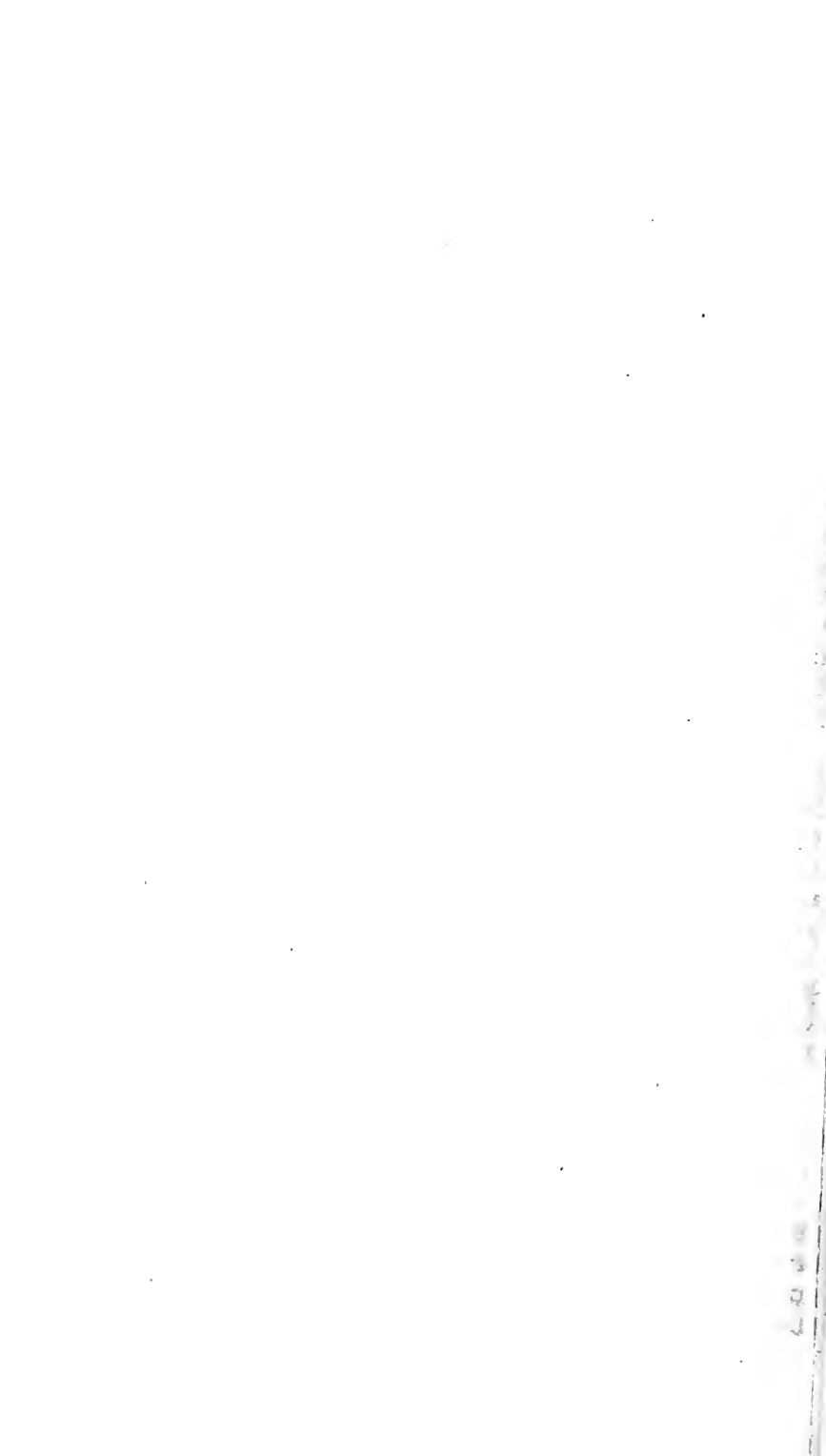
Breakfasted at D.H.'s and then set out for Dornoch. "nother long spell of



walking up hills and thinking of something else. Have to do that to avoid the tedium of the way. The roads are a trifle better between Chatsworth and Dornoch. Well, as I remarked before I managed to get there without any further mishap. Pulled into Dornoch in style, head up chest out and tail over the dash-board style of entry. It seems our nag is noted for that. No matter how he pokes along the road, slower than molasses in January if you will, as soon as he strikes town, big or small, or even a village up goes his kite and away he sails. Just like folks fater all accommodating themselves to surroundings, overalls in the country and white collar in town.

Got the usual welcome from the folks and then settled down to office. Finished my obligations and was then ready for the evening. With a house full of children there is bound to be some racket. There was. Even the old folks are not averse to a little amusement. Between yarning and smoking and a little music the evening passed nicely and along about the heel of the evening I retired to my quarters.

November 21st. Drizzling and raw. Considerable sleet outside. Not very many folks at Mass today as the roads are almost impassable. Had a few confessions and began Mass at 10:30. Gave them a talk on the Gospel of the day, Last Judgment. Gave Benediction



after Mass as it would be impossible to have a corporal's guard out this evening from the looks of it. Went home and had dinner with Mr. Sullivan and the family. Raining, a cold drizzling raw sleeting rain. Poor day to be sleeping around the strawstack.

Had some of the neighbors in and we managed to spend the heft of the afternoon in conversation and otherwise. Left for home about four. Glad to get out of the wet. As there is nothing doing this evening in the way of church devotions we managed to while away the passing hours in innocent amusement. Jimmie and Billie went on the war path and had several battles both before and after they went to bed. Their favorite amusement was mingling their fingers in the other fellow's hair and rejoicing in the results. They were successful in yanking each other's locks if the howls and yowls were any indication of the frequency and ardor of their efforts.

Crawled into my nest like a sick cat dragging itself to its haven under the stove and fell asleep dreaming of icebergs.

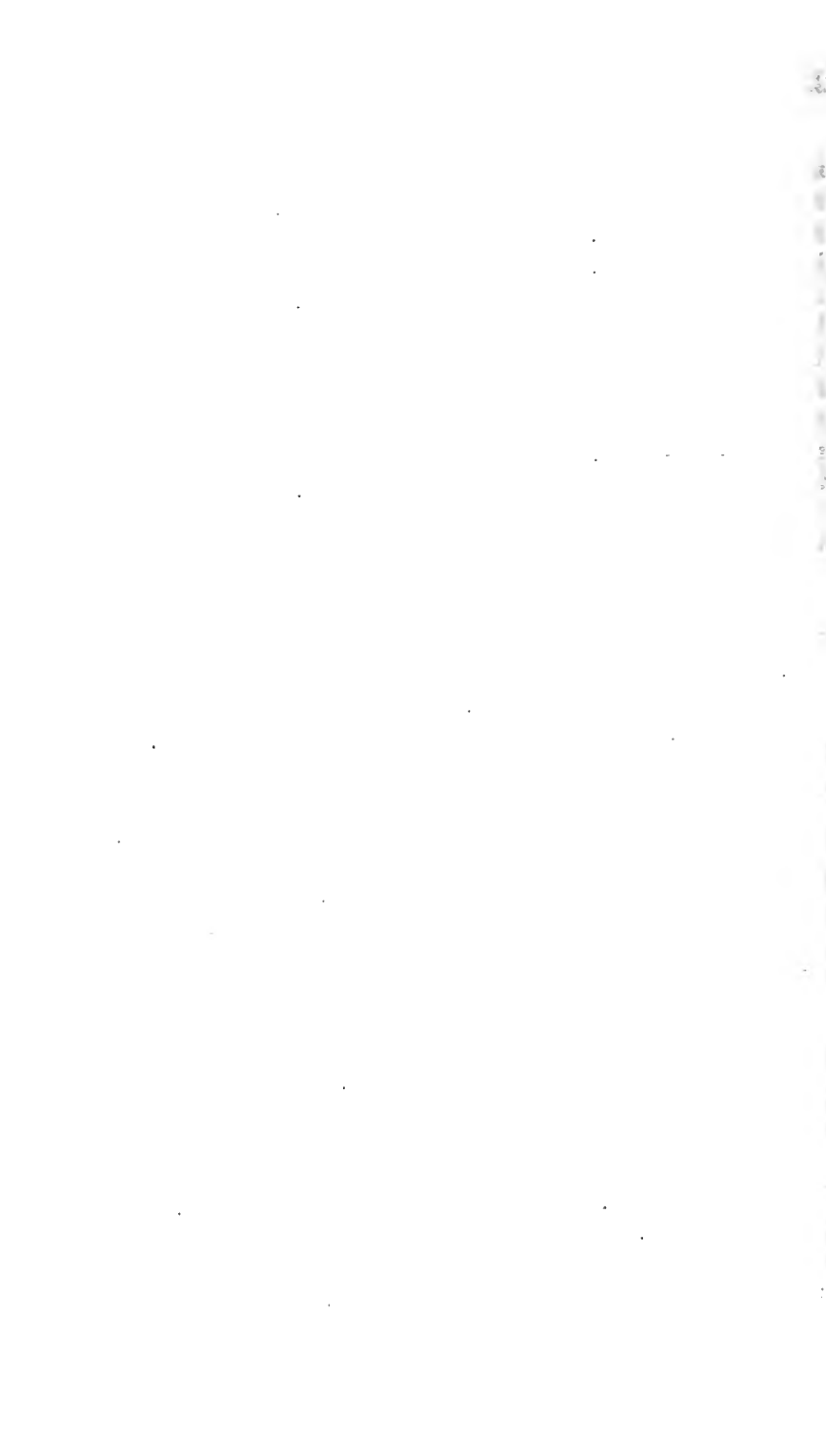
November 22. Sleety and cold. The whole face of nature has a good coating of ice. Managed to work my way up to the church. A pair of skates would be about the proper way of getting around on a day like this. The roads are in awful shape. Owing to the rough-





ening of the road the ice is like so many sharp spikes sticking up. Not a rig in sight. Had a few of the neighbors at Mass. Some tried to get there and could not make the grade. Saw some horses coming into town after Mass and they had quite a time making the grade. Rather afraid to tackle the road home the way the rigs are slipping around the right-of-way. It looks as though it will soften up a little soon.

Visited the school and gave them a drill on catechism. Not many there as they could not get out. Had dinner and set out for home hoping to arrive there safely. Some parts of the road are very narrow and slanting. Dangerous when slippery. Have to take lots of care. Whaled away and kept on plugging and reached home in about three hours. Met all kinds of weather and circumstances. The sleet off the wires was shooting through the air like arrows. It is a miracle that my horse was not hit. If one of those spikes had hit him on the side it would have stabbed him and then there would have been a record made right then and there and I would hardly be writing these notes now. As it is he did get a slap on the nose from a flying chunk of ice and up went the ears and he was ready to break all records if I let him go. I did not let him go. Glad of it. Pulled into the yard at home safe and sound and intact and rather chilled from the long drive.



Intended to remain home this evening, but as Father Roach is away on a sick call I had to go down to the Knights of Columbus meeting. Had a nice time of it. Gave them a little talk. Seems to be my luck to have to talk. Do not like it at all, but have to do it. Got home early and had a talk with Father Roach. It is the first time I met him since he returned last Friday night. He reported a fine trip and brought home a couple of deer for future reference. Good night.

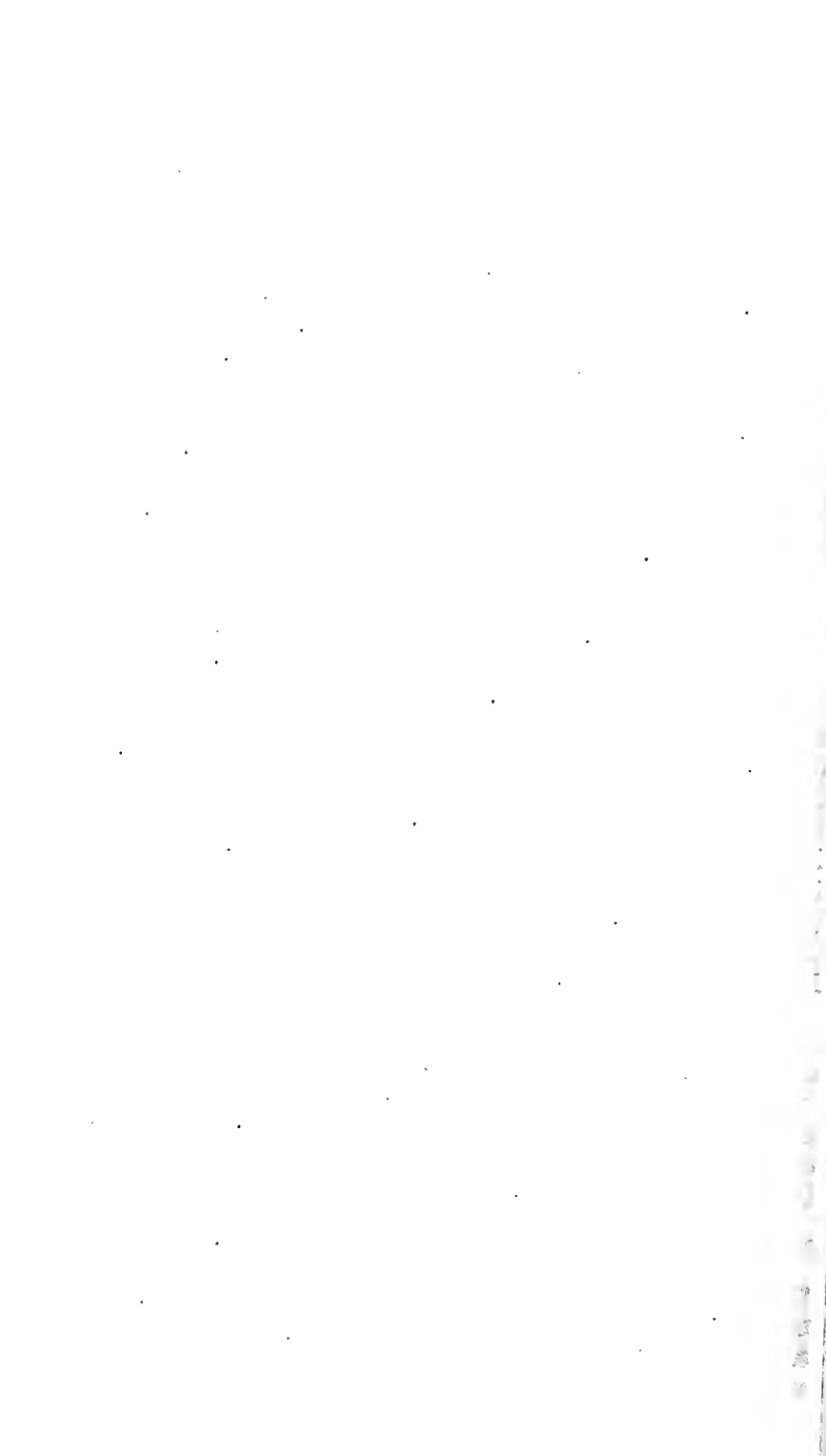
November 23rd. Another dirty day.

Drizzling and raw.

Thawing and slushy. Oh, Owen Sound is a delightful place for mudheads and web-feet. It is hardly a place for humans. Don't see why people ever settled in this neck of the woods. Spent the morning reading and pottering around. Not in much of a mood for anything except to hate myself. Tore off a few old tunes on the fiddle to throw a little life into the house.

Afternoon is pretty much the same as the morning, only more so. Had a couple of walks with Father Roach. Got a detailed description of his hunting trip. Walked, talked and smoked and then walked and talked some more.

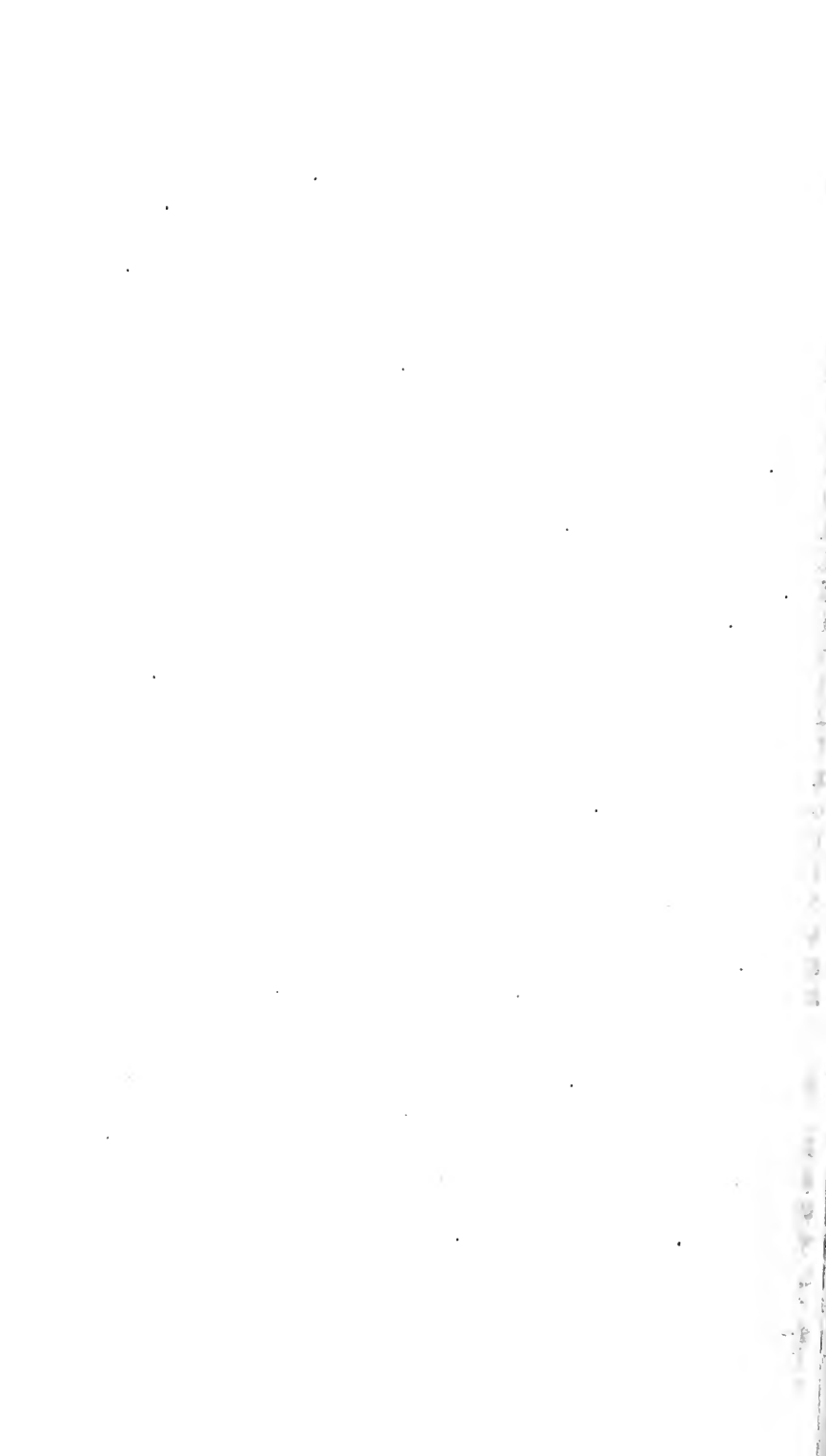
Got some letters from home today. Glad to get a line on what is doing down there. Got news of the death of Mrs. C-. Poor soul, she is better off. She was



nearly one hundred years old. Last time I saw her she looked like a skeleton. Her skin was of a leathery appearance and the veins stood out like whipcords. Hers was a life full of trouble and care but like a lot of other good old souls she made the best of it. It must have been lonely for her in her last days when she had so few around her that knew her. Her generation and friends had long since joined their companions in the churchyard. That is one of the trials of old age — the loneliness of it. No wonder the old folks are willing to go. They find it easy to throw off the mortal coil and are willing to entrust themselves to the hands of God. I suppose that is God's way of preparing them for the joys of the next life — that is by weaning them from the thoughts of this life. Those that have faith are blessed, for their death is only a step from the region of faith to the vision of bliss. God bless them and give them the crown of glory for their faithfulness. Bed is the best place for me now — here goes. Good night.

November 24th. Another of those dark, dreary, sombre days that make one feel like hating oneself. Well, thank goodness, there is something one can do to keep from thinking of the weather. The books.

Continued my renewal of acquaintance with Luther, Calvin, Beza, Zwingli, Bucer and the rest of the unholy crew that upset things about four hundred years ago.



I change my view of Luther's craziness. I think now that he was possessed. No man could in a rational way do the things that he did. And he was infested by a crew as bad as himself. What an unholy crowd of successors he had. One can readily see why they left the Church. Any man that is constitutionally, intrinsically, and instinctively rotten, cannot stand the restraint of church discipline nor the curbing power of Divine Law. I wonder how long it was that Calvin had to eat his meals off the mantel piece. One can imagine, if he gives full liberty to that power, what their followers must have been. They certainly needed reforming, but then one would have to take a club or pruning hook to reform them. From all accounts of the reformation as I see them I think the Church was as well off without them. Rotten fruit is no good to a tree, and rotten members are about as useless to the Church. In cutting themselves off they saved others the necessity of kicking them out. Of course, it is too bad that they dragged down so many innocent ones with them. And these are the founders of religion. Wow! They certainly did give liberty to the human race if you mistake license for liberty. I suppose by this time they may have changed some of their notions about the source of their inspiration. I imagine the devils must have laughed in high glee to see their work so well done.

Assisted at a church wedding this morn-

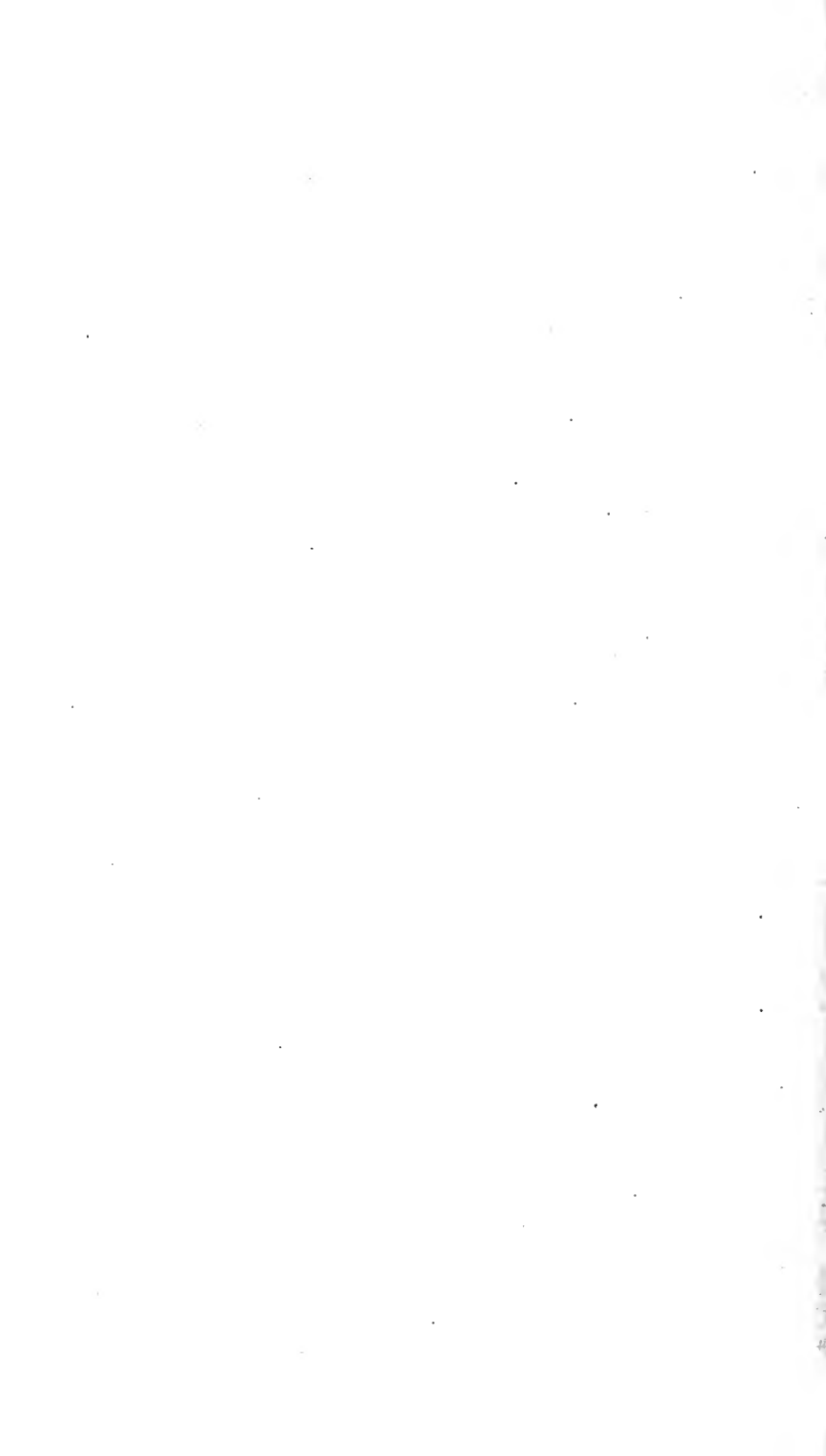




ing. Quiet one if you will, but how nice it is to see a young couple starting down the vale of tears hand in hand with high hope and the blessing of God on them. Read all afternoon and more in the evening. Variety saves monotony.

November 25th. Miserable weather, same as yesterday with a little more mist. Visited the school at nine a.m. Had the usual round of catechism with the children. Found them as on former occasions eager and anxious to learn something about God and how to go to God. I have found that one has to be very simple and concrete in dealing with children, and also with grown folks. The ordinary man has not the intellectual development to grasp abstract things in the manner of the schoolmen. One might not go far astray in saying that intellectually they are still children, as they never developed their minds at all. What little reading they do is from the newspaper and mostly shallow guff about politics or some late scandal. things that require depth of thought are not in their line. Their philosophy of life belongs to the primer class.

We had a funeral this morning. Middle aged woman, the mainstay of the household passed away. As is natural the family feels the loss keenly. Strange things about them, none of them married. They have all gown up, grown rich, and lived entirely to themselves. In place



of being the founders of half a dozen good Catholic families, they are slowly and surely creeping into age without so much as a chick or a child to wear their names and succeed to their possessions. It strikes me that someone has been very selfish or very negligent in duty. That seems to be the curse of these regions. The whole countryside might have been filled with Catholics by this time if some of them had got married, but they preferred to keep their smoke going out the old folk's chimney and now we have a generation of old bachelors that are no good to man nor beast. They could easily have supported wives as they are mostly well-to-do. They can sit around and howl about the woes of Ireland, but that is about the limit of their usefulness. Hammer them hard and often, Charlie.

Still plugging at Canon Law as an alternative study. Some day I may get some of it stuck in my craw and digest it slowly but up to the present it seems to me as if I would never manage to get a good working knowledge of it. Have been plugging along at the rules and regulations for Matrimony. Say, it is a good thing that the clergy are foot-loose. It is bad enough to have to look after the rest of them, without having to step around with rules and specifications at all singles like kinds playing hopskotch.

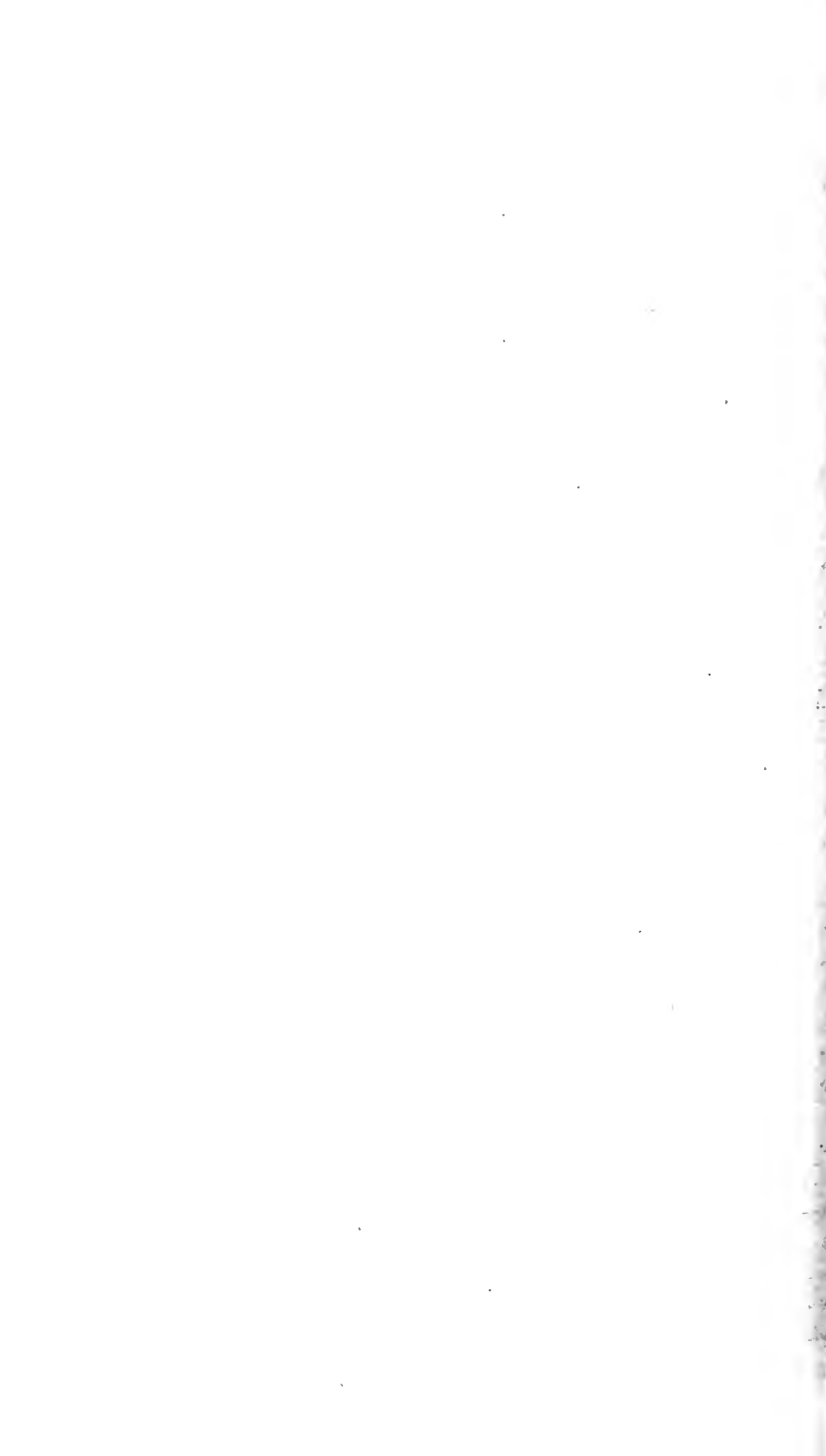
Got a letter from Henry today. Quite a treat as Henry would rather husk an acre of corn than write a letter.



Had a good walk and talk after supper with the brethren. Discussed various topics in our perambulations up and down the veranda. Canon Law, mixed marriages, conditions in Ireland, affairs at the Block, etc. Put in some good solid reading after our exercise was taken.

November 26th. Another day of dismal outlook. One has to take a cheerful view of life and tickle his funnybone at times to keep from getting blue during such weather. It is enough to make a man hate his grandmother. It may rain or it may snow, and it does not make much difference which it does, it will be the usual thing anyway.

Getting up a few thoughts for Sunday. Have been thinking over the topic for the last week. Last Judgment. The old standby of thirty years ago is about the best I have heard on the subject and I may deliver it for the edification of the brethren. Strange that a talk I heard when I was a boy should have remained so indelibly impressed on my memory, but it is there and I can see the old man that delivered it in the College Chapel during retreat pouring out the flood of thoughts and earnestly imploring us to keep these things in mind. I wonder how many of that crowd of 130 boys remember that sermon. I delivered it once in Texas at the College and one of the boys remarked as he went out, "I am going to stop cussing right now."



After a good constitutional after dinner we all adjourned to our several rooms for purposes best suited to our needs and dispositions. After paying my obligations to the Pope I took another glance to see what John Knox was doing in Scotland. From all I have observed of John he was far from following the footsteps of the first John. In fact John should have begun the reformation in himself. However, he found a lot more like himself willing to believe all manner of lies about the Church and her priests and nuns. The greed for the ecclesiastical possessions as well as freedom from restraint of passions made a combination too hard for the bulk of them to resist. Down they went and the Church in Scotland suffered a great loss of numbers at least. The quality did not seem to be much.

The whole reformation or deformation strikes me as consistent with man's conduct from the beginning. He hardly set out on the way before he endeavored to get away from God and has been at it ever since, like a spoiled child trying to get away from the guiding hand of his mother. Truly, man is a stiff-necked, bull-headed proposition. But won't there be a terrible accounting at the last day when the reformers and their followers will find themselves in a bad plight. I do not like to judge any man and his success or failure in attaining the crown, but to a man passing by on the road the rank and file of





them impugned the known truth and sinned against the Holy Ghost. Their inner lives were abominable. We leave them to God to judge, but I would hate to take their chances.

More walking and reading after supper. For a little variety I opened up the Opium Eater. I do not know what it is all about yet, but will peruse it at intervals to see what he has to say for himself. From the first chapter he seems to justify himself in his conduct. Read until my eyes began to shut on me and then retired for the night.

November 27th. Saturday. Dull, dark and threatening. Thawing and muddy. Will remain at home today and take care of Owen Sound for the Sunday. Lots of work ahead, but then that will be a variation from plugging along the country roads with the horse bobbing his head to keep time to his steps.

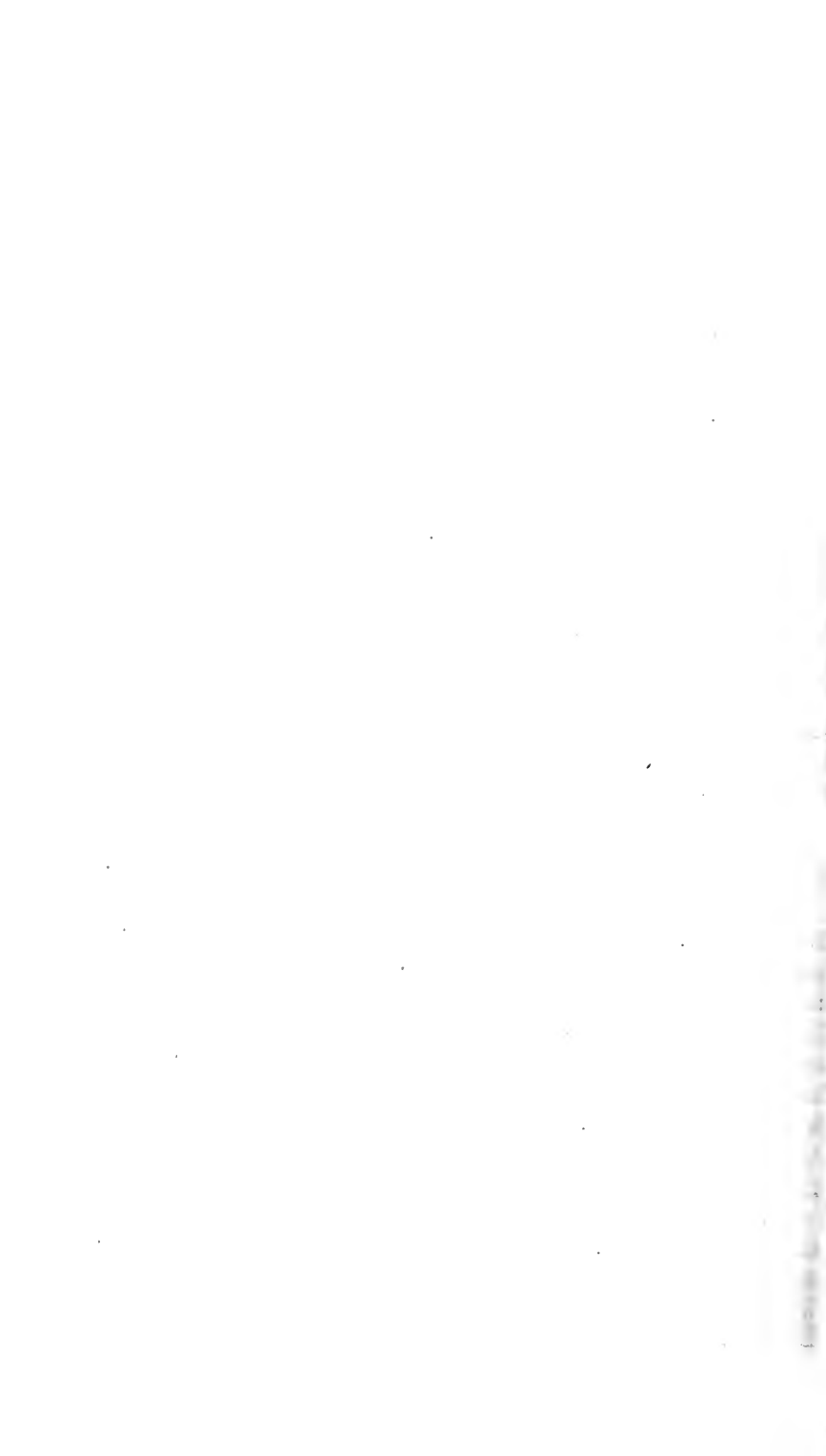
Got another sermon to prepare for the morrow. New departure for Advent. Sermons on Sunday night. Received instruction to preach on the Divinity of Christ. Books to consult. Reading to be done, to arrange. It is all right to believe this doctrine for your self. Next thing is to prove it to the satisfaction of the other fellow. Will have to put in all my spare moments getting the matter arranged in discourse form. Will do my best at it.



Am starting out the work of the next three days with head full of troubles. Just remind me of an old dog with a hide full of leas, lots to bother him and little results when he has them settled.

Heard confessions in the afternoon and evening. Not too many, but enough to keep me busy for a while. All alone as the others have gone off on the missions. Gus came up after confessions were heard and we talked till ten. He is taking a great interest in his work and the janitor part of the institution will be well cared for. Retired for the night with my head full of thoughts and plans for tomorrow night's sermon. Expect to put in the next hour milling over plans and thoughts to make the sermon presentable.

November 28th. Day promises to be fine. Clear, cool and some sunshine, the first in about two weeks. Rose a little after six. Went to the convent at seven to give the Sisters Holy Communion. Back again and said some office and made ready for Mass. Heard a few confessions and then began Mass at eight. Fair crowd present. Preached on the Gospel. Gave them a taste of Last Judgment the best I know how. Sang High Mass and talked again at 10:30 a.m. Another fair sized crowd. Whaled away at them again on the Gospel. Got through in reasonable time and had lunch.



Baptized a little child at two. It would be wonderful to see the change that takes place in the soul when the waters of Baptism are poured over the head of the child, but we shall never see it here. Faith will have to suffice for the present. Visited the catechism classes and talked to the children of two different classes. They were all eyes and ears. God bless them. Just to show how thoughtless children are and how they expect something while in reality something else is asked. I put out the question, "How many want to go to Hell when they die?" and about a dozen shot up their hands without thinking. They got the laugh from the rest. They pulled down their little fists in a hurry. Had catechism class for the more advanced at three.

Mr. Doyle called for me and we went to the Hospital to call on Mr. Murphy. Found him rather under the weather. He is suffering from the results of an operation. Has a rubber tube running from his intestines into a bottle and is dripping some black fluid that looks like iodine, but is not. Guess it is the contents of his gall bladder. Asked the nurse about him and she said he is not in danger. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Forhan. Both under the weather.

Got home again in time for a visit from a parishioner with lots of trouble. Tried to settle the difficulties for her. Time will tell whether I did or not.



Held evening service, Rosary, sermon, Benediction. Spoke for about twenty minutes to a very small crowd. Only a wagonload present. Made another call after services and got home safely. Bed and no sleep. Do not know what is the matter. Cannot be the excitement of the day's work as I was not excited over anything.

November 29th. Sun shining today. Well, take off your hat. Had High Mass this morning for Father Joseph Sharpe. Second anniversary. A good crowd out to receive the Sacraments and pray for him. It is delightful to think that they remember him so well. In fact, all through the missions I hear him well spoken of as well as the other priests who worked among them. It is wonderful what an impression a good priest can make upon these simple souls out here in the woods and pastures who see a priest only once in a while. He is a wonder-worker for them and they consider the ground whereon he walks as holy. And, oh! what a wreck a bad priest would make in the same locality. Thank God, we hear only good things of all the men who have gone before us, and not merely good things, but tales of their self sacrifice and sufferings for the welfare of the people and they are ready to do anything for their pastors. Their homes and all they have is at the disposal of the priest. God bless them. Put in a busy morning as I am all alone.



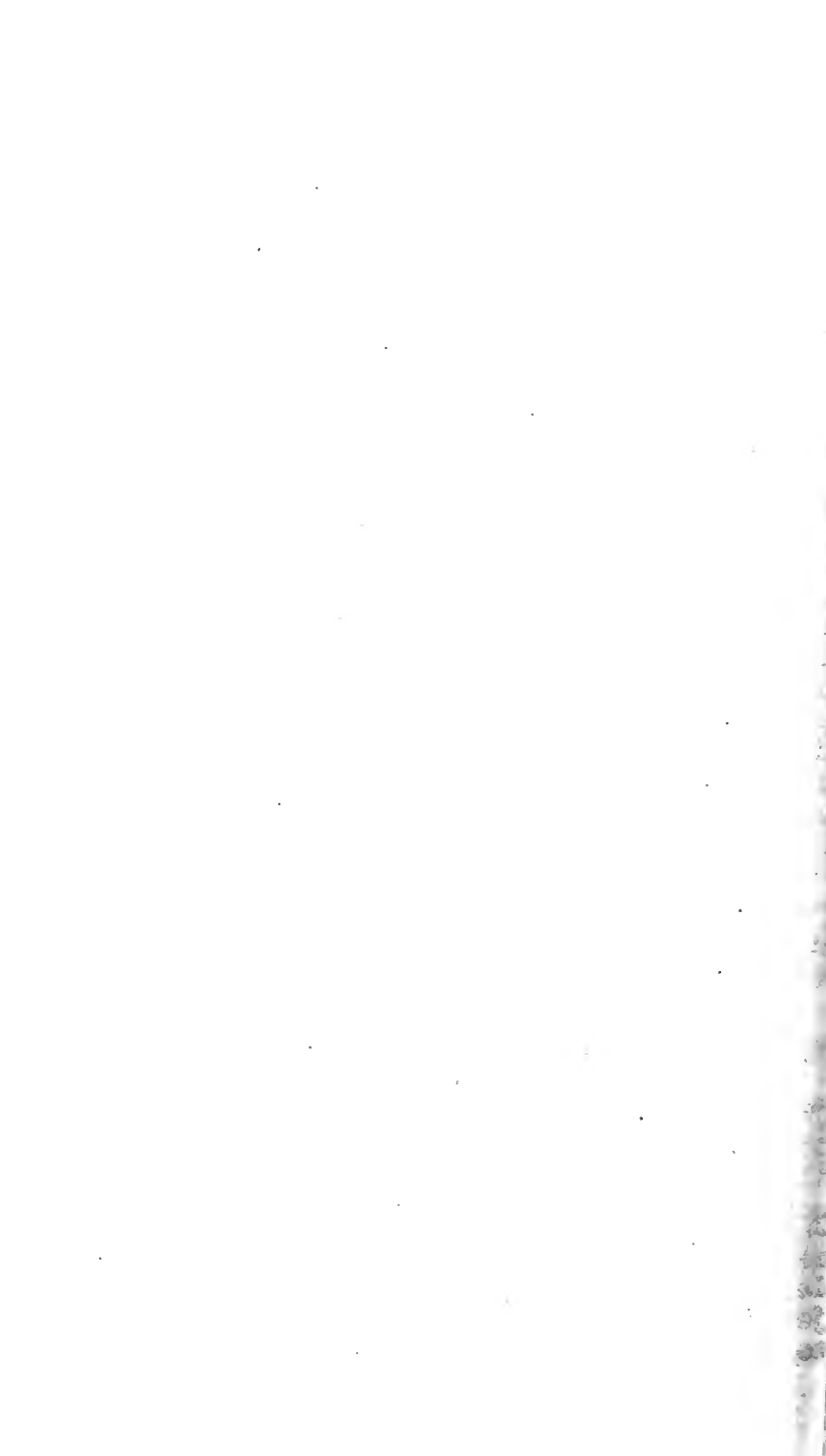


Father Roach got back at noon. I shall have to go to Chatsworth tomorrow for a High Mass for some departed soul. Father McNulty got in from Thornbury looking like a man that has had a long drive and is glad to get home again. Do not blame him as it is no joke driving in this uncertain weather. He is cheerful and happy.

Read considerable of the Opium Eater this afternoon and evening. He is charming in his style and a master of English, though the old bigotry will crop up now and again like a sore thumb. From his account he must have encountered a lot of precocious lads on his way through school. The lad of 17 or 18 as I knew him would be more interested in the ball and bat. But the de Quincey lads speak and argue like old theologians. I fear he is letting the enthusiasm of youth be colored by the judgment of maturer years. Gwan, they aint no such animal. Retired with thoughts of the drive tomorrow.

November 30th. Fine morning. Roads good. On my way to Chatsworth. Not in very good humour today. Some devil is camped on the seat alongside me and whispering a lot of annoying things in my ear. Grousing all the way. When will I get over the habit of chewing the cud of bitter reflection. Alas, poer Yorick.

Got to Chatsworth at nine. Did not let old Rosalinda fall asleep on the way. A little spur with the line wakes him up



a trifle and off he goes up hill and down dale. Good crowd out for Mass. One would think it was Sunday the way they turn out on occasion of this kind. It is not a holy day. Just a High Mass for some departed parishoner.

Came back after dinner, or rather breakfast. In better humor. I guess an empty stomach is not the proper companion for a traveller. Finished my office and took up de Quincy.

Poor de Quincy. He seems to have been as much like me as you can find, a dreamer, and accustomed to browse along the hedgerows of imaginary thistles. He writes charmingly, but wanders off over the whole of creation while discussing his perambulations. One can expect any departure from him in the midst of his narrative. It is mostly digression.

I do not think much of his mother. She seems to have been one of those superior beings who permitted the artificialities of life to take the place of a mother's heart. There are many such. If she had a little more heart and less punctiliousness about form, her son would have had more affection for her and less suffering for himself.

Digging into Moral Theology again. A never ending study. All the rules of debate are cast aside and crowds of objections come tumbling in all wanting to be heard first. Keep quiet there,



objections. One at a time and we shall attend to your case. Retired for the night with a head full of difficulties.

December 1st. On the last lap of the year. The day is promising sunshine but then one cannot be certain this time of year. The demons that were bothering me yesterday have come back and brought a whole crowd of companions with them to give me a merry time of it and I must say they succeeded. It must have been a holiday in hell that let so many of them out. They were not the blue devils of lonesomeness, but the black devils of despair. But that is all I shall say about the matter. They are so personally attached to my mental condition just now that they would be out of place bothering anybody else. It is awful to be thus worried, and over what? Those of you that ever had a touch of it will know, and those that never did, cannot even guess.

Ploughed through an acre or so of Moral Theology during the day and did some reading of the Opium Eater. He had not yet begun to feed his system with the poison yet, but give him a chance and he will tell you all about it. Poor devil! He seems to have been one of those educated high class peripatetic book worms with an overestimate of what is called form, and a very improper focus on the stern realities of life. Better starve as a gentleman than thrive as a man with



a job. Wow, what philosophy of life, and to what dire straits punctiliousness will drive a man.

Baptized a little child from Wiarton. Came in the afternoon when the sunshine gave way to rain. Miserable weather then. Walked and talked after supper. Am not in much humor to be communicative and I fear I was not very entertaining. Retired to rest at 9:30 and fought devils till exhausted at midnight. Awoke again at three to continue the battle. Oh, life is one sweet nightmare just now. Of, for a cabin far away in the midst of the hills and to be at rest for a space of a few days!

December 2nd. Sunshine in abundance. May it continue for the whole day. Continued the battle with the black devils. Having one very serious time of it. If deQuincy were in my boots he would likely take another feed of opium and then go hopskotching from star to star and stand on his head on the moon for diversion. But I am not in the opium class, and as the country has gone prohibition, another source of forgetfulness is closed; not that I indulge in the joy of the stone jug at all, absolutely not at all, but I am just putting down the avenues of escape from the gnawing of carking care, whatever that may mean. I saw it some place in a book and it stuck in my mind like a burr to a cow's tail. Other avenues remain open. Why not tell them to some one. Do not be stingy, do not keep all





your troubles to yourself. Perhaps, somewhere there is some patient soul who will listen to your tale of agony and help you laugh yourself out of your difficulties. What are friends for if they will not help you bear the burden. Never mind the bridge at midnight, that has been sung to death, just find a friend. I called Father McNulty in and told him about the uproar going on in my belfry and if he did not dissolve the whole of the trouble he did cause a lot of it to evanesce — as de Quincy says. Felt better after the talk.

Confessions of the school children this afternoon. They will trot in with their little load and then trot out and all the while the Lord will be looking into their innocent little souls and rejoicing to be admitted there with a welcome that is amazing. His delight is to be with the children of men — they are the children — and innocent. Oh, to be a child in the service with the wisdom of years to guide me. But then what is a maniac to do with his head awl with chimerical difficulties. Lord have pity on him. More confessions in the evening, more reading and then bed.

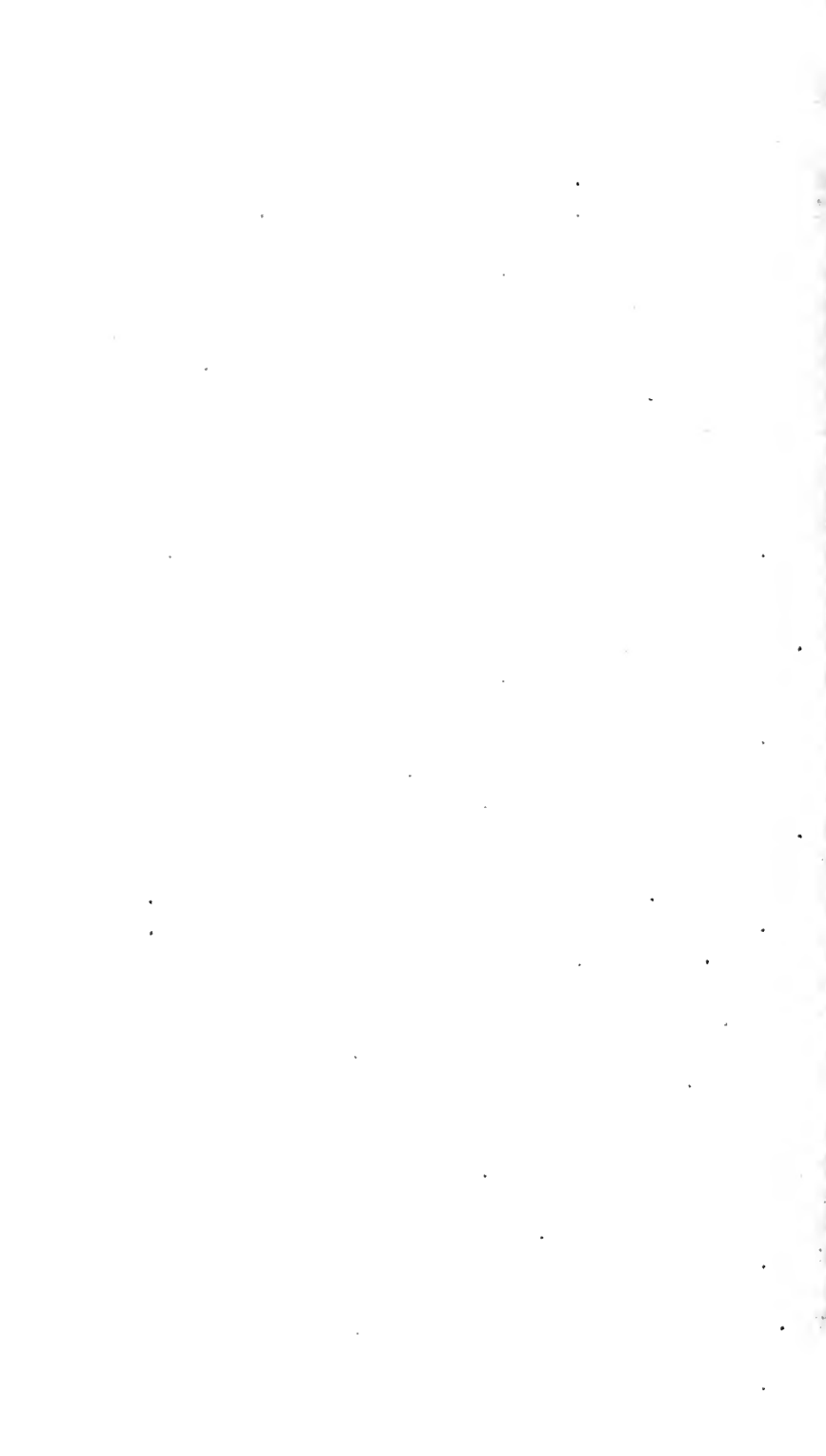
December 3rd. Beautiful day with prospect of remaining so for a few hours. One cannot tell at this time of year what to expect. All signs are but meagre prophets of the weather. First Friday. As usual the members of the Sacred Heart Bands were at Mass and



Holy Communion. About one hundred and fifty all told. God bless them.

46 years old today. Getting along the road slowly, and yet how rapidly the years are slipping into eternity for me. Others have noticed the same thing. The older we grow the faster the wheel seems to turn. I suppose it is because we have become victims of routine and regularity that we do not notice the flight of time as we did in the days of childhood. And what have they been to me? If I were to set it down here I do not suppose I could get any one to believe me. Suffice it to say there have been many ups and downs. The secret of it all is in the hands of God and my directors. Needless to say there was no celebration of any kind. Not even a cigar passed around. It was not always so. Some can remember one third of December from which events began to date themselves. Oh, you Romeo and Juliet. Waow! You do not understand this, Mr. Perkins. Well, others know the reference to a certain dissertation on Shakespeare. It was a very humorous lecture, but one that is remembered. No more about it.

Evening services and meeting of the Sacred Heart League. Gave them a little talk on the Immaculate Conception as the feast is so near. They were very attentive. It seems they are always glad to hear one speak of God and the things of God. Like little children, they can never get enough of the things that please them.



Had another talk with de Quincy. Or rather he has been doing a lot of talking and I have been reading. He has a fine sense of humor and oh! what a master of English he is. He throws beauties of expression around with an abandon that reminds one of children scattering leaves with all their varied tints and colorings to the Autumn breeze as gifts of Nature's golden horde, to glisten in the sunshine for a moment and then to be borne away. Grant the fact that he was under the influence of opium nearly all the time, he must have been naturally endowed with a refined mind, I cannot conceive of a man that is more brute than intelligence rising above the cankering cares of this life on the wings of fancy. Rather I should imagine he would be borne downward into the gulf of sensuality to revel in the grossness of a debased nature like the sow that was washed going back to her wallow" as St. Peter so aptly puts it.

Our peregrinations this evening were rather brief owing to the urgency of evening devotions.

Went down town this afternoon and called at the hospital for a brief space. Tried to cheer the sick up a trifle with a few old yarns. Did have one of the visitors laughing till the tears rolled down their cheeks. Even the poor fellow in bed with a spigot in his side managed to pull a few broad grins. Guess he could not laugh very loud as it would



hurt too much. You may think I was cruel to do such a thing, but then the poor fellow does need cheering up. He is too much inclined to fall into a state of despondency. Besides a little sunshine in the lives of others does no harm. Makes them forget the pangs of daily care for a spell. Let the light in and keep the blues out. A good yarn is worth more than gold. Smile and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone, etc. etc.

Received a letter from a friend. Glad to get it. It breaks the dull monotony of existence to get into touch with others. Will have to try to cheer them up also. This is enough for one day. Retired for the night ready for sweet forgetfulness of what is bothering my foolish head these days.

December 4th. Wet, raining and raw.  
Quite disagreeable.

Getting ready to go to Dornoch. Really the outlook is not very pleasant. It may turn to snow and it may continue raining. However, we shall have to make the most of it. Nothing like being ready for the road. Spent the whole morning ruminating over unpleasant weather and other feelings about as disagreeable. Cannot say that I am in a very cheerful mood today. In fact, I am not.

Took to the road at one p.m. The rain is coming down steadily. I huddled up in the buggy, got the robes well around





me and set off. The rain had an unpleasant way of striking me directly in the face. Fine prospect for twenty miles of the same kind of treatment. Well, if the horse can stand it, I guess I shall have to. Kept hammering away at the road from pool to pool and rut to rut slinging mud and water in all directions. Up hill and down hill it was the same. After three hours of steady plodding I pulled into Dornoch in anything but a cheerful mood. Jim put the horse away and I adjourned to the kitchen to get warm and dry. Coat was soaked through and sleeves of my undercoat soaked also. Felt like an old mop. Mrs. S- did the motherly act and looked after my welfare. Got a pleasant greeting from all the folks and then settled down for the evening.

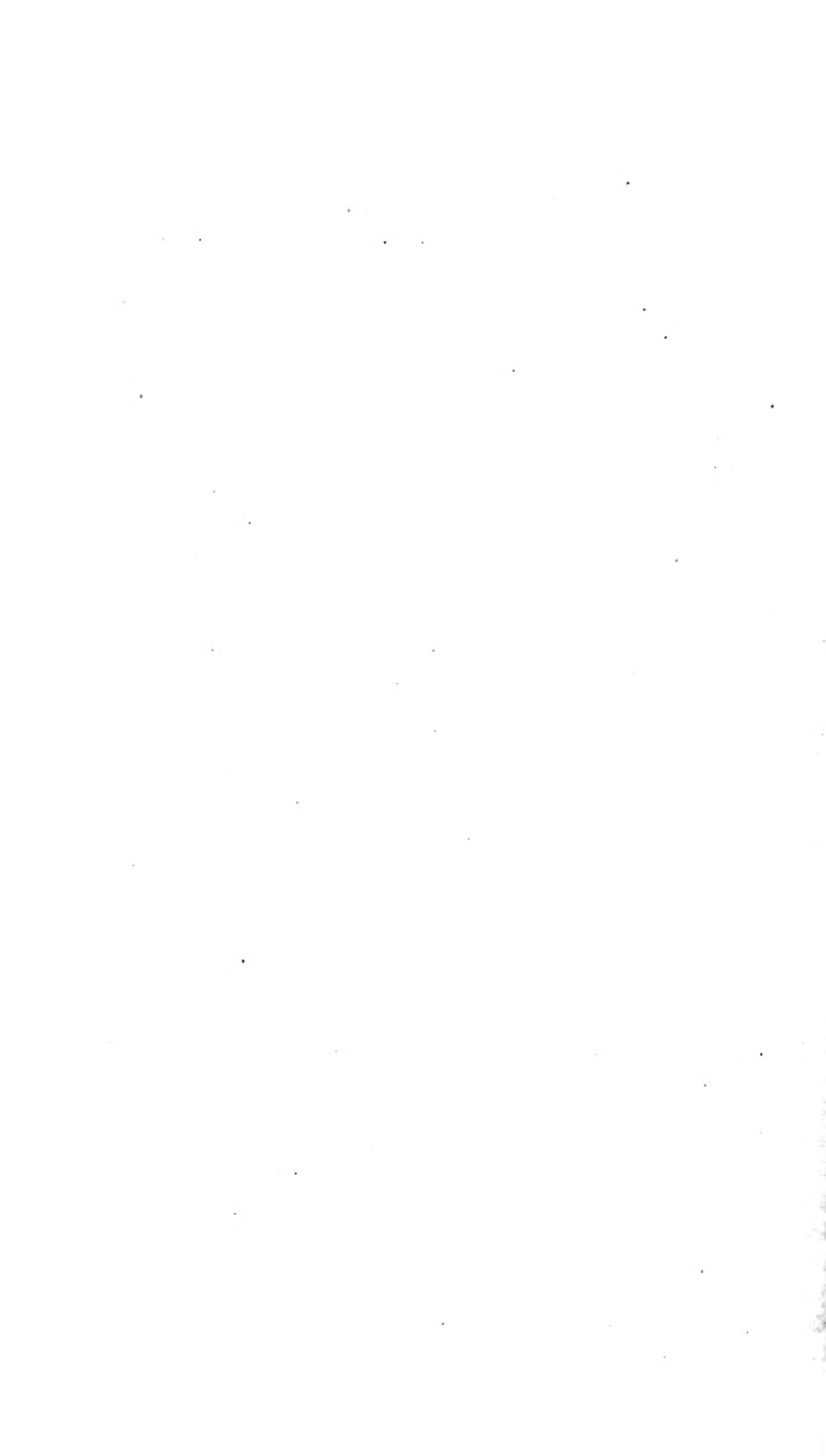
Said my office in the parlor. The psalms were punctuated by howls from Jimmie and Billie evidencing another scrap between the two. It is a dull half hour when they do not pull off a hair-pulling stunt for their mutual advantage. That is their favorite hold. Who gets the first hold wins the round and the war. After the work of the evening was over there was some music of various kinds. G. Shewell happened in and played the violin for a spell, also another neighbor. Both perform by main strength and get reasonably near the tunes to make them recognizable. Sooner or later we retire for the night. I guess it was later.



December 5th. Getting colder and beginning to snow. Went to the church about nine a.m. Found T.B.—there with a good fire on and the church comfortable. Got things ready for Mass. Folks began to arrive and heard confessions as they came. Had about twenty-five. It is a nasty morning to be out. In fact, several of the parishoners were not out. Some came long ways on account of the bad state of the side roads. Clay makes a poor road in wet weather. Sang High Mass. Began half an hour late, but as there is plenty of time and they are not in a hurry to get out in the cold I did not mind the delay. Of course, it is well to begin on time, but then when one finds folks coming ten and twelve miles to get to Mass and doing the best they can to get to the Sacraments, one should not be too punctillious about a few moments of delay. Harangued the multitude on the Immaculate Conception. Gave them a few points also about hanging around the confessional too close when confessions are being heard.

Baptized Robert Joseph Gillen after Mass. Rather, I should say, after Benediction. I have Bnediction after Mass as there is no prospect of getting a crowd out in the evening this weather and there is a good crowd at Mass. Better have the multitude get the blessing of God on them than not have enough for service.

Called on Mr. and Mrs. Shewell in the afternoon. Nothing like getting ac-



quainted with the parishoners. They certainly think a lot of their priests and are glad to see him coming in. Their faith is childlike and trusting. Spent the evening at my headquarters. Just the family there. More music and a little entertainment in the way of matching pictures. Then we had a lot of talk about old times and old customs and Mr. L- philosophized on things in general. It is getting colder, but there is no snow to speak of.

December 6th. Cold and frozen this morning. Had a small crowd at Mass this morning. Only about twenty for Holy Communion. Visited the school. Gave them a drilling on catechism. Told them a few old jokes to enliven the situation. Then got ready for the long drive home.

Set out about twelve. The roads are somewhat rough. It is not a cheering drive in such weather. A fellow is at his wits ends to keep from getting broody. Sang to myself for a while and then whistled some more. Had a smoke several times and then whistled and sang some more. Arrived home in about three hours pickled in brine. The wind was blowing in my face and it was not comfortable driving. Last home as Father McNulty pulled in ahead of me.

Spent the afternoon thawing out. Got some papers from Dornoch and read the



doings down there. Had a walk and a talk after supper. More reading this evening. Had to see how de Quincy was making out with his last noggin of opium. Well, he seems to have made a mess of it as he was knocked out for a spell. Nature is bound to react when she has been keyed too high, and that for a long time. By this time he has taken enough of the stuff to float a battleship. Evidently he had a liking for it as he continued the practice for about sixty years. I suppose the habit is like hanging, all in getting used to it.

Retired for the night somewhat tired after th long drive. Will have to get ready tomorrow for another outing as I have to go to Chatsworth for the 8th of December. They are blowing out the boilers tonight and that means we shall have to light a fire in the stove tomorrow or freeze. I shall light the fire in the stove as I do not enjoy sitting in a cold room.

December 7th. Crisp and cold. Freezing.

After the usual morning routine of meditation, Mass and breakfast I took a whirl out of the fiddle to get a little life into my system. It was not very enthusiastic music, more of a dirge than a breakdown.

Received a cheering letter from Father N-. Needed it as I have been down looking over the battlements of the inferno these past few days. It is not very





cheering. The other night I heard Jimmie and Billie putting up a mournful howl. I multiplied that wail of woe by a million and then lengthened it to eternity and got a glimpse of the mournful wails that will go up from Hell for all eternity. I hope I am not one of that crowd. I have a strong pair of lungs and fair sized voice. If I added my quota to the rest there would be some wail. In the meantime the realization of that woeful wail was terrifying for the moment.

Answered Father N-'s letter and gave him a dissertation on psychological epistemia, or epistematical psychology, whichever way you want to put it. May be both are wrong. In any case I discussed a phase of the philosophy of the mind from a personal point of view. It may be new to him, and it may be old, but in any case it will be something different. It is a good thing for us that God is infinitely wise and can judge justly the meanderings of the human intellect, will, memory, and all the rest of his psychic disposition. We shall get a square deal from Him if we do not get it from man. Man himself is a funny animal. He is complex and complicated, and in spite of his limitations he will set out to judge and calculate on the actions of his fellow man and condemn him unmercifully for following the bent of a mind that is peculiar to himself. Each one instinctively is inclined to set himself up as judge, jury, and punisher of his fellow man,



and the more ignorant he is the harsher his decisions. However, we are not dependent on the fallacious judgment of man for our final disposition and what odds as long as God gives us a square deal and is merciful to us.

Went down to Chatsworth on the afternoon train. Bridal couple on board. Their friends gave them a send off in the way of a shower of confetti. What a foolish and stupid thing for them to do. One would think a pair of imbeciles had been doing something stupid when they got married. Perhaps they did. I do not know. Usually marriage is not stupid. I could never understand the humor of pelting a married couple with confetti or hitching old boots on their carriage. It may be a form of wishing them good luck, but it is rather hard for them to look as if they enjoyed the pelting.

Saw another busybody sitting across the aisle from me. She had been retailing some piece of news about some one that died. She was glad from all appearances to be the bringer of bad news, but when some one rushed out to tell someone else the first linguist was rather peeved. If nosey did not want others to tell it or learn it, why did she let it out at all. Oh, woman, you are a conundrum. No wonder men take to drink to drown their sorrows. The marvellous thing is that they do not take to the woods and climb a tree and bay at the moon.

Got to Chatsworth finally and spent the



evening visiting the neighbors. Tried to cheer up the D- family. They are sorely afflicted. Their favorite daughter is ill, out of her mind too, and the mother is nearly crushed. Did the best I could to make them see it in the light of faith. They try to be brave, but it is crushing them. Poor souls, a man has such a poor understanding of a mother's heart.

Got back to headquarters and spent an hour or so talking over old times and customs with one of the old generation. She told me many odd things of early life in the settlement. Enjoyed the evening much and retired to the attic where I lost consciousness in the pile of comforters and pillows they had provided for my welfare. Their life may be a trifle homely, but they are sincere and have a lot of the old time hospitality. God bless them, they are all right.

December 8th. Clear and cold. Sun shining. Had High Mass in Chatsworth. The usual crowd of faithful ones were present to receive the Sacraments. Preached a little bar on the Feast and finished Mass by 11:45. Had breakfast and intended to take the train back but J.D.- was coming into town in his car and I came with him. I wrapped up in a fur overcoat and huddled up in the back seat and faced the north wind. Made good time and had a little chat with J.-. Got home shortly after noon and gave my statement of account to the Superior.



Anniversary of my baptism. It must have been a great day in Maidstone if they had the old custom of inviting the neighbors in to make merry on such occasions. I believe they must have had it as it was long the custom to celebrate in their own way the occasion. In any case they chose a good day for me to enter the Church. What a wonderful thing it is to receive the gift of faith and how good God is to give it to us. We shall not know till we are in heaven the full meaning of it all and the changes that take place in the soul when the saving water of baptism is poured on the little child. If we could see the change I suppose we would die. However, we shall have to abide God's good time when He will let us know all about it.

The day continues to be beautiful. Had a short talk with Father McNulty on his return from afar. He was at the Block. It is on the map as Garryowen, but no one ever calls it that. The Block has been the name given it and I suppose it will remain that till some one with more aristocratic notions will demand that it be given a more euphonious cognomen in the way of some more English title. Alas, poor Yorick!

The sun is setting in a blaze of glory beyond the hills and the outlook for fine weather is good. Got a letter today from V- in Portland. Good news and cheerful. Glad to hear that they are well.





December 9th. Grand day. One of those days you imagine and seldom see except at the end of May. Had a session at the school this morning. Gave the senior class and also junior class a round up on Catechism. Tried to hammer the obligations of observing the commandments into their heads so deep that they could not get them out if they tried. Time alone will tell how long they will remember the lesson. Remained with them till ten-thirty. Delved into some more Moral Theology. A never ending study. One can always find something new on reviewing for the seventieth time the pages of Moral Theology. Wish some of it would stick.

Perambulated as usual after dinner and discussed more or less important things. Went to the city in the car. Business. Also made a few calls on parishioners more or less in need of calling. First saw Maggie C-. You never saw M-. I never saw one just like her until I saw her for the first time yesterday. I had heard of her, but it remained for me to see her before I could properly appreciate her. Very tall, with skin on her face like leather, and eyes as green as a cat's. Poor old soul, she is fighting the battle for existence in an old hovel down in "mud town". She has a hard row to hoe as she is up in years and ailing considerably. Some day they will find her dead. She is part Indian and the other part —. In any case she has some of the shiftlessness of the Indian



and some of the traits of the other part of her breeding whatever they may be. Her domicile is a conundrum. In one corner of the rook stands an organ, while here and there are pieces of furniture more or less pretentious. Pictures of some swell looking young fellows, her children I think, adorn the shelves. Along with this is a lot of nondescript furniture more or less clean. There is an atmosphere of the Old Curiosity Shop about the place and also the smell of it.

We did not remain very long. Went on a hunt for Peter D-. Found him at last. Maggie was rich alongside of Peter. He did not have a chair to sit on. We were ushered into a bare room. Yep, bare, not an article of furniture except perhaps a nail or two in the wall to hang a hat on. We did not hang up our hats, just hung on to them. Not that P- is dishonest, but we did not intend to stay long. Were trying to find out whether P- preferred to go to live with one of his sons or to the House of Providence. It remains a toss up yet. Came home and spent the rest of the afternoon reading, office and other lines of enlightenment.

Went out this evening to call on a parishioner. Had a very pleasant time of it. Quite a contrast between the home I visited after supper and Maggie's. However they are a happy family and living as good people ought to live. Often see them at the sacraments. Got home early and spent some time reading



a piece of light literature. Just a little recreation after the day's doings. Cannot keep one's nose down to the grindstone all the time without getting it worn off.

Had a discussion in our walk about vocations. Gave them an insight into the development of a vocation in my case. Had them laughing at my manifestations of potential clerical activity as I wandered up and down the hay field on the rake making a noise like our pastor preaching, but not uttering any words. Did not know any to utter. Just noise. Vox et nil praeterea. Either that or I passed the time on the hoe handle all alone in the middle of a sixty acre field giving an imitation of the singing of the Preface. Funny wasn't it? I think my Guardian Angel must have smiled many a time at me going it alone out there while trying to get enough fine earth to make a hill for the potatoes high enough to hold a bushel. Well, in any case that was one of the manifestations of the working of the grace of vocation in my behalf. Will set down another time how I decided to go to school instead of working at manual labor. In the meantime, Good Night.

December 10th. Rather dark and uncertain today. Took a turn in Theology this morning. Looking up Justice and Rights. Often wonder how many men bother their heads about the just price of things. The rank and file of



them want to get all they can for an article without bothering about the highest or lowest price — just size up their prospective purchaser and fit the price according to the lump they see sticking out on the side of his leg where they think his purse is. During the last three or four years it has been a case of gouge all around. A never ending circle of gouging is going on. The workman wants more wages and gets them, the business man hears the workman has more money and goes after it. Boosts his prices, and the workman comes back at him for more wages. It is a game of 'gimme' all around. In the meantime the prices have gone out of all reason. Do not know where they will end. The justice of the situation seems to have been forgotten. For example, eggs are selling for \$1.25 a dozen, no, not per bushel in winter. Now the wear and tear on the hen's egg dispensary is not any greater than when eggs were 8 cents per dozen. Grant that food is a trifle higher, it is hard to see where it has cost the difference between 8 cents and \$1.25 to produce that dozen of eggs. Enough said for the present about eggs. Kept hammering away all day at varied reading. Makes it easier when the reading is varied. More of it will stick.

Report out that Lloyd George was assassinated. Came out in the L- paper. None of the other leading papers had the report. Guess the report is home made for the benefit of local readers. Hard put to it these days to keep the public mind

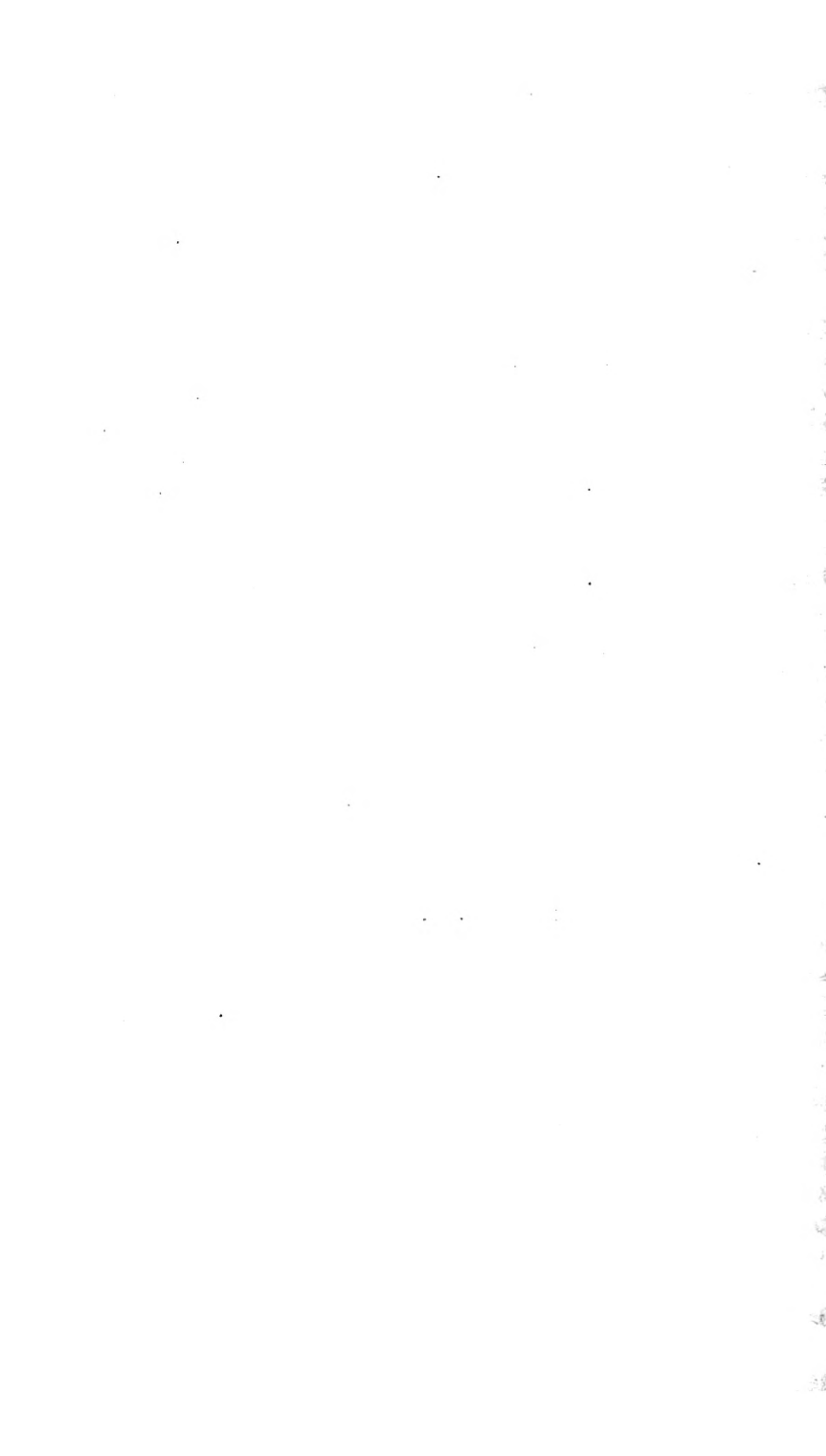




in certain directions. Propaganda without regard to truth or justice — this is the game in the world today. Do not seem to want truth — just win at any price and then smile at the suckers for believing all the twaddle they put out. Oh, it is rich the way they lie and call it statesmanship. Wait till they try to give an account to God. Their diplomatic plea will receive scant consideration. Pilate said the same.

December 11th. Saturday with its usual anxiety of preparation for the Missions. Morning is mostly made up of looking for things to take on the Missions and then looking over the pile to see if you have them all and then you look around to see if there is anything you ought to take. If you followed the impulse you would need a dray.

Took train at 2:15 p.m. There were a couple of old ladies in the seat behind me discussing family affairs in a tone loud enough to fill the whole car. It was very interesting to the rest of us to learn that Millie was not going to live upstairs any longer and would have to close up part of the house and she could not take any more boarders and her health was not any too good and it was too bad that her dad lost the knot hole out of his wooden leg and that he was so thin that he could button his vest on the back buttons of his trousers

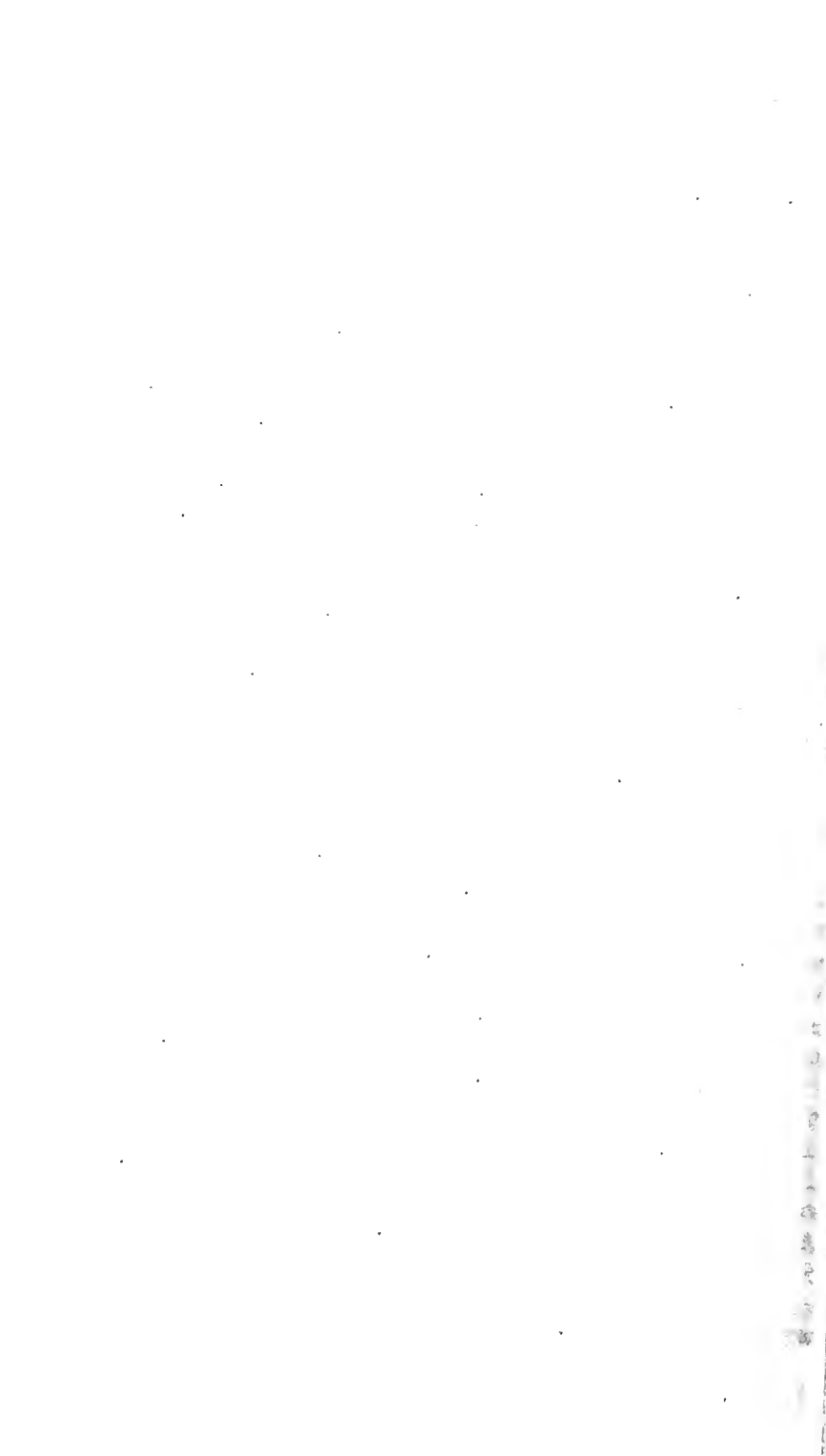


etc. etc. I guess they were just two of the natives from Wayback and were typical of the seed, breed and generation.

Got to Wiarton and found Mr. Melligan had not been up since I left him a month ago. He is in pretty bad shape. He is puffing hard all the time. He can hardly speak three words without stopping for breath. Poor fellow! He will go West one of these days soon. However, that does not bother him the least. We talk over those things just as if they were commonplace. He is ready for the plunge into Eternity and has great hope to arrive safely. Heard his Confession later in the day and told him I would bring him Holy Communion in the morning.

Went out after supper with M- to call on some of the parishioners. Found most of them were absent. Found one at home and learned something for my own amusement. His little lad, three years old, went to church for the first time when I was there before. When he saw me come out of the confessional he remarked, "Mamma, God is fat!" Now I have been mistaken for a lot of prominent folks in my time, but that is the first time I have been mistaken for the Almighty. Spent the rest of the evening talking to M- and retired later.

December 12th. Up and around at the usual hour for rising here. Went up to the Church lugging my



valise. It weighed nearly a ton by the time I got up the steep hill. Heard confessions and said Mass and the brought Holy Communion to Mr. Melligan.

My car was late in arriving and I did not leave for Hepworth till after ten thirty. Got there five minutes late, but they were all glad to see me as usual. Just like getting home to arrive there. Sang High Mass, talked and then taught Catechism after Mass. Had breakfast at 1:30 p.m. Nice time of day to be having breakfast. Father would say, "When I was young we used to always have breakfast by candle light.", but then father was never on the Missions at Owen Sound. Spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Goetz and E. Downs. Had a nice little visit with them and also supper.

Had evening devotions and talked some more. Gave them a few points to consider on straightening out the paths as St. John said. Through devotions at nine p.m. Spent the evening with Mr. Downs and had a little music and some other entertainment. Had a nice time and retired so as to be up early next day. Was up earlier next day than I intended. Had eaten pork for supper and was up at four and got up again later in a hurry. I was not the only one that got up in a hurry. Ed did the same things. As some fellow said, "Man is this the time to wait?" I would have answered him right off, "If you do, you will regret it."



December 13th. Day dark and threatening rain. Brought Holy Communion to Mr. Downs at 8:00. Heard confessions and said Mass about nine. Good crowd out for Monday morn. About 25 for Holy Communion. Spent the rest of the forenoon visiting the parishioners. Called on Mr. D- and told him a few old yarns to cheer him up.

Came home in the auto. Raining some but the roads are not too bad for the machine though it is strange to have the auto out this time of year. Usually they have about two feet of snow at this time. Arrived home safely and spent some time entertaining some guests. Mr. D-, Mr. G- and another gentleman. Then started in to my office. Had it all to say and I found it hard to get at it. Do not like to let it pile up on me in that way. Managed to finish it by six.

Went to meeting of K. of C. after supper. Had a good crowd and lots of fun besides some interesting discussion. Hammered away all evening in the club rooms and returned home in a driving rain. Tired out.

December 14th. Wind, wind, and more wind. Rained all night. One of those driving rains that hammers against the panes and swishes along the roof in sheets. Not nice outside. More comfortable in bed. Busy all morning at various odd jobs. Afternoon was just like the morning, lots of wind and lots





of work. Managed to keep the machine going most of the afternoon.

Got a letter from N-. He wants me to go to T-. I cannot make the grade as there is too much to attend to at this season of the year. Ten thousand and one little things need attention and there is no time for lallygagging with the neighbors.

Had a round with Sabetti after supper. He and I have many a bout but he generally wins. If he is stuck he generally trots out Lemkuhl or St. Alphonsus, and what chance have I with such a galaxy of stars as he can produce to bolster up his opinions. That is the beauty of it; one can listen to the whole of them speaking their little pieces and when they have done there is not much left to say on the subject.

Had a walk and a talk with Father McNulty after supper. Subject was the nature of winter around Owen Sound. He spoke from much experience and came to the conclusion that no two winters have been alike and we can never tell far ahead what we are likely to have. *Experientia docet*, as the GUY said in Rome in B.C. 24 when he fell into the ditch.

December 15th. Snowing this morning with lots of wind sweeping the blizzard around the house in gusts, wagon loads and shoals. Just a



whooping storm to make the day one to be avoided if possible. Keep in the house as I do and get to work at things of interest and forget the storm. Hammered away all forenoon at writing and reading.

Father Roach does not see any use in writing so many letters. That is one point where we do not agree. Half the pleasure of life is in being in company of one's friends. Besides if one does not communicate with those he likes, loves or admires, he is likely to crawl into his shell and die of inanition. Just like a bear crawling into a hollow log and hibernating. It strikes me as being too selfish, though many of the fathers of the "spiritual Life are against the practice of writing too many letters. It is a form of dissipation. Perhaps it is, but it is a very nice one — at times. Better dissipate that way than crawl into a room and get mildewed from wondering what is going on in the outside world that one is supposed to have left behind. Besides there is a lot of consolation in some letters, and some are needful. Others are encouraging. Some are pure waste of time. Let the latter alone. Always have something to say and when you have said it, let it go at that. I do not know if all will agree with me on the subject of letter writing. I fear they don't for I have written to them and they have studiously failed to reply. I could not break through the



crust of their indolence or indifference and missed much that would have done me a lot of good if they had replied.

Took a whirl at the fiddle for a short spell. Music — I said MUSIC — hath charms to sooth the savage beast — not breast this time, just beast. I need soothing, hence the MUSIC. Had another round with Sabetti. He won again. Good old Sab- he is the boy for me when I want an argument without too much of the strepitus verborum. Get that last one. Some would call it a scrap.

December 16th. Snowing heavily and blowing some more. Do not think it will remain as it is hanging on the trees in abundance and there is no bottom. However, not wishing to classify as a prophet I'll not say what it is going to do. As they say in Texas, it is only newcomers and fools that prophesy the weather there. I suppose the same applies here.

Had an interesting visit to the school this morning. It is a pleasure to wander in to talk to the little kiddies. They are all ears and want to know all about it. Really their answers are very wise at times. I do not mean the answers of the book; they are coached in them, but some general questions thrown out at them, they will answer as well as a more widely read man. I suppose it is the gift of faith together with the develop-

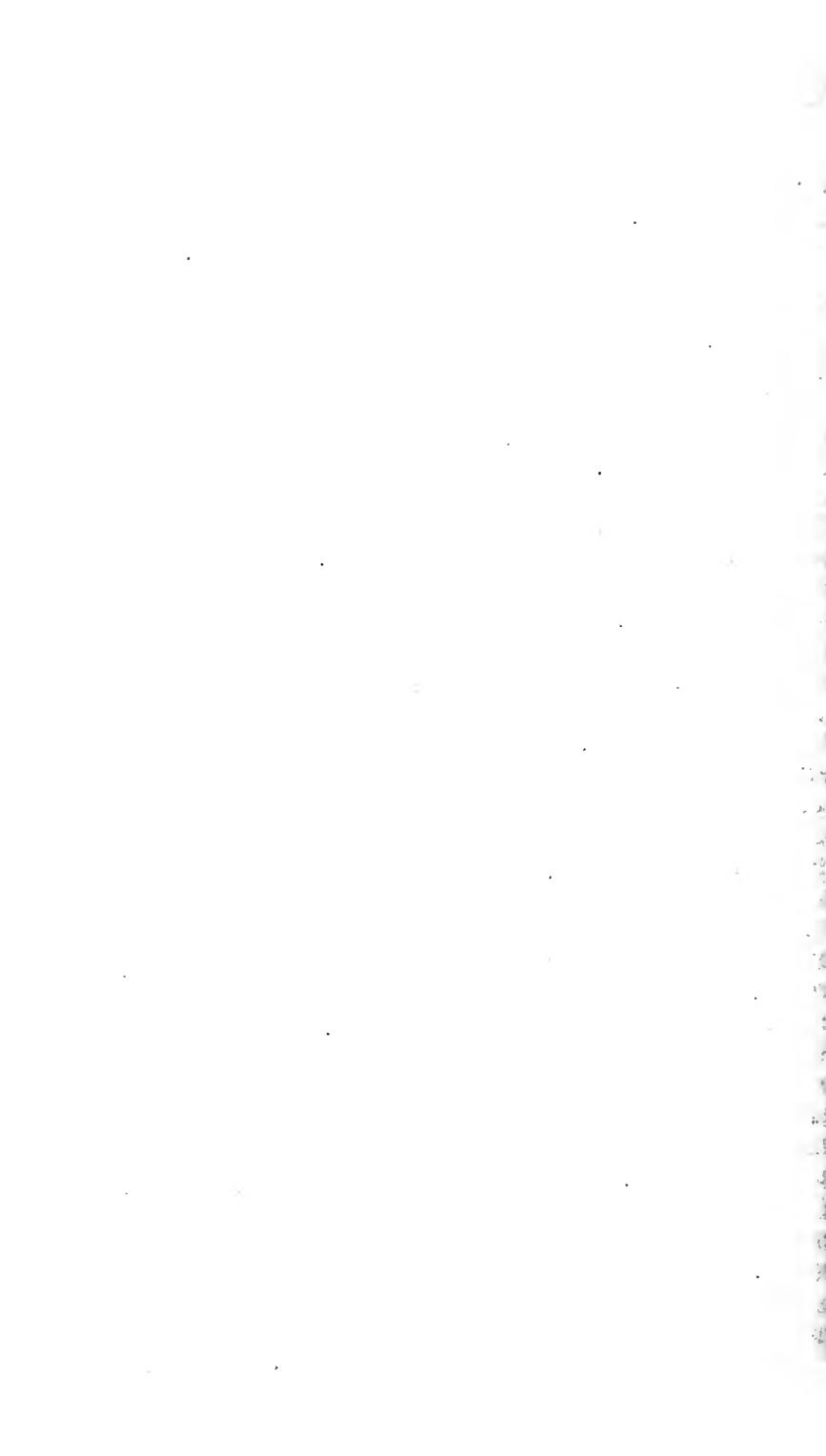
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ment of their reasoning powers working in harmony. Hear also some funny things. And they are unconsciously amusing.

Took to wearing the grouch out on the fiddle. Better to be scrapping the feline intestines on a fiddle, than rubbing one's own with a 'perturbation of the abdominal cavity', commonly knowing as a —lly ache.

More reading, Emerson, Catholic Encyclopedia, and more of the same. Managed to get in several good hours reading things worth while, and then took a shot at the papers to see the number of murders, suicides, prize fights, and all the other junk that is served up as news to poison the multitude. Not that I read much of any of them, just take a squint at the heading and take it for granted that in a murder some fellow is killed and as I do not know him, the details are not of any interest to me; or if it is a robbery, some fellow got somebody's goods without paying for them; or if it is a suicide, well, some fellow shuffled off the mortal coil by some means or other. The whole sum of knowledge gleaned from the studied perusal of the daily paper can be carried around in the ear of a flea and then it will rattle like a grain of wheat in a half bushel. But as for scandal, wheel! A garbage wagon would be required to carry the load and it would be slopping over.

That sounds rather drastic in regard to the Palladium of our Liberties. Well,





there is more truth than poetry in it. Look at the ordinary daily paper. Front page, all the latest scandals, 2nd page, continuation of the first as there was not room enough on the first page for all the attractive dirt and slush they dish up daily. Third page, Society, fashion, whee. Say, if any one dressed according to the styles they picture there, she ought to have her head examined or sent in to put on some more clothes. Poor foolish lass is exposing herself to the danger of pneumonia or freezing to death. Fourth page, sports — only decent page in the whole paper and it is half bunk. Fifth page, market report, record of manipulation of market to gouge the lambs. And then all through the paper you find advertisements, the best in the land, 50% off, come quick and let us fleece you before the other fellow does. Lies, lies and lots of lies. All for the sake of gathering in the dollars.

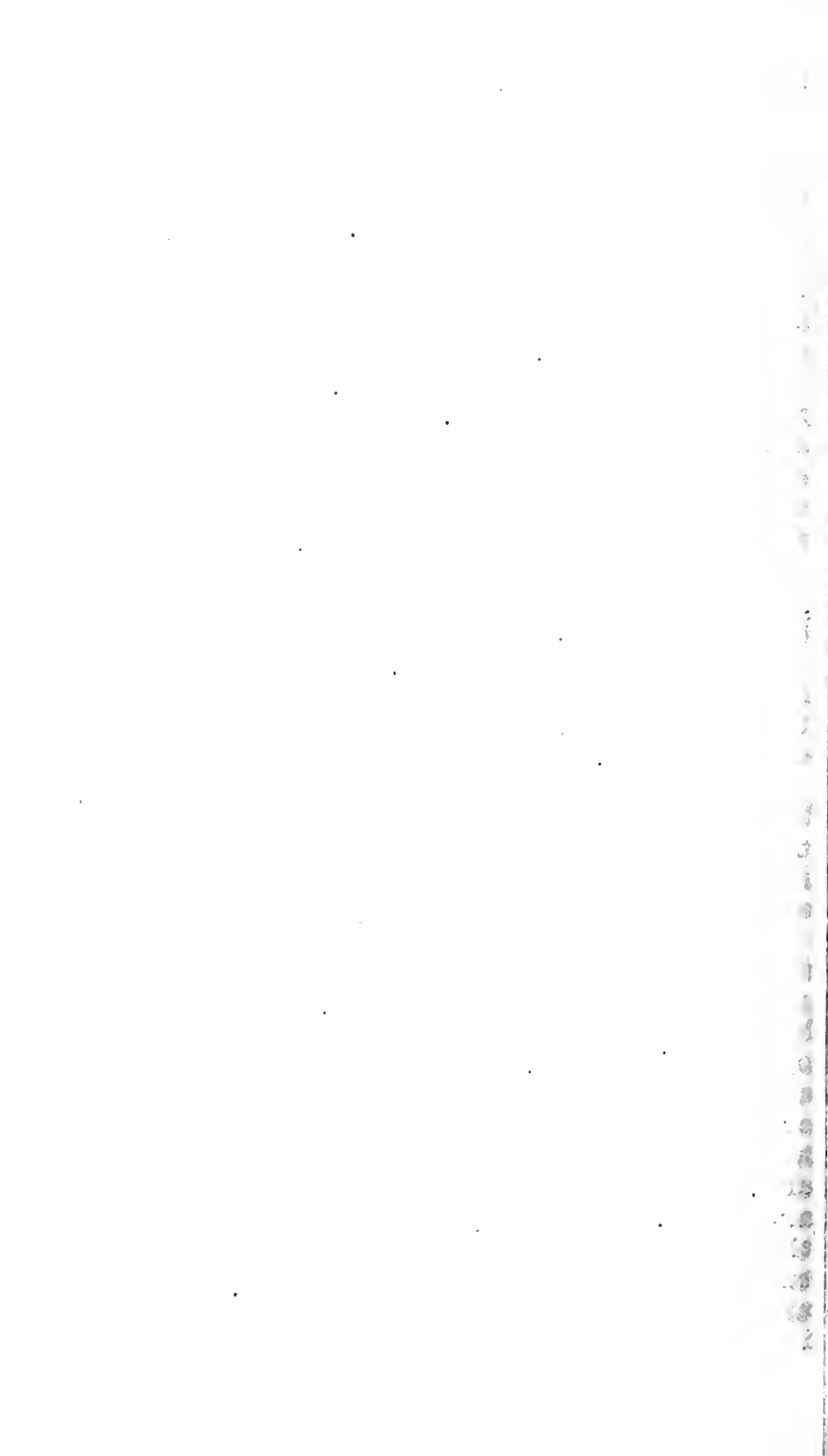
More snow and more wind and more reading in the p.m. Emerson in his discussion of the traits of the Englishman brings out many things that will explain the development of things in Europe today. However, you cannot blame the Englishman for a lot of things that are being done as it is the Welshman and the transplanted Canadian acting the lickspittle to win his spurs that will account for the damnable deeds that are being done in the name of the Government. I suppose the rank and file of Britishers would be



ashamed to undertake the things that are perpetrated as their sense of fair play would not permit it. However, they are being done and in the name of England and the Englishman will have to bear the odium for ages, for they smell to high heaven. Ah, well, time will tell what the end will be. Providence rules the world.yet. Out of the crucifixion of the Son of God came the liberation of the human race: perhaps God has something good in store for the persecuted that we do not know.

December 17th. Just freezing and that is all. Lots of snow and winter is at hand with a foot of the beautiful. Funny, to be on hand with a foot. Reading all morning when I was not taking a scrape at the fiddle. Nothing like a little life in the house these days when callers are so few and far between that it is hard to remember when we saw the last one.

Ran across a beautiful selection By some gent from across the Rhine. He must have been feeling very mellow when he penned that one. It is really beautiful and if played well would hold one in ecstasy, but as my method of playing is more according to main strength than art, the result is more efficient than artistic. However, I notice some things that have occurred in my observations of music about this mundane sphere. Time was when a good rollicking ranting roaring song with a lilt to it to set the



feet jigging was about the acme of musical perfection for me. Well, times have changed from the bucolic roughness to the present state of appreciation. It is a toss-up between the sweet strains of some Italian opera and the plantation melodies rendered by some high class songstress. Both appeal to me, the first for the art of it and the second for the sweet sentimental strain that runs through them all. Perhaps it is because they have such associations with the scenes of childhood that they are so endearing. In any case I like the old plantation melodies and there are few that do not. I am not musically able to state what is the real merit of those simple melodies, but they just have me listening hard every time I hear them well rendered.

Went down to the city today. It is not easy ploughing through the deep snow. However, after considerable sliding and slewing I managed to get to the store which was the object of my business. Did not stay long. Did not see the stores crowded with Christmas shoppers. Perhaps they have all their purchases made, and perhaps they are cutting down on expenses owing to the touch of hard times at hand. From all over the country you hear the same report of shops closing down. Store keepers say that folks are not buying and they are losing money — that is, they are not making as much as they have been accustomed to exact during the past three or four years. Heretofore

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buying in stores was pretty much of a hold-up. In fact it was about the same all over. Now prices are beginning to drop and shopkeepers caught with a line of goods on hand purchased when they were high are due to suffer a loss. Well, a lot of them can stand the loss as they managed to accumulate a lot of unearned increment during the period of phrenzied price hoisting.

Still hammering away at Emerson and his discussion of the English character. He seems to have been a very observant man and what he said over sixty years ago may be still observed with an eye half open.

Sleigh bells were merrily ringing up and down the hill today. Some musical, some just a mere rattle of metal. You can notice the difference in the general tone of traffic now. Heretofore it was the more or less discordant, nerve-wracking horn of the auto that made a man jump in spite of himself. Now you hear the merry tinkle of the sleighbell and it peals softly oe'r the hills. Besides there is the general look of winter about the whole scene as you see men and women gliding by in their cutters with heaps of snow accumulated on them in their journey. They look like Santa Claus coming into town to see what is taking place.

Good walk after supper with the brethren. Talk was mostly of an historical nature, present day history at that. More or





less spirited expression of opinion on events as they occur or affect our minds inclined to one side or the other.

Lost my pipe. Lost a friend. When you lose the old dudeen that has been with you in your travels and afforded solace to you in your troubles, you regret it. At least I wish I had that pipe again.

December 18th. Saturday, Snow. Dornoch.  
That's it for today.

The usual morning activity of Saturday brought me up to noon with many a look out of the window to see what was going to happen to Charlie during the day. Nothing like cutting your cloth to the measure. Got everything ready for the road and at 1:15 set out. Oh, how it was snowing. One would think that the whole heavens were falling in snow. Looked as though it were making up for the past six weeks of winter when we had so little of it. Well, I started off gaily with a merry salute from Gus for a happy and pleasant journey. It was really a new venture for me. It is the first time in my life that I drove a horse attached to a cutter. Not that there is any difference between a horse attached to a cutter and a horse attached to a buggy, but there is a difference in the modus operandi. Well, I set out as I said and faced the snow. Pretty soon I did not know whether I was to be Santa Claus or just a snow man. I banged away along the road trying the means best suited to keep the snow from hitting me



directly in the face, but it was a case of grin and bear it. I had some idea of what I looked like from seeing others passing on the way to town. If they were in a bad plight I was worse, for they had their backs to it, and they looked like so many fried hams. You could light matches on their faces, as they were lit up with the cold.

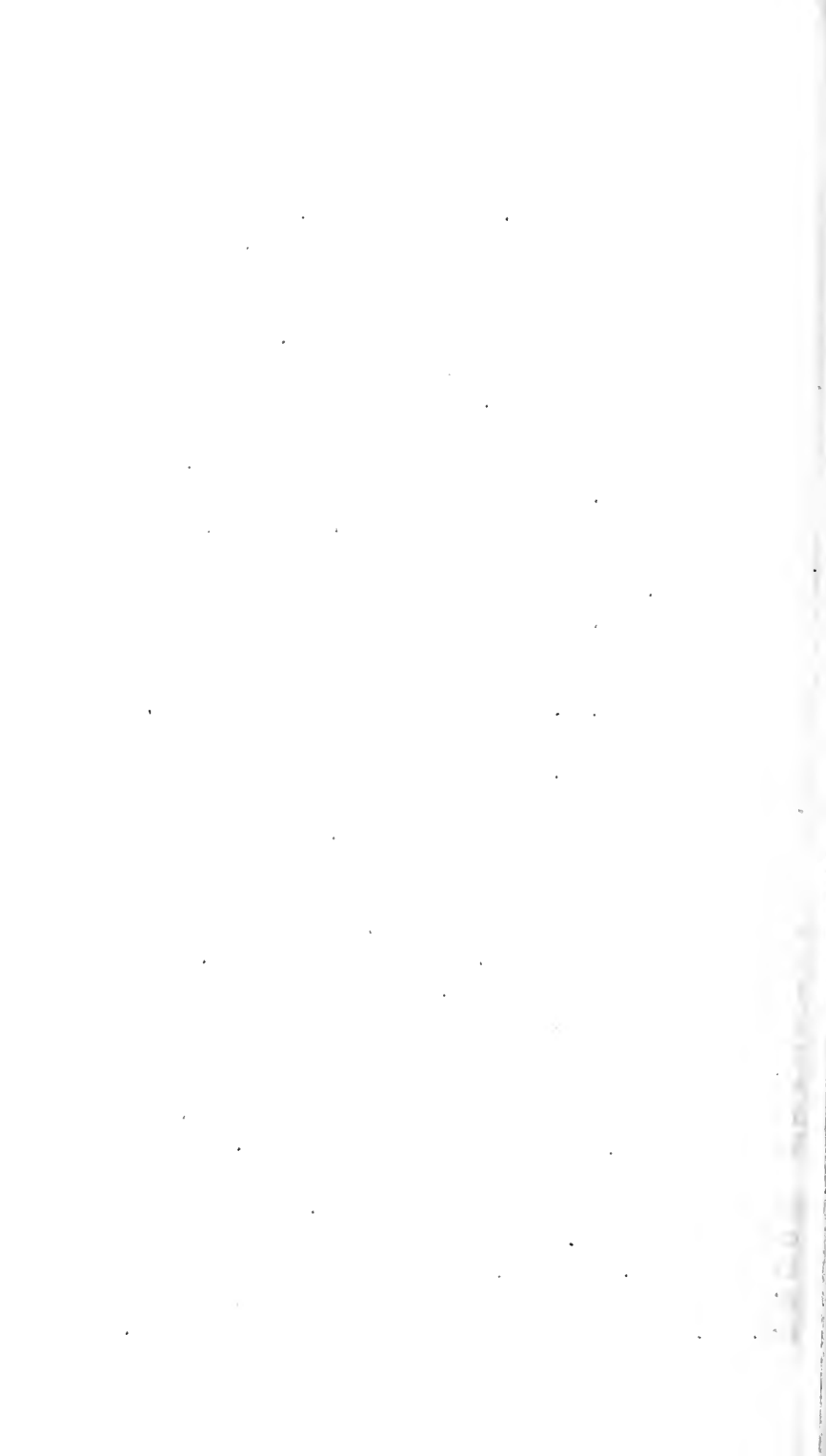
Got to Chatsowrth in good time and kept plugging along kicking up the powdered snow. Beyond Chatsworth it began to blow and the snow began to pile up in the road where the hills sheltered it. That is one of the reasons why cutter riding is not as pleasant as it might be. But there is no need of getting stuck in a drift until you come to it. The prospects for dirfts later on were good. Well, I picked up George V- and had company from Chatsowrth to Dornoch. That helped some. Did not talk too much as every time I opened my mouth to speak I had to spit out a mouthful of snow before I could say anything. We got to Dornoch finally and I dropped George at his gate. I pulled into J. S.'s yard looking like the spirit of winter coming to visit the family. J. took charge of the horse and I adjourned to the kitchen where I put my feet in the oven to warm them after shedding my fur coat and cap and a blanket of snow. Got a welcome from the family and then lit the pipe for a chat with the folks to find out who was sick, died, got married or anything that pertained to the welfare of the parishioners.



Spent the evening with the family and had some company. Heard Mr. L- playing music on a piece of birch bark. It was an imitation of a clarinet and was really a good performance considering the nature of the instrument. It was something new on me. He and Mr. M- played a duet, Mr. M- sawed off some selections on the fiddle and Mr. L- accompanied him on the birch bark. Some combination. It would send a hyena into hysterics to hear it. Waow, the noise they made and they went at it so intently. Crawled into bed about a quarter to--.

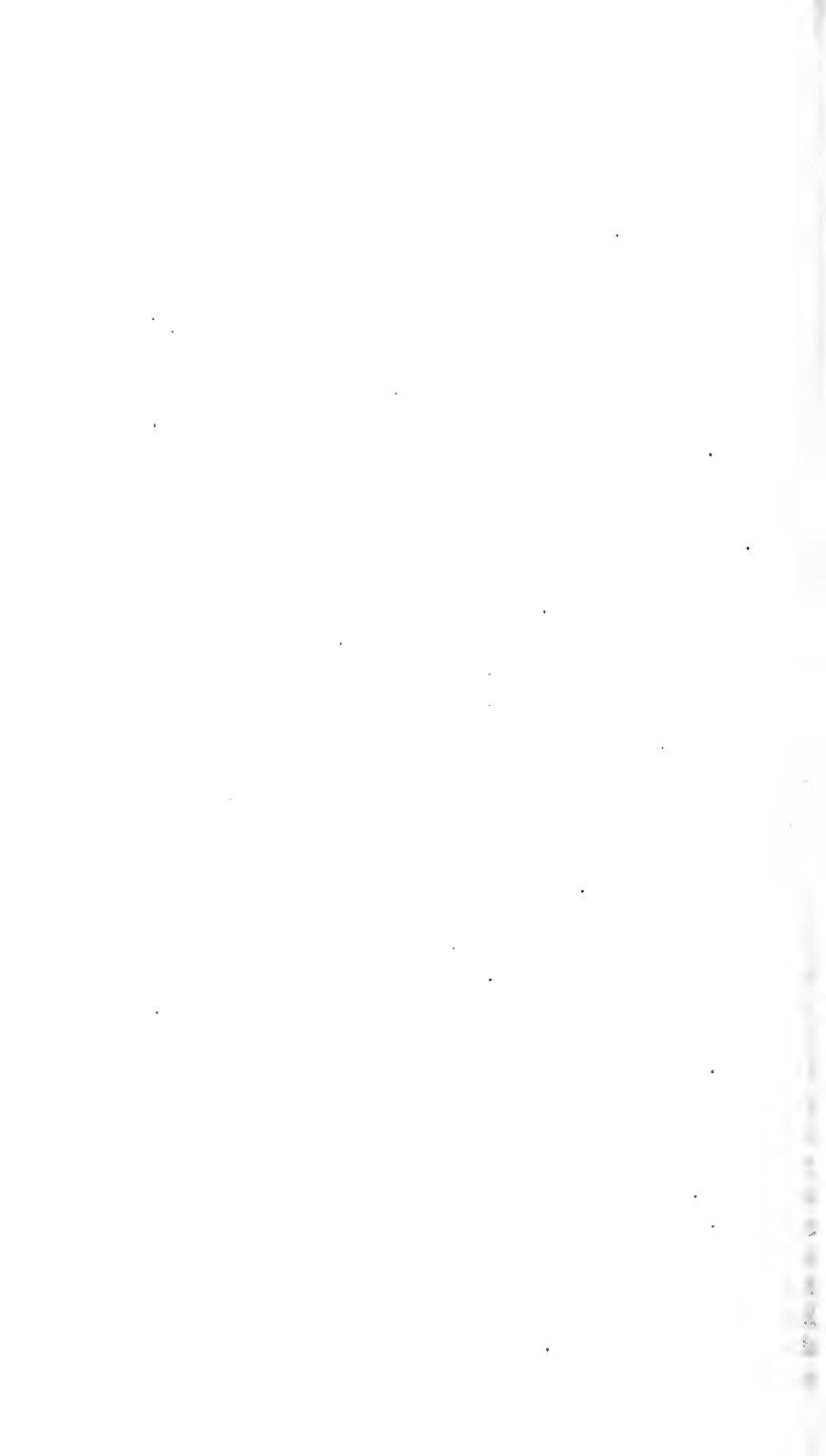
December 20th. Snow and lots of it. Had to ford my way up to the church. A pair of low rubbers is poor protection against the snow when it reaches the knees. Well, I got there much out of breath and blessing those that put the churches on the tops of the hills to look at. Heard confessions before Mass. Had about 25. Began High Mass at eleven. Should have begun at ten-thirty, but then one has to hear the confessions of folks when they are willing to drive eight or ten miles fasting on such a morning as this. God bless them, they are all right.

Went to dinner with Mr. V-. Had a sick call to make. Only four miles facing the storm. Well, they were cheerful about it, why should I grumble. Got to Mr. J. V's shortly and met the folks.



Had a consultation in the sick room and all took a hand in the talk, even the sick lady. Conclusion we arrived at was that a man is a might poor article around a case of sickness of this kind, the place for him is in the woods. A doctor is about the only man of any use in such circumstances. The poor lady was sorry to lose her little child. Born dead. But then she assured me that it was through no fault of hers, as she took the best care of the case she knew of. She regretted that the poor little thing did not live long enough to receive baptism. The doctor said it had been dead for some hours. Left for home or rather for Mr. V's again and left them all smiling. I told them several old yarns about folks I used to know, some of the odds and ends of the comedy of life I used to know at home. They enjoyed it, even the sick lady had several merry grins lighting up her countenance.

Had supper with Mr. V- and then took the road back to J.S. Said my office and was ready for whatever came my way. Had a little music and some other entertainment. Did not bring home any skunks this time. J and I sustained our reputation for being able to beat the good lady of the house and any partner she chose. Retired at the usual retiring hour. As J. is not very particular about the hour for retiring and all the family is built along the same lines, it was not exactly eight-thirty when we went to roost.





December 21st. Lots of snow. Acres of it, mounds of it, mountains of it, and I had to climb the hill again. I did it. Had about twenty at church. Nearly all went to Holy Communion. Brought Holy Communion to Mrs. V-. She is much improved this morning. Was very feverish during the night but towards morning the fever went down to 101. Hastened back to J- for breakfast.

Took to the road at 1:15. And it began to snow again. Whooped it up in grand style. Everywhere I look there is snow. The fence posts are capped with it, the fences are festooned with it, the stumps are buried in it, and are like so many mounds of snow. The houses are blanketed in white mantels, the farmyards lie hidden with all their ugliness concealed in mountains of snow. The road is nothing more than a trail leading over hills and hollows, between two banks of snow sharply cut by sleighs that have gone before me on their way to town. I was glad they had broken the road for me as it is not pleasant to have to plough one's way through huge drifts of it with the prospect of getting mired and stalled in the middle of a heap of snow. And it kept on snowing hard and the wind began to blow and I was like a mummy curled up in the robe and fur coat just going some place and not caring whether I got to my destination or not. Beyond Chatsworth, at Rockford, the drifts were deep and dangerous. Hated to meet other teams, and met a lot of them.



Got home at last and got a glad welcome from the folks. I was glad to be in out of the storm, and when I got snugly stored up by the fire, the snow stopped. But there is a pile of it outside. It looks so beautiful and soft and velvety, harmless, etc. until you have to get out into it and then you know what it means to be stormbound. Put in the rest of the evening reading and just loafing. Pretty tired after the doings of the last three days.

Got a couple of letters from abroad. One from Seattle. They have nothing like this out there. Nor have they anything like it down home where the other letter came from. They have it milder and muddier, and their climate is more variable. Well, I shall try to make the most of this as long as it lasts, and from the looks of things it is due to last for some months. One advantage of all this snow is that in the Spring when it melts the farmers will be able to get on the land immediately as there is no frost in the ground.

December 21st. As usual there is lots of snow with a promise of a change in the weather. Spent the morning typewriting some Pastoral letters to be read at the missions for Christmas. Bishop's greetings to his flock for the Grand occasion. Beautiful and simple, and heartfelt. The first of the kind I have seen in all my years of the ministry. I suppose other



bishops do send out Christmas pastorals but I have not seen them. No wonder the people think a lot of their Bishop when he thinks of them with all the solicitude of a father.

Put in the afternoon reading and writing. Nothing very serious but just resting up a little after the strenuous days just spent and getting ready for some more to come.

Went to the K of C open meeting tonight. Met a lot of the brethren there. It was not a very nice night for an outing, but a goodly crowd was present in the expectation of not going home empty-handed. I nearly brought home a turkey myself. Just missed it by a wing. Well, the lad that got it will enjoy it as much as I would and it is better that he got it. We had quite a nice social session of it and the promise of more of them during the coming months.

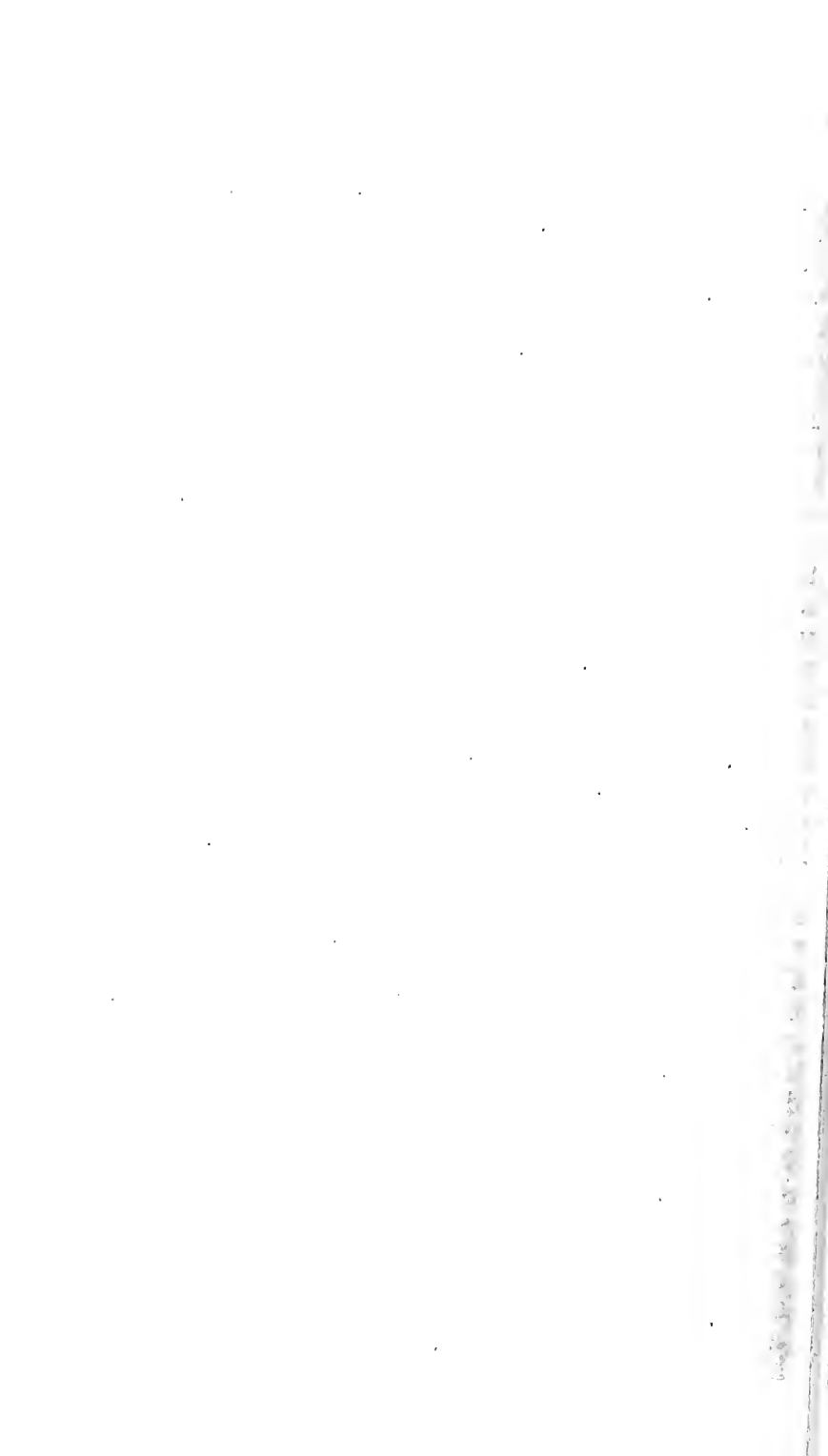
December 22nd. Raining today and to make matters worse I had to get out in it. Yes, started early, about 7:30 a.m. for Chatsworth where I had to sing High Mass of Requiem. It was not nice travelling as the roads were drifted more than before and there was a frozen crust on the snow and I had to break my way through that for about six miles. I had to go rather slowly, and it took me considerably longer to get to Chatsworth where I



arrived half an hour late. Well, better late than never. I got more or less wet as there are no side curtains on our cutter, and it is difficult to manipulate an umbrella and take care of a horse at the same time. I begin to see that there is a lot of this mission life that I never dreamed of, and it is coming to me in the shape of a nightmare now. Some day I shall take a dive into the deep snow and crawl out in Bruce County.

Sang High Mass with all the sweetness that nature gave me — and it is not very much — and then retired to the rectory — D.H.'s house for breakfast which served as dinner as well. Putting the two together I managed to fare very well. Called on D. to see how the sick were coming. Heard she was holding her own. Bought a pair of high rubbers from D.H. and made ready for the road.

The journey home was more agreeable than the journey to Chatsworth. I guess a full stomach — even a missionary has to talk of creature comforts at times, and many times — had something to do with it. Going out there was that black devil sitting on the seat of the cutter with me and telling me it was no morning for a human to be out and all that kind of junk. He nearly had my goat as the saying is, but a fiat voluntas tua, Domine, tumbled him off the seat and I saw no more of him till I was coming back. He tried to get on again about where I dropped him, but I shooed him

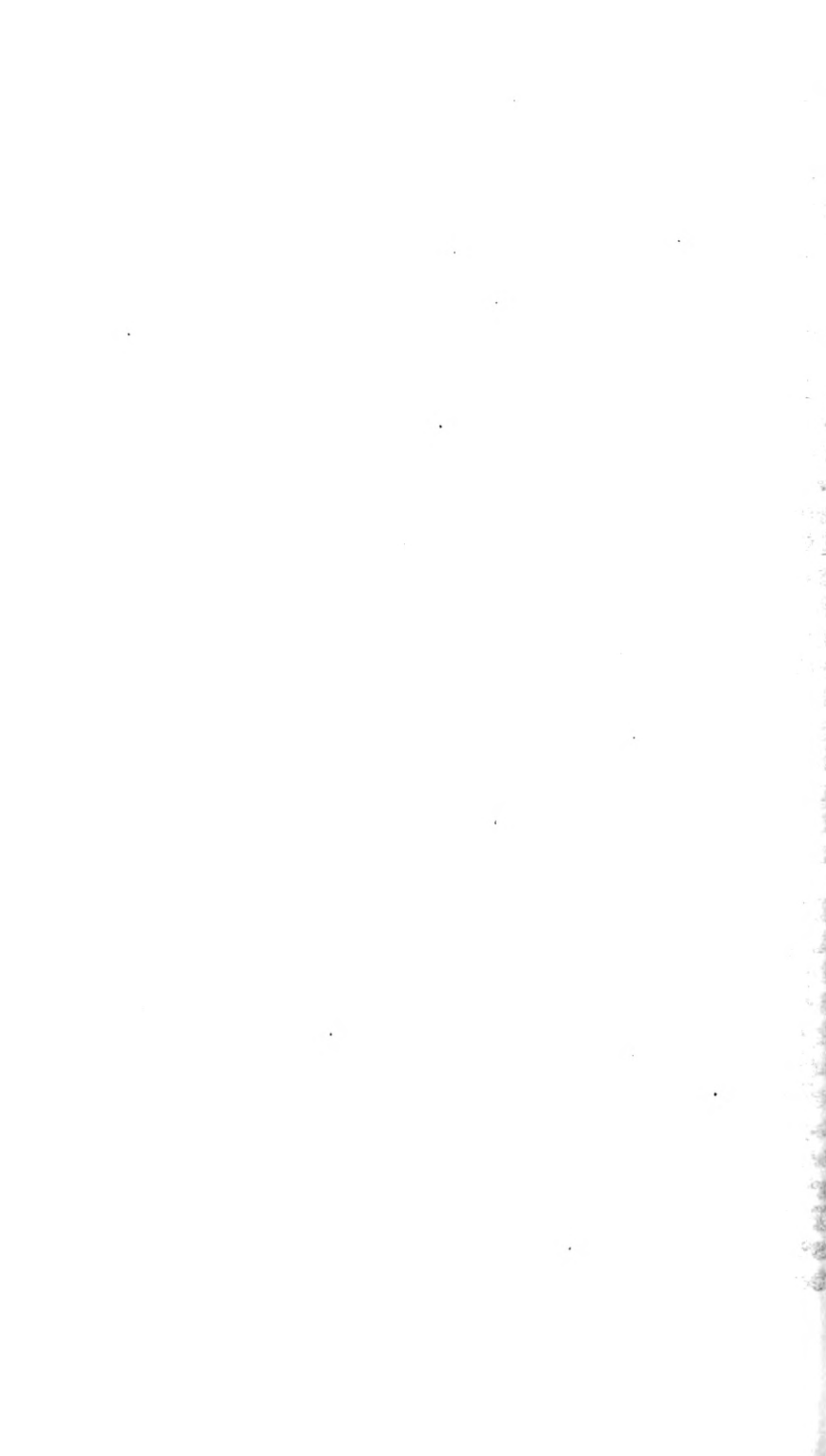




off and made my way home through the drizzle of rain that had been falling all day. The snow is going rapidly and if the rain keeps up there will be little of it left. The record showed a fall of 26 inches in about two days. That is a great depth of snow and when it begins to pile up in drifts it makes the roads impassable.

It is remarkable how thoroughly the country folks adapt themselves to the conditions around them. Here they are apparently hemmed in and cornered up with snow and you will see them emerge from their quarters ready to take the road to the city for business or hitched up to the sleigh set off with rattling trace chains and jingling sleigh bells to some of the neighbors for an evening's entertainment and feel as comfortable as a bug in a rug.

It is pleasant to hear the sleigh bells chiming at night as a sleigh load of young folks go swinging and swooping up hill and down dale laughing and chattering with a touch of some old melody thrown in for good measure. Young hearts keep time with the merry chiming of the bells. It is only the imagination of youth that can throw poetry and romance into the jingling bells and bumping sleigh as they race along the moonlit road with the snow piles high on both sides of them. Twenty years later the same crowd would just curl up in a robe and keep silent as the nags with their heavy feet plodded and ploughed along



the same road under the same material conditions. Time is a great changer of one's viewpoint.

December 23rd. Thawing this morning. Temperature 37. The roads are very soft and the horses sink into the soft slush as they push on toward the city with their loads of wood, or logs, or grain. Spent the morning just browsing around doing a little reading and some writing, some of it official and more of it private. Had a general discussion with McNulty about the weather, prospects for the road tomorrow, and all the while the beaver on the top of the school across the way was dancing jigs in the wind. He did not know whether he wanted to go or stay, so he just made off standing in the same place, if you can figure out what that means.

Noon time found the thermometer registering 30. Quite a fall during the past hour. The rain of the morning turned to sleet and by noon was a veritable blizzard, one of the howling kind that makes a man shiver and reach for more clothes. The longer it blew the more savage it became till the atmosphere was filled with flying particles or rather snowdrifts piling up in the air. I would not like to have to face that storm just now, bad enough when we have to get out.



Had a walk on the veranda after dinner with the brethren and talked of more weather. That is an unending topic around this house, as it has quite a bearing on our actions at times. Walked and talked weather for an hour and then adjourned for the rest of the afternoon. Spent some time reading some interesting stuff, and also worked a few kinks out of my elbow whaning away at the fiddle. I shall soon be able to play Bony Crossing the Alps, or something about as classical.

Got a letter from W. with the usual amount of good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. That is one nice thing about this season, you get lots of good wishes anyhow to show that someone is thinking of you a little bit. No harm to have a few friends left after all these years of ups and downs. Good friends wear well.

December 24th. Christmas eve. Snowing and outlook is good for a nice celebration tomorrow. Getting ready for the road and doing a lot of odd jobs that come up at a moment's notice and need immediate attention. Our assistant has not arrived from Toronto yet and speculation is rife as to when he will get here. I am getting ready for Chatsworth and Dornoch. Noon arrived with some little mementoes of the season. One particularly was beautiful, a little infant snuggling in a rose on a tripod. It was real cute and novel in its conception.



P.M. As our man has not arrived yet due to the train being late I am changed from Chatsworth and Dornoch to Hepworth and Wiarton. All took place in the last five minutes before the train was due to leave for Hepworth. I made a hurried transfer and got to the station in time to catch the Hepworth limited. You ought to see and ride on that limited. It is limited to the day and if it succeeds in getting to its destination on that day, well, it has maintained its schedule; if not, nothing is said about it. Got to Park Head and sat in the train an hour and a half waiting for some belated passenger train to make connections with our Wiarton special. Well, thank goodness there was heat in the train. We just sat there and looked out the window at the fields encased in their blankets of snow, and wondered when we would move. We finally did move and I reached Hepworth in time to get some office said before supper.

Went up to the church after supper and found no one there. Spent the rest of the evening visiting Mr. G- and adjourned about ten-thirty to the church. Folks began to arrive and I heard what confessions were to be attended to, about a wagon-load of them, and then got ready for Midnight Mass.

The Midnight Mass was quite a novelty to them. The silent hour of midnight, the brilliantly lighted church, the crib, the decorations — all gave a holy aspect to the little church and





the folks had the real Christmas feeling. Delivered a little homily on the occasion. After Mass we went home to E. D-'s. It was about two o'clock a.m. when we went to bed. Before retiring E- had his Christmas tree all decorated for the kiddies and there was an abundance of good things in the shape of toys and trinkets for all the family.

December 25th. Rose at six. Had to hustle to get the train for Wiarton. Just got to the depot in time to see the train pulling in. Arrived in Wiarton in 18 minutes and made my way up the silent street to M-'s home. Nobody up yet. Said Little Hours while waiting for the folks to appear. They got around sooner or later, particularly later. Went up to the church and heard the confessions of the congregation, about a dozen in all. Said two Masses for them and gave them a little talk on the occasion. Brought Holy Communion to M-.

Had Xmas dinner with the family. Took the two-thirty train back to Hepworth and went to E's for a family reunion. I was the only stranger in the crowd, and you would never know it. The priest is always welcome there. It was a great gathering of the clans. Three generations of them and they all made merry in an innocent way. Music, Xmas hymns, and choruses with a couple of violins filling in made the old home ring with mirth and melody. Hats off to the good



old lady of 75 who was the head and front on the occasion. She was as lively as the youngest and enjoyed the occasion immensely.

Left for E's about ten-thirty. Met some neighbors on the road who knew E-. I was introduced. The lady wanted to know what E- was doing out at that hour of the night. E- told her he had just been out to the farm to a family reunion. Oh, yes, she said, one of those E- feeds, one of the kind that when you bend over frontways you just spring back. It was a very realistic and complimentary description for she hit the nail on the head the first time. Retired in good time as I have to drive to Warton in the morning to say Mass. I was very tired after the day's activities.

December 26th. Rose about six-thirty. Snowed during the night. Nice morning. E- and I set out in the cutter with all sails set, that is lots of robes, and an umbrella. The wind began to rise and cut, but there is a lot of protection in an umbrella. Got to Warton in about 45 minutes and I went up to the church to get matters arranged for Mass. Had a few confessions and started Mass at nine. Mass over, we set out again for Hepworth with the wind blowing a blizzard, but we did not mind it as we were pretty well sheltered by the umbrella. Got to Hepworth in good time for services.



Sang High Mass. The choir threw their hearts and souls into the music and I felt as though I were back in the homeland when they brought out the homely and sweet Mass I used to hear years ago when I was a boy. The Christmas spirit is all pervading and they all passed around the words of good cheer to everybody else. Had another dinner with E-. Some of the folks were in from the country and we had a very nice time of it. Good cheer, and fine feelings — they made the gathering a success.

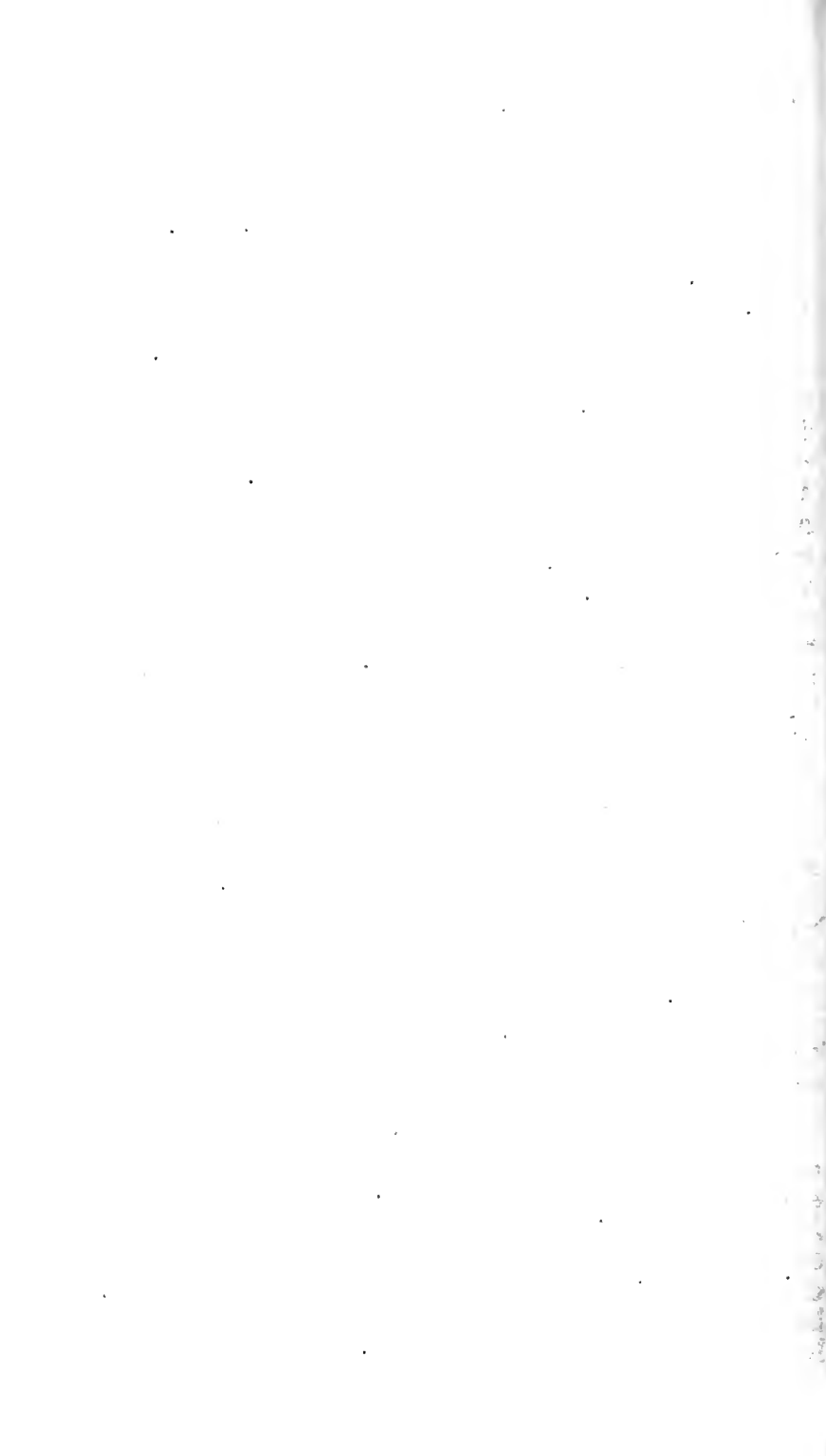
Went to call on Mr. G- and family. Had a nice visit for a couple of hours. Returned for supper. Feeling very tired. Took a nap, and so did E- before luncheon. Felt better for it. Had services in the evening and a good crowd was present. Spoke again on the feast. Another view of its significance. Talked about twenty minutes. They like to hear a man talk fine if he has something to say. I do not pretend to be an entertaining talker, but they listen with great attention whenever I speak to them. Returned to E-'s home after services and had a little entertainment with some of the neighbors for a short time. Retired very glad to stretch out and forget the world and its woes. Just dog tired.

December 27th. Up at seven. Brought Holy Communion to Mr. D-. Returned to the church and made preparations for Mass. Said some office. Began Mass at nine. Quite a nice sprinkling of people out for Monday morn.



Returned to E-'s for a light breakfast and then went up to call on Mr. D-. Spent an hour or so with him and the family. Cheered him up for all I knew how. Left him in good humor and took the train at twelve-thirty for home. Arrived in Owen Sound not more than 30 minutes late. Walked home from the depot as the horse was still absent with Father McNulty in Meaford. Reached the house in time to hear the phone ring for a sick call to seven miles beyond Dornoch. Real nice feeling came over me then. However, there was no necessity of going right away and told them we would call later. Of course, the critic will say, why didn't you go? You should have jumped in the cutter right away and tore through the snow leaving two streaks of melted roadway behind you caused by your meteor-like flight along the king's highway, and scattering snow like a hurricane. Yes, the book says that -- in some cases, but in this case it was just a little anxiety as the old lady was already prepared. Poor little child, she is only 85 years old. Healthy as a pine knot and good for fifteen years yet according to the estimate of a man passing by on horseback.

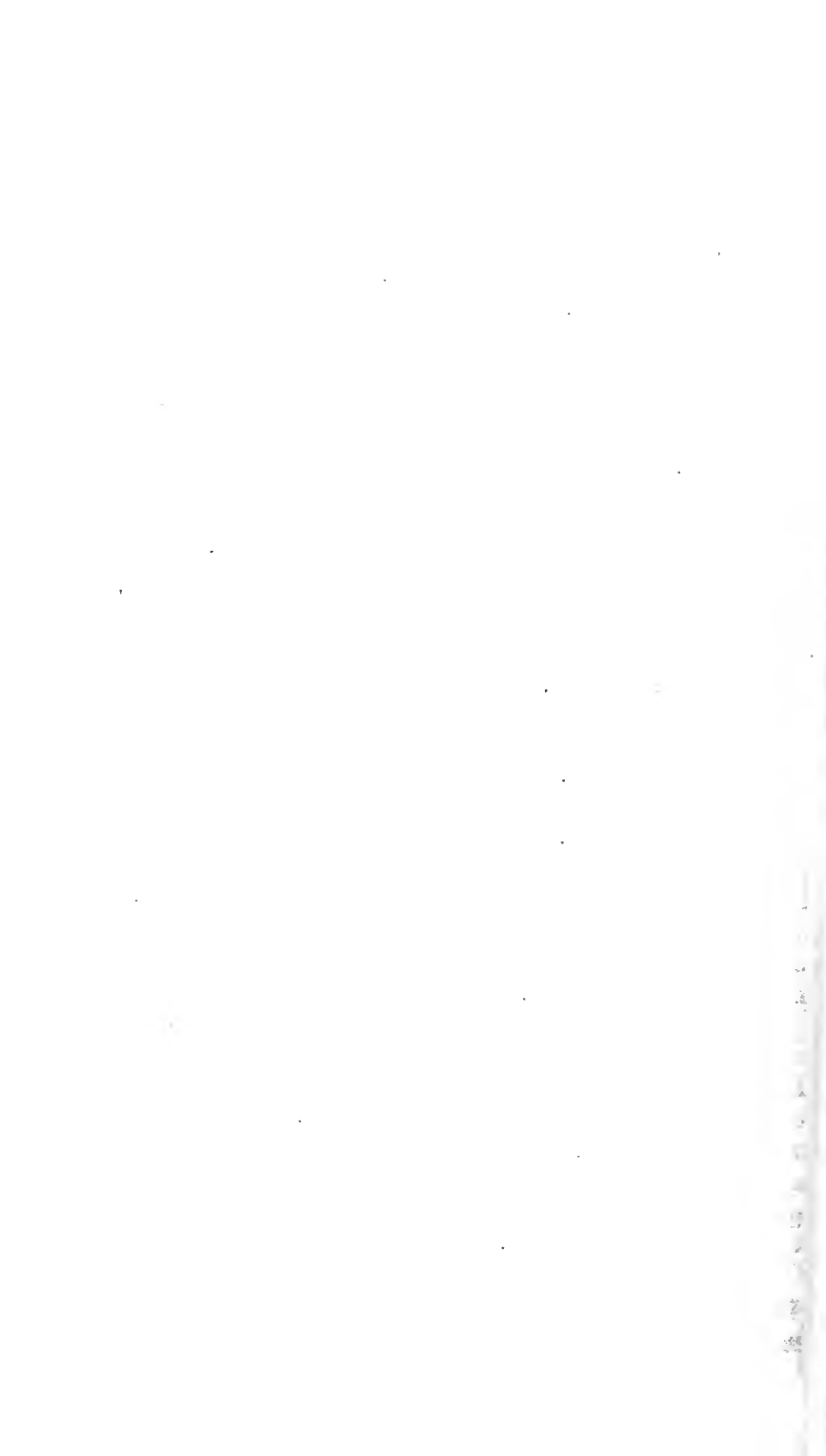
Had our Christmas dinner. It was a quiet affair. Only three of us as our visitor from Toronto did not stay with us. Sorry. He missed the prize turkey. Called on a neighbor for an hour after supper and then came home.





Oh how good it felt to crawl into my own nest after three or four days absence. I guess I must have got 100% for the night's efforts. Slept until my face ached. Was not bothered by nightmares as I was after the royal gorge at P-'s in Texas some years ago when we had a combination of turkey, sausage, sauerkraut and a lot of other filling. That night I had an animal with the body of a pig and the neck of a turkey roosting on the end of my bed and pecking at me all night and gobbling grunts to make the night hideous. It was some combination but then remember the source of the nocturnal creation. Wow!

December 28th. Snowing like all possessed and temperature runs about 27. Just performed the usual priestly duties in the morning and then browsed around the house for a spell. Spent some time recording the trials, tribulations and vicissitudes of the last three days. From all accounts they were not very heart-rendering. Any man could endure them without a tremor. In fact I felt rather delighted with the general trend of events. Did a lot of good work, had a lot of spiritual consolation out of it as well as considerable innocent pleasure thrown in for good measure. The Lord never frowned on innocent amusement, and never condemned laughter. It is a mystery to me how some fools do not consider that they have had a good time unless they get



down in the mire and wallow. Probably they are following their nature. Everything operates according to its nature and I suppose they have so thoroughly eliminated the spiritual from their systems that only the animal remains, and consequently only animal pleasure appeal to them. However, they are not to be envied their pursuits. They would think that something was wrong with them if they ever tasted the sweetness of the spiritual delights.

Morning passed away and with it the obligations fulfilled. Afternoon had another phase slightly different. Took a good brisk walk on the veranda after dinner and philosophied with my brethren. Discussed the different angles of pastoral life from the viewpoint of practice. I have much to learn about the mode of procedure in pastoral work and may perhaps never learn. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. I am ready and willing to tackle what comes up from delivering an oration to the nabobs of Booleyhooley to taking a trip to Dor-noch on a cold day with the frost curling up the fence rails and the snow blowing by so fast that it leaves a train of dust after it. Some hero — in my mind. Would rather hang around the stove when the thermometer is frozen up and the wind is whistling "Come all ye" around the house.

Father McReavey got home yesterday and made a call. Glad to see him and hear



of his experiences in his new field of labor. He enjoys it much and has plenty of time to study. Had a talk on books with him. He is delving into Pohle-Preuss and finds him very interesting. Any man would that has a liking for dogmatic study. It sounded good to hear him ring off a few tunes on the violin. He plays with considerable grace and feeling. His selection shows considerable taste. He differs considerably from the virtuosos — I guess that is what they call them — of Dornoch, who just throw the fiddle up against their shoulder and play. I should rather call it ripping out a tune.

Dined at the usual hour and had another walk and talk. Spent the evening reading. Took a look into the Faith of Our Fathers for a few points of interest and then rambled through some of the Catholic Encyclopedia for information. It is a good thing to have such a book of reference as the Encyclopedia as a man never knows when he will be called on in a hurry to settle some point of dispute or give some information that a man ought to have for the welfare of his people and friends. Found some very interesting data on given points.

The thermometer is falling and it is going to be cold tonight. The wind is rising and the roads will be filled by morning and then the first wayfarer on the road will have a nice time ploughing his way through drifts up to his neck.



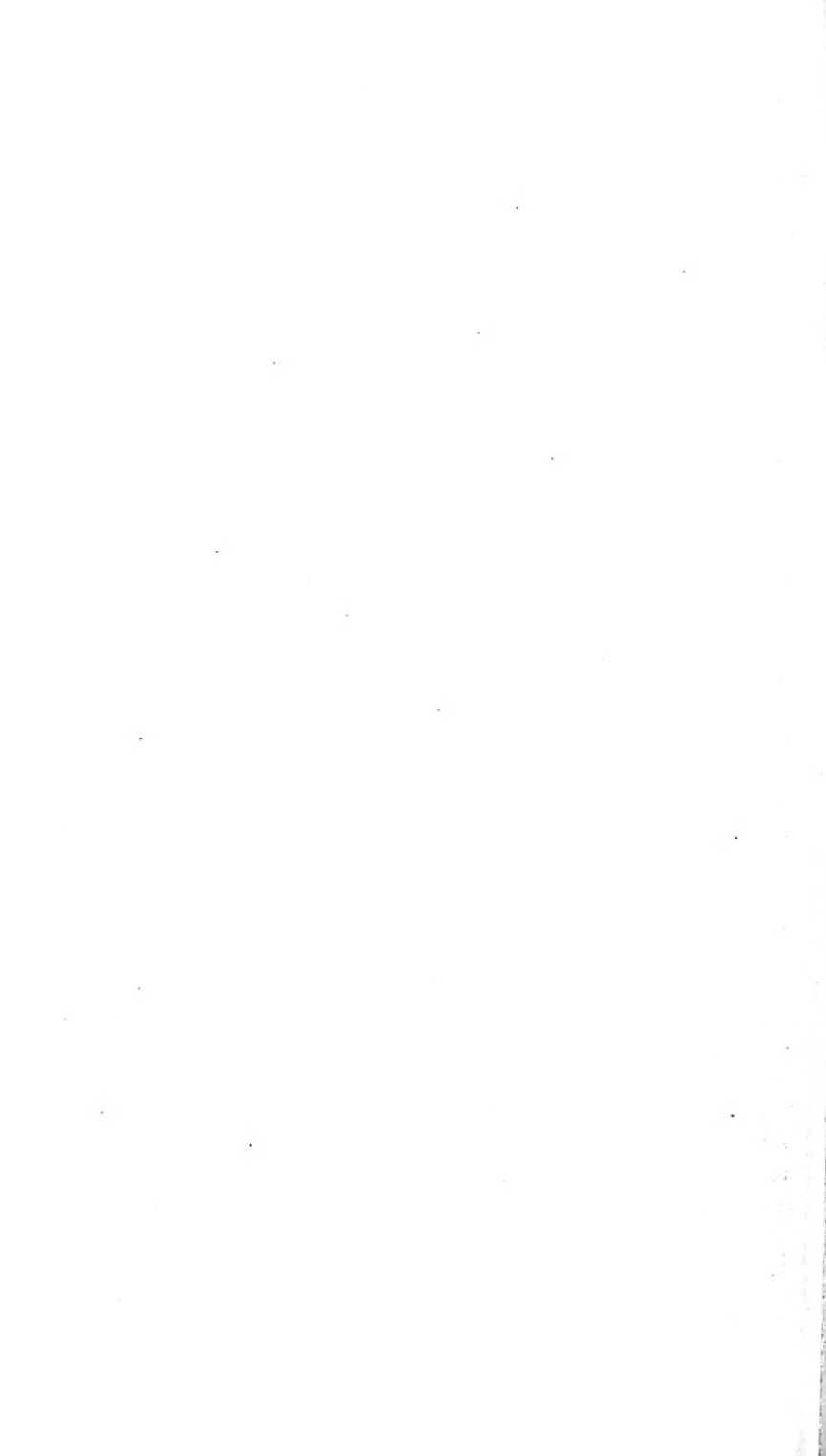
Got some Xmas souvenirs from friends and relatives today. Just cards to remind me that they are still alive and in good health. Like to keep in touch with them as it cheers them up and also has the same effect on me. Nominations at the school tomorrow for trustees.

December 29th. Nothing much doing today out of the ordinary.

Went over to the school at noon to hold nominations for School Trustees. Very enthusiastic crowd present. Three priests and three laymen. Well, we nominated, moved and seconded and resolved to our heart's content and then came home to dinner. Anybody not present at the nomination got an office. I do not know whether they will accept the honors we conferred upon them or not, but we conferred the honors regardless of their possible objections. Just like vaccination, we imposed the obligation and will wait to see how it takes.

Father McReavey took dinner with us. He is home for a few days to see his folks. Spent the afternoon in conversation with Father McReavey and also did some reading. Father McG- called after dinner. He remained with us overnight. I went with him to call on Father McReavey and had a pleasant hour with the folks.

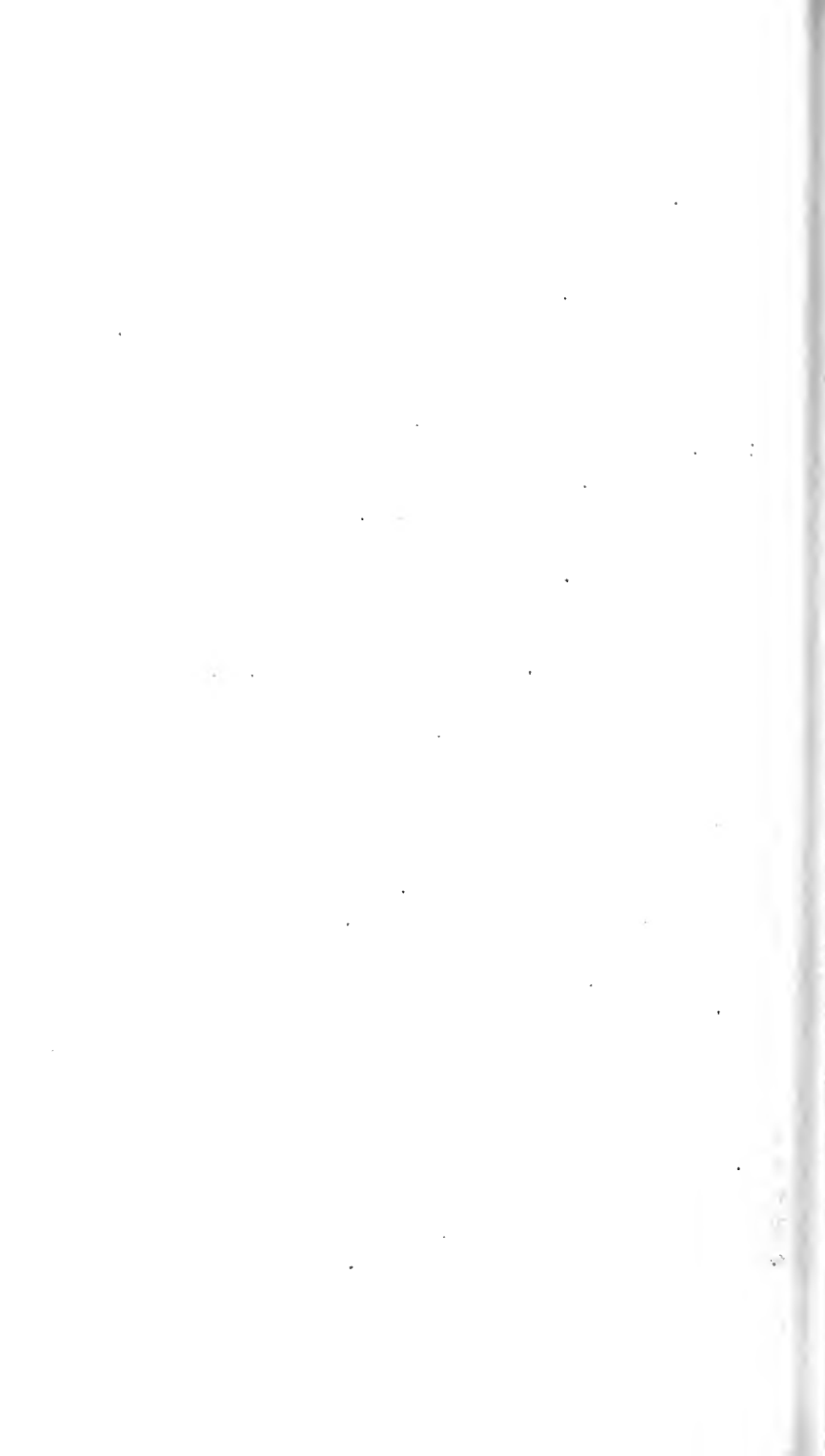
Just about ready to retire when I heard the phone ring. It sounded ominous. I listened carefully and the farther the conversation went the more certain





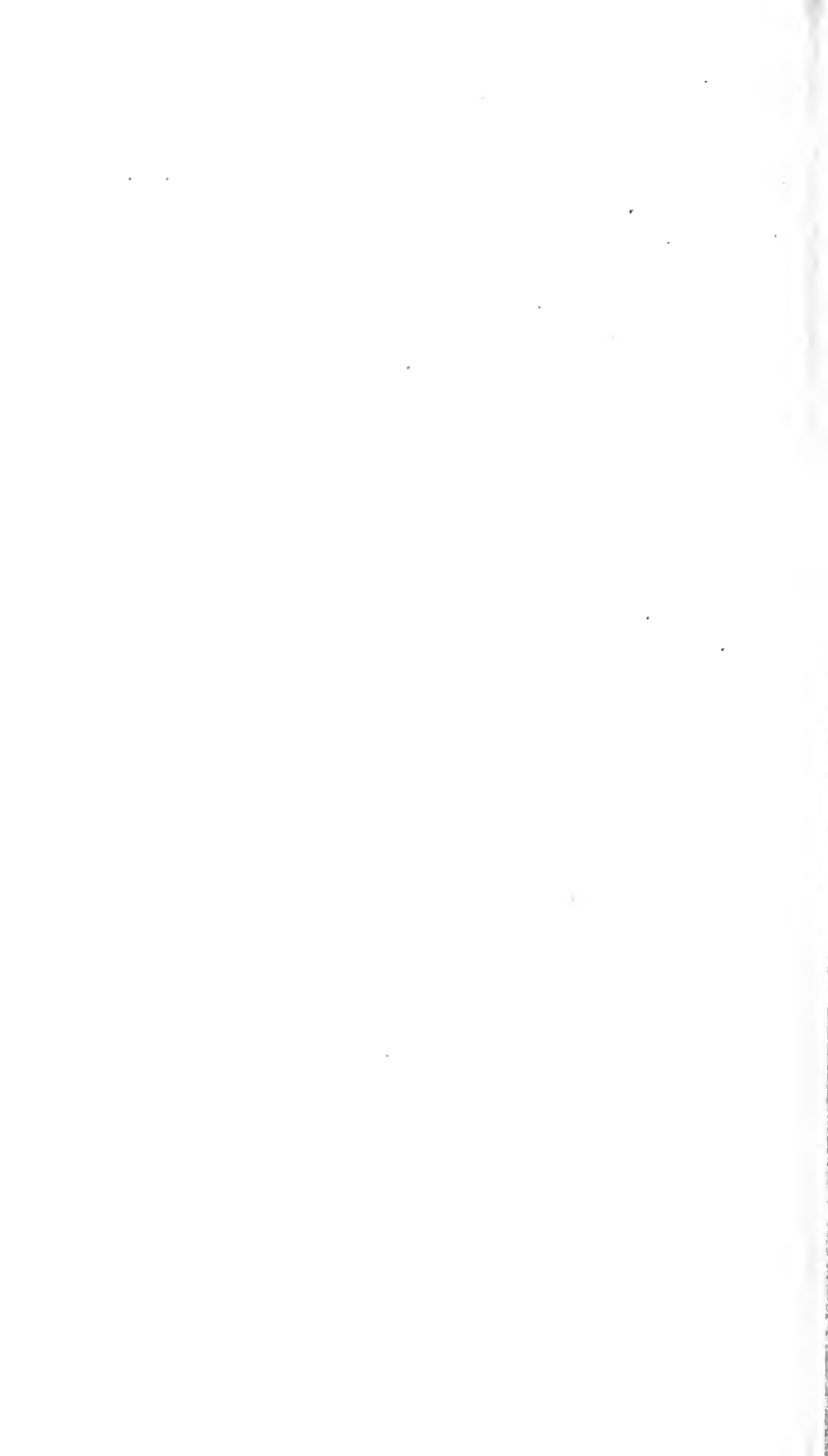
I became that there was a journey ahead of me. When I heard Father Roach tell them to meet the morning train at Elmwood I knew then that there was an early trip for me. He came up to see me with a grin on his face and looked at me. I looked at him with as large a grin as he had and asked what time the train went in the morning. He replied at 5:30. Then the air was thick with duds and doings. Getting ready for the train in a hurry at 5:30 a.m. Needless to say I was busy for some time and got to bed by midnight.

December 30th. Up at 4:30 a.m. which went against my convictions very much. Belgium's capital had nothing on me when it came to hurrying to and fro in the chill of the morning. Father McNulty rose to the occasion and got the horse ready for me and then took me to the depot. Thanks Father McNulty, you are a hero. Only an hour and a half ride on the cars before I take the sleigh, from the train to the train-eau. Rode along in the still dark hours of the morning with My Fellow Passenger. The rest of them did not see Him but He was with me and I tried my best to be attentive to what He wanted to say to me. He is a fine companion on the way. He speaks things to the heart that only the heart can hear, and in a language that only ove can speak.



I arrived at Elmwood about 7:00 a.m. Found Mr. S- waiting for me with the cutter. Got aboard the vehicle and set off through lanes and fields up hill and down dale, winding in and out among the hills, and finally reached our destination about eight. I immediately attended to the spiritual wants of the poor old lady that is gently slipping down the incline into the grave. She was most delighted to see me. It will not be very long before she opens her eyes in eternity to see the Lord Whom she welcomed into her heart on this morning. Poor old soul, God be good to her. She is one of those faithful old souls that stuck to God through thick and thin, and at times from all accounts of the olks they were pretty thick.

Had breakfast with the family and then sat around and talked with the family. Got ready to take to the road again at ten-fifteen. We gimped along the road to the depot with a lame horse and finally reached the place to find the train reported twenty-five minutes late. I do not like waiting for trains and hanging around depots. However, contrary to expectations the train came in on time, something unheard of before, and I was on my way home again. I finished my office and then spent the rest of the time on some light reading I brought along. Got back to the city about 1:30 p.m. Gus met me with the cutter and we sailed into the yard with a flourish in the most approved manner.



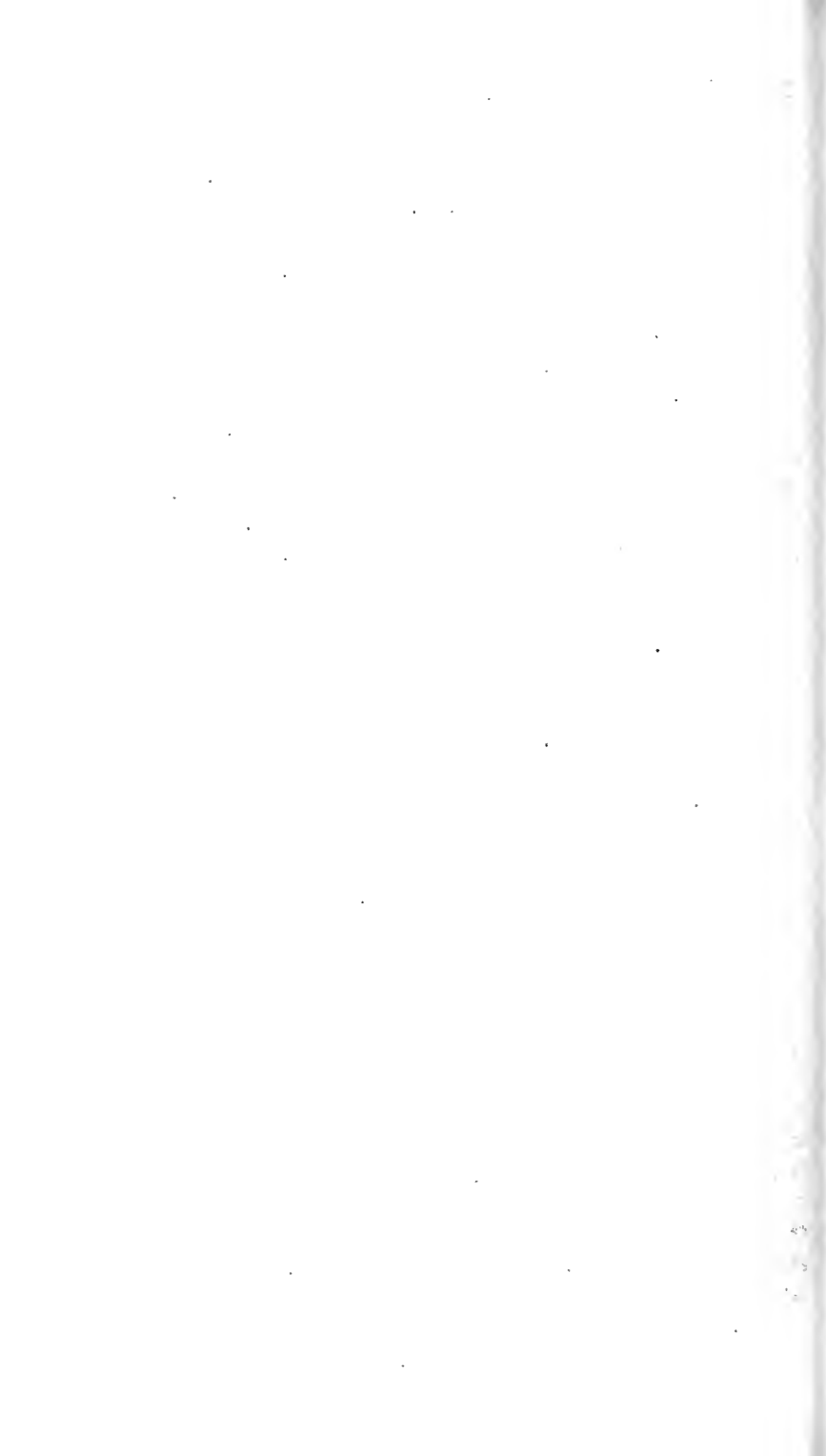
Had a lunch and gave the folks an account of the journey. Was just getting settled down to a little rest and recreation when the phone rang again. I had a presentiment of something unusual and I waited. I heard Father Roach saying I would be there on the morning train and to meet me at Elmwood. I meandered around to the neighborhood of the phone. He looked at me rather expectantly and I looked at him in the same fashion and told him I would go at once. When some one is dying it is no time to delay, though I had prepared this new call a few weeks ago. More hurrying to and fro. Took enough supplies to carry me for a week as I did not expect to be back for some days. Well, we finally got squared away, Doc, the horse, and I, and set out for Dornoch at three p.m. I never met so many rigs and outfits on the way before. Whole trains of logs and wood and was delayed considerably turning out in the deep snow to let them pass. However, they were mighty decent about it and facilitated my passage the best they could. Sauntered along as rapidly as I could praying that the good Lord would spare the old lady till I got there. Got to Dornoch at six. It was dark and the roads were in bad shape as the road-menders had ploughed up the snow on both sides and I was sliding from side to side like a kite-tail flapping in the wind. Changed horses and set out for another eight mile drive through



the swamps and hills of Bantick. Arrived there about 7:10 p.m. and found the old lady in possession of her faculties. Gave her all the sacraments. She was ill of pneumonia and did not have long to live. Her lifelong prayer had been answered, viz, not to die without the priest. How long she will live is uncertain, but it cannot be long. She is 85 years of age. Spent an hour with the family and then set out for J.S.'s abode where I spent the night. Got back at 9:30 and had supper. Had a little talk and then I retired as I was somewhat tired after the doings of the day.

December 31st. Said Mass at the church. Had some for Holy Communion. Can always find some folks to welcome Our Lord in Dornoch. Just mention church and you will find some who will be ready to attend. After Mass I said my office and had a little visit with the family. Got ready after dinner and drove to Chatsworth. The snow is deep and the road is in poor shape owing to the efforts of some genius who was trying a new idea in road building. I slithered around but managed to keep from upsetting till I got to Chatsworth.

Finished my office and anticipated for the next day. Called on Mr. D- and spent the evening with him and his family. Returned to my headquarters and retired for the night.

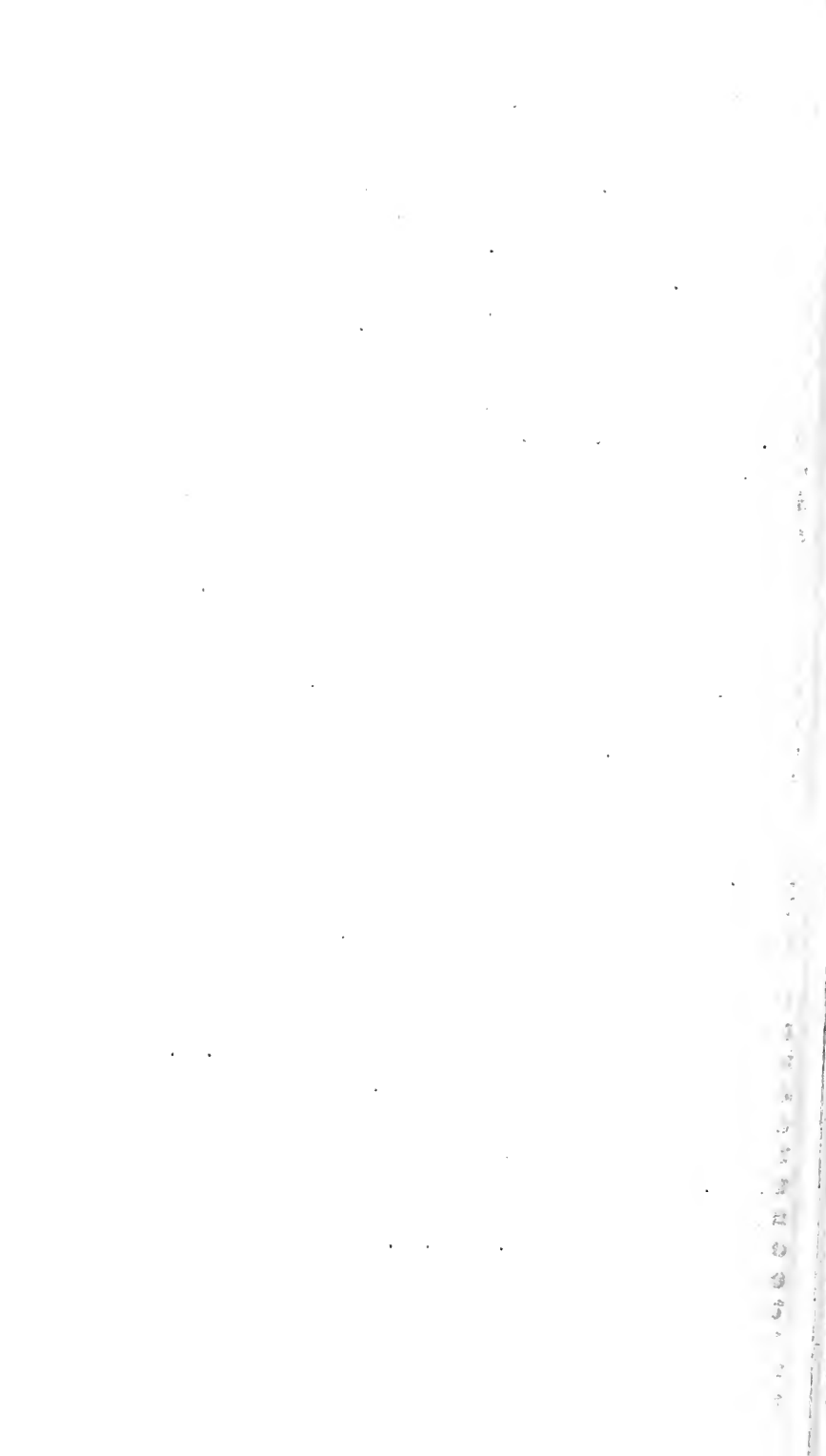




January 1st. Thawing and the snow going fast. Rained a good part of the night. Just drizzling this morning. Went up to the church and heard confessions. Sang High Mass and delivered a homily, a homely homily if you wish to call it so, and attended to a little business. Had breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. D-. It was more of a dinner. It had all the trimmings and fixings of a good first class dinner. Had some more company for breakfast-dinner and gave the good lady of the household a vote of thanks for her efforts.

Left Chatsworth for Dornoch at two-fifteen. The roads are heavy. The snow that was so deep yesterday is only a memory now. There is only about four inches where there was over two feet of it yesterday. I never saw snow melt so fast. No difficulty keeping on the road now. I managed to reach Dornoch in a little less than two hours owing to the sodden nature of the way.

Read my office and then put in the rest of the afternoon and evening looking wise and talking learnedly to J.S. and the rest of the family. The air was still full of Christmas and the feeling was still there, and will last for some time. The wind has risen and it is quite blustery outside with a sprinkle of snow falling. J.T. happened along and we had some old fashioned music, the kind they play on the fiddle.



January 2nd. Up betimes, will not say exactly what time, but early enough to have E.B. whisk me up to the church in his sleigh. Good old E-. J.L. says he is so good that he will go to heaven as straight as if he was shot out of a gun. Fine appreciation and reputation to have among the neighbors. It does not matter what kind of weather it is, it may be storming like all possessed, and you will find E- at the church with the fires lighted and the church warm and comfortable. He has to come miles to do so, but he never fails. God bless him and his wife. Sang High Mass and delivered another homily more or less lengthy. Was through services by twelve. Wished them all the blessings of the season. Prayed for the dying.

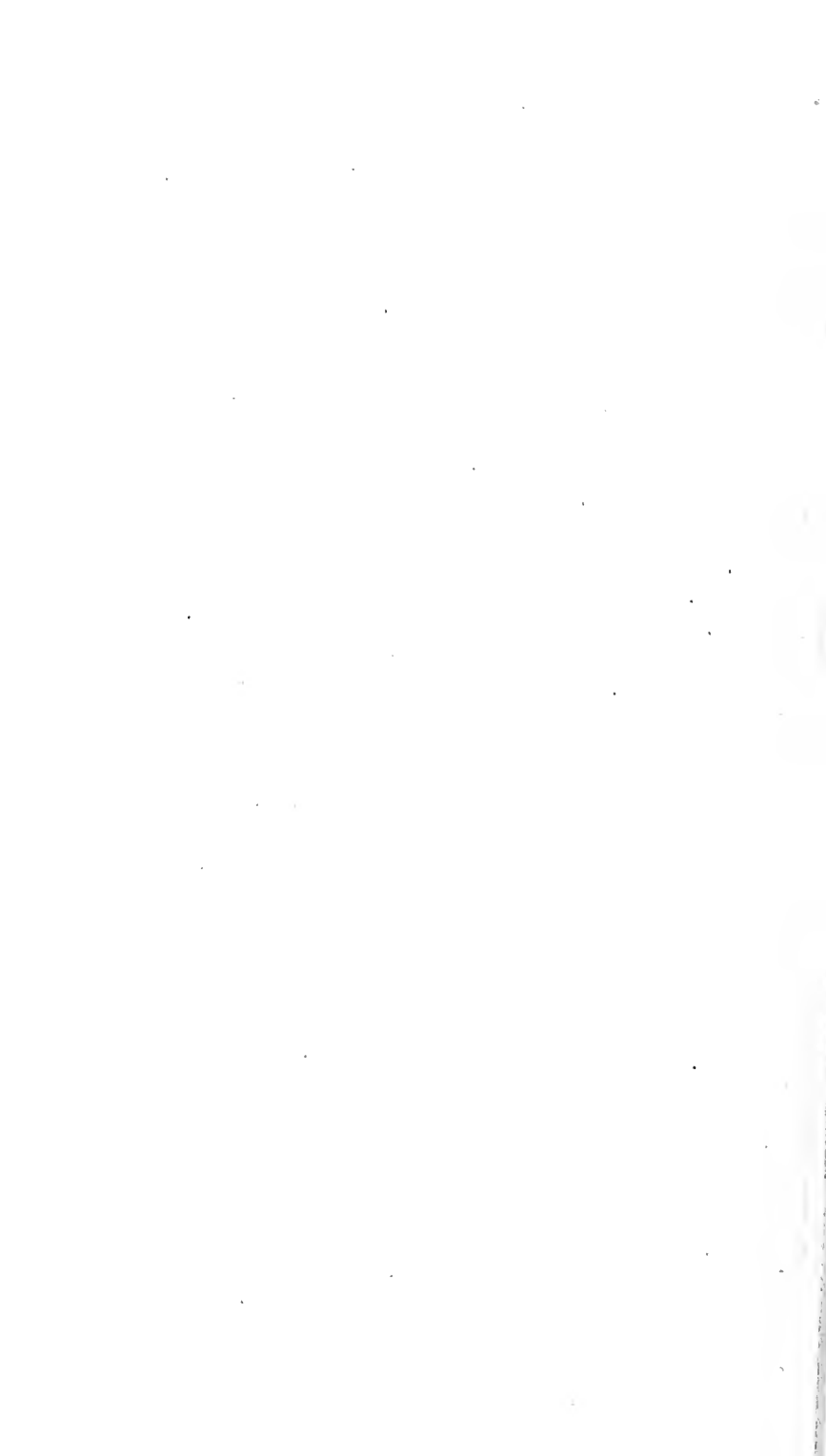
Spent the afternoon with J.S. and family. It was very quiet. The stillness was broken now and then by a battle between Jimmie aged two and Billy aged four, or by Jimmie protesting in squally fashion against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Evidently there must have been a lot of slings and arrows as Jimmie was doing his best to keep up a continued performance all evening. I think innocent looking A- provided the motive power of Jimmie's efforts as I saw here making wry faces at Jimmie and Jimmie would then put out a howl like a coyote on the rampage. When A- forgot to make a grimace, Joe would crook a finger and then Jimmie let fly again with another yowl. The strange part was that neither Mr. nor Mrs. S- could dis-



cover the cause of Jimmie's yowling. Retired there or thereabout and the last thing I heard was the far away yelping from Jimmie down in the long room on the other side of the house.

January 3rd. Said Mass at nine. Had several out for confession and Holy Communion. Brought Holy Communion to Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Fitzgerald. Only about a seven mile drive to reach them. The roads were not too bad, but as J.L. said, the cutter made a lot of noise. Got there about 11:00 a.m. and attended the old folks. Had dinner with the family. Got word that Mrs. Sullivan died last night at eight. She will be buried on Wednesday.

Set out for home at 12:45 p.m. Diddled and puddled along the road for the twenty-five miles from Kennedy's, the poor horse felt the journey very much. The gravel was peering through the melting ice of the road and many place the road was quite bare. If you stick to a journey long enough you will get some place. That is what I did. I pulled into the yard at 4:30. Put the horse away and got a blow on the nose from him as a parting souvenir of our outing. He was trying to get a drink and I was trying to prevent him as he was rather warm. He made me feel my nose to see if it was still there. It was, but it must have been flattened some. Gave an account of my long outing to the brethren and then retired to my room to say some office.



Feeling very tired this evening after all the plugging along the road. There is no reason why I should feel it so much, but the fact is that I did. Perhaps the continual jolting of the cutter had something to do with it.

Got several letters on my return home. One bore bad news. Father Moylan is very ill. Sleeping sickness set in some days ago. He is in Hospital in Detroit. Fears are expressed that he will not recover. Poor Tom, if he goes his place will be hard to fill. He is one man that did a big work in the Community. He seemed to have a special genius for the position which he filled. The boys used to think that he could read their minds. They often said so. They would rather take a belting than be sent into him. He could look right through them and they just quaked in his presence. I never knew so small a man to exercise so much power. His personality was wonderful.

Went to bed at 9:30 p.m. I feel as if I could stay there for a week. Perhaps I have a touch of sleeping sickness also, although there is not much fever accompanying my pathological condition. Well, tired limbs and a peaceful conscience argue for a good night.

January 4th. Snow nearly all gone and still thawing. Sleighs and cutters are scraping on the road pretty badly in spots. Spent the morn-





ing gathering up the loose ends of things that occurred in my absence, as well as writing letters for Father Roach. Managed to put in a very busy morning.

Took some exercise after dinner. A load of hay came along just before noon and needed putting away. I was conveniently present when the third man was wanted and was invited to lend a hand. I did so and we managed to get all the hay in without too much trouble. That man McNulty is a regular hay fork for pitching up hay. He was throwing it at me from all angles and in all quantities. I requested him a couple of times to load light and go often. He agreed, but there was not much variation in the quantity of hay he poked at me through the door.

Debate after dinner on whether it was advisable to use the cutter or take the wheels. Father Roach has to go to Dornoch for a funeral. His aunt is to be buried tomorrow. I advised the wheels, but he took the cutter and I am under the impression that he will wish he had the buggy in place of the cutter for the occasion. I came over the road yesterday and it was not any too good. With the continued thawing it has not improved and will be worse tomorrow as the indications point to warmer weather. Well, it was his funeral. He slid out of the yard about two. I am waiting to see him roll in.

Took a cursory glance at the Encyclopedia. Just looking up the records of the Magi.



There seems to be a diversity of opinion about them. I do not suppose it makes any difference to them what we think about the long trip they made, or how long it took them to get there, or when they arrived. Nineteen hundred years is rather a long time to look for their trail across the deserts of Arabia or wherever they came from. Holy Mother Church says they came and that is enough, one, three, or a dozen does not make any difference in the matter. They came.

January 5th. Still thawing and the roads are fast becoming impossible for the use of sleighs and cutters. Put in a rather busy morning at odds and ends of everything. Afternoon and evening found me doing the same as the morning. The usual topic of conversation between McNulty and me was whether Father Roach would make the grade home with the cutter or not. Much philosophy and profundity of observation served to fill in many passing moments. Well, on towards the heel of the afternoon Father Roach did come in with the cutter and that settled the controversy. It was not a very pleasant ride but he made the grade. The fact is when he left Dornoch there was a regular blizzard cutting up pranks and capers, though we had none of it here. He brought with him his brother Martin whom I had not seen for years. We had a pleasant visit with him and got some belated accounts of army life as lived in the trenches during the Great War.



After supper we had some more visit and later went to the K of C meeting and had a very pleasant evening. As the meeting was open to the friends of the Knights we had many visitors. Had a nice little entertainment given by some local and some outside talent. It was very fine all enjoyed it. Of course, the young folks just had to fling the festive foot for a few yanks and we came home. As the hour was rather late on our arrival home we all adjourned to our respective cubacula and arranged our various anatomies for a sweet repose, or something like that.

January 6th. Up early, 5:30. Have to take the train at 6:25 a.m. Off to Chatsworth to say Mass and do the parish work for the Holy Day. Epiphany. Got there in half an hour. Martin was on the train with me and we had some more pleasant conversation. I bade him goodbye at Chatsworth and struck off in the darkness up the back lane to B. H-'s habitat. Luckily some one was up and I managed to get in, and eventually worked in a couple of hours sleep before going to the church. Rose again, at nine a.m., and went up to the church to get ready for Mass at 10:30. Said Little Hours and heard some confessions. Had about 25 for Holy Communion. Did not have High Mass as the choir had a cold and could not sing, but I made up for the absence of music by singing a little song of my own. Got through in time to have dinner at twelve.



As the train leaves Chatsworth about ten minutes to one I did not delay proceedings but set to work with a will at once and ceased not deliberating over the breakfast-dinner until I had solved the difficulty of making one meal take the place of two by eating enough for two in one. That is the only sensible solution of such problems, unless you want to get along on point.

Took the train on schedule time and was mistaken for Father Roach. I do not know how often I have been mistaken for him. However, I am none the worse for it. Got home in good season and gave an account of my stewardship and rendered an account of the funds received on the occasion of my visit. Strange, isn't it how you have to have money to make things go? It greases the wheels of progress and comes in handy in running the church. I find that the people generally have been generous and kind. They will come forward and meet your expectations and throw in a little extra for good measure. God bless them for their generosity.

Tomorrow is the First Friday and the old faithfuls are on hand to make preparations for the occasion. Was out to the church for a short while this afternoon and took a look around as well as doing a little priestly work. Took a look at the crib. Found that others had been looking at it to some purpose as the little plate was loaded with offerings. I gathered them in before someone else took a shot at it as one leprous sacri-





legious wretch did on Christmas day. He must have stolen ten dollars or so. I cannot understand his action at all. He was seen and recognized. He had been at the sacraments that morning. Explain it if you can. Perversity is hard for me to explain.

January 7th. Today is more like a day in March than in January. Usually they have anything from one to ten feet of snow here at this time of the year; but, wait, give it a chance and it will show you what a real winter is like with frills on it. First Friday and had regular First Friday devotions. Good crowd out for Holy Communion.

As there was nothing of importance on this morning I devoted the forenoon to writing some letters for the Superior and making a few cracks at the machine in my own behalf. It would not do to let the Odyssey fall into arrears. I must keep that up at all costs, though it is not a literary record, but rather the statement of the meanderings of yours truly in Owen Sound and environs.

Took our usual constitutional after dinner on the veranda. Went on a sick call to the hospital. Took too much for granted. I thought the patient would be there and acted on that presumption. Arrived at the hospital safely and found they did not know anything about such a person as I was in quest of. However,



I found another one of our parishioners there lying up for repairs. Made a short visit to her and then set out in quest of my absent patient. Found her at home and getting things ready for a three week lie-up in the Hospital to give her heart a rest. Looks like a case of dropsy to me, though I did not make my diagnosis known to her. As I do not pose as a Doctor or know-it-all in everything, I thought it better to maintain silence. Silence in such cases is soon mended. Had a little gabfest over things and events and then came home. Said my office and made ready for the evening repast.

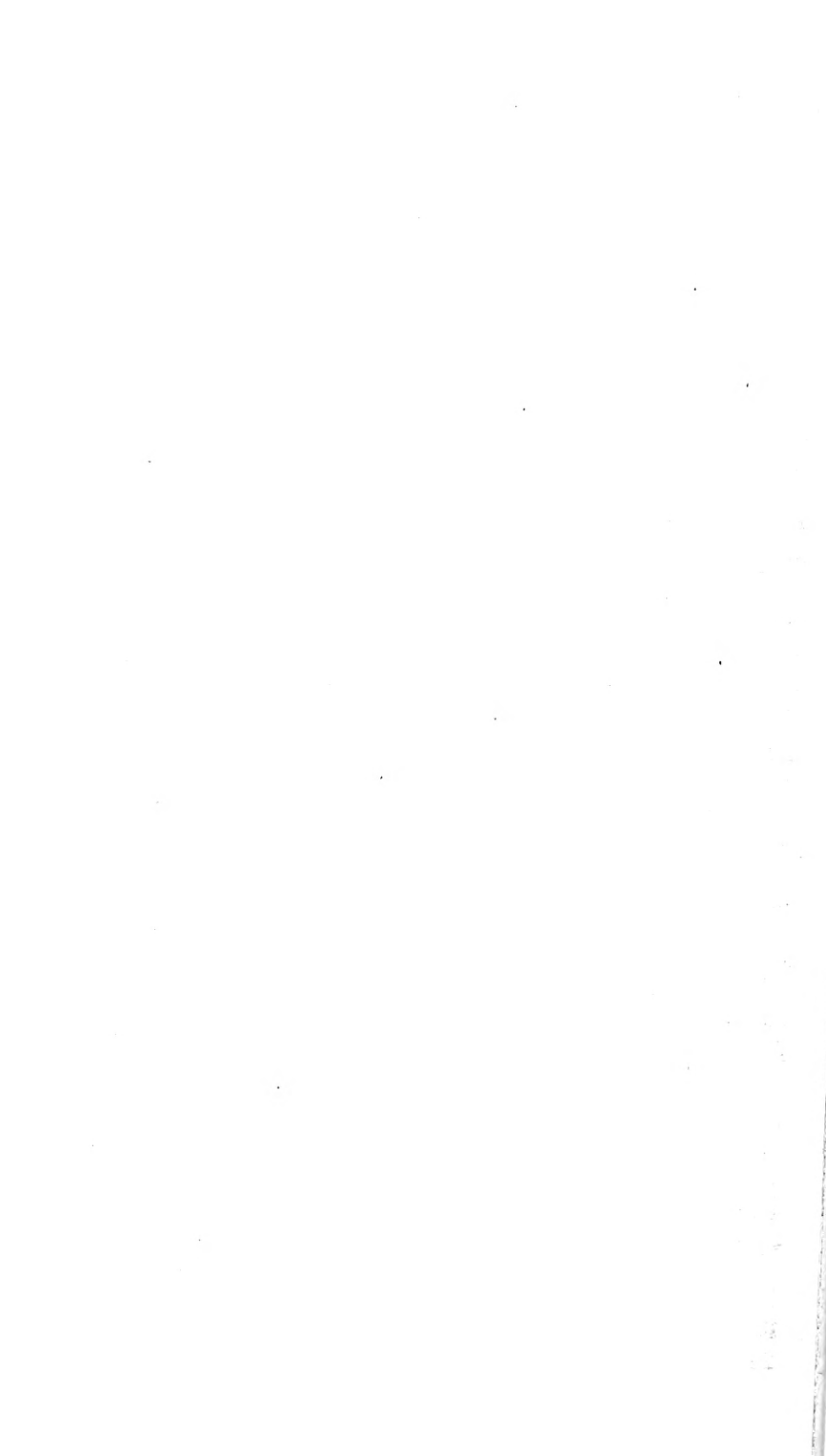
Took several turns on the veranda after supper and then retired to prepare for Benediction and meeting of the Sacred Heart League. Fair crowd out for devotions. Recited the Rosary and Litany, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and then proceeded with the work of the meeting. Delivered a short talk to them on the Crib. Closed the day with a short talk with Father McNulty.

January 8th. Looking like a summer day. Sun shining brightly and the weather is rather warm for this time of year. I expect to be absent for some days as there is considerable work to be done at the missions and I may not return till the middle of next week. Am busy this morning with the usual preparations for the mission. There are so many things to prepare and so many



things to remember that one is in a quandry half the time. One scarcely knows whether he has the list complete or not. Have to go over it several times and check up and then find when I arrive that there is something I forgot. I suppose as a forgetter I am in a special class. I can forget everything worth while and remember a lot of stuff that is not worth remembering.

The Christmas season is about over and things are settling down to normal conditions. From abroad there come reports of unrest in the part of men out of work. One would think they would be rested with nothing to do, but that is just the trouble. They want something to do and are willing to work to keep the wolf from the door. Besides there are rumors of another European war. When will they come to their senses over there? One would think that five years of world conflict would have given them enough of fighting and disturbance, but it seems to have only riled them up the more until they are willing to go the limit again regardless of the final issue. The old doctrine of greed and grab is at the bottom of it. A little of the Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will would settle things more rapidly, but apparently they consider that doctrine out of date and want to settle things with the bayonet and gun. It is a poor way to settle an argument. But, as they have rejected Divine Guidance, I suppose they will go to it and slaughter each other again until they



have a little sense pounded into their kraut heads and then they may believe that Eternal Wisdom is a safe guide to follow.

Arrived in Wiarton on time. Made my way up to Mr. M-'s house where I make my headquarters when in Wiarton. Did not know what to expect on my arrival as reports reached me that he was in very bad condition. Found him in very bad shape but very cheerful over the matter. The little fact of dying does not seem to disturb his equanimity at all. He has been ready for such a long time that every day is only another opportunity of laying up merit for himself by bearing his illness and the discomfort of lying in bed, in a cheerful and resigned spirit. Had a talk with his physician. He does not seem to hold out any hope for him, and says that it is only a matter of a short time, but then he did not reckon with God's view of the matter. When human aid fails, there is still the divine to be called on and Our Dear Lord promises us that if we asked the Father anything in His name He would grant it. We can only take Our Dear Lord at His word. He has said it and that is enough. It would be a good thing for the church in Wiarton and for the welfare of his family if M- were spared. God's Will be done as M- himself says.

Called on a new parishioner. You can never tell the meat of a nut by the shell. It may look fine, but you may





strike a shrivelled kernel. I think I did. He talked like an apostle, and from all accounts he was married outside of the church some years ago and has never become reconciled. It is a surprise to me, but then I am so green about sizing up men that I gave him 100% on his own valuation. I got the true valuation later.

Spent the rest of the evening with the family and retired at the usual hour, a quarter to — and put in a good night's rest.

January 9th. Up betimes and made my way to the church with all my lares and penates in my suit case. It weighed more or less than a ton. The street had the usual Sunday morning quietude of a very Protestant town. All the folks are soaking their heads in sleep and I am alone on the deserted thoroughfare. I finally reached the church and found a good fire roaring in the stove and a couple of the faithful there ahead of me. Heard the usual confessions and said Mass at nine. Gave them a short talk and finished Mass. Brought Holy Viaticum to Melligan and then set out in a livery rig for Hepworth. It is rather raw and the sleighing is poor. In fact there is very little ice and practically no snow on the way. Hammered along as best we could and finally reached the church at Hepworth at 11:15. Found all the congregation inside praying. Sang High



Mass and delivered a homily on the Gospel. Gave Benediction after Mass. The weather is too uncertain just now to have services in the evening.

Called on Mr. and Mrs. G- in the afternoon. Had a nice visit with them also took supper there. Went up to the church after supper to make a visit and see if the church was all right. Now I can understand how some of the Protestant neighbors became excited over the sanctuary lamp last Sunday. From the road it looked as if the whole place were on fire. The lamp was burning with a very large flame and lit up the place with a dull red glow. A stranger would say that the place was one fire.

Spent the evening with Mr. D-. Some of the neighbors happened in and we had a very pleasant time. Spun a few old yarns for them and sent them home giggling. Got to bed at the usual time for retiring.

January 10th. Sang High Mass this morning. Had a nice congregation and quite a few confessions. Called on Mr. D- after Mass and had a nice talk with him. He is in good spirits and improving rapidly. He is able to be around. What he wants is lots of good cheerful company. He is easily discouraged. If one man in a thousand tells him that he is looking bad he can see a funeral immediately. Left him in good humor and took the train for home.



Gus met me with the cutter and we sailed through town in good style head up and chest out and tail over the dash-board style. Nothing like putting on an appearance when it does not cost anything.

Got busy with the Aperi as soon as I got home. I did not have time to say office on the train or in Hepworth. I do not like to let it hang over my head and as there is a meeting of the K.C.'s tonight I cannot put it off till evening. Did some reading on the Unity of the Church in the Encyclopedia. I have to give them a little talk tonight on the subject.

Meeting was called at 8:00 p.m. Had a small crowd but had one of the best meetings of the year. Lots of enthusiasm and some fun. Mr. D- was given the degree of Quintus Canicularius. Everybody understands that and there is no need for further elucidation. Meeting broke up at 10:60 p.m. Got home after a brisk walk up the hill and through the city streets, real country style, down the middle of the road. Rather tired after all the days diversions and am ready for a good night's rest. There are indications of a change in the weather and we may have some more snow. We may need a little as we intend to take a sleigh ride Wednesday night to Chatsworth to visit the brethren there.

Had expected to remain in Hepworth till tomorrow but something turned up and I



came home. There was to be a wedding and we were waiting for some letter of some kind in regard to the matter. None came and I came home as it is altogether likely that the affair has been postponed indefinitely. The man who was supposed to make all the arrangements in the case told me he had no word of any kind from the interested parties and told me that I might as well not remain. I think he was right. I did not remain.

January 11th. Fine day, weather clear and thermometer is hovering around the freezing point. Up and around as though nothing had happened. Attended the usual morning functions in the chapel. Spent the forenoon browsing among the books. Am not in much humor as yet for anything serious. Guess I am not a machine any longer and do show some of the effects of the strenuousness of the mission life. Well, what odds, as long as we can do the work and when we cannot do our duty I suppose there will be someone else who will take our places. A man may be very useful, but the Lord has a way of getting along without him when the time comes for someone else to step in and fill his place.

Took a ramble after dinner and then sent off some funds to the Messenger to tide them over their difficulties. Had a relapse this afternoon. Relapsed about two hours or more. I was quite unconscious. In fact I was dead to the world





for that period. After that I felt better. Nothing like Nature's sweet restorer to fill up the vacancies caused by some days of stress and strain. If you are in any doubt of what happened, just take it for granted that I took a snooze. The roaring snoring kind that makes the wakin ring and advertises itself all through the house.

Went to call this evening on one of our College boys. Had a nice visit with him and incidentally with all the rest of the family, and got in touch with a lot of my old friends and pupils again. Came home about a quarter after — and then had a little chat with Father McNulty previous to my efforts of wooing sweet dreamless sleep again. My courtship in this particular case was not very successful as I think I put in most of the night regretting that lunch I ate while out visiting. Never again. I mean eating lunches before retiring. Everything in its place and time. The time to eat is not just before going to bed. That's me all over-M.

January 12th. Snowing today. Coming in gusts and blizzards, and then when the wind subsides it just lets down in gobs. We need it to help travel and traffic. Just the ordinary routine of the morning with a little reading and study helped me pass the morning.

This evening we are due for a sleigh



ride party to Chatsworth. The best thing to do is to get ready for such an event by a prudent preparation for all circumstances. As we shall not likely return till late or rather early, it is best to prevent the absence of the regular beauty sleep. I did.

In the evening we assembled at the foot of the hill in front of the church, about forty of us. We loaded into the sleighs and met the other members of the K.C. party down town and then set out over hill and dale. It was a beautiful night, no wind blowing, not too cold, and bright enough to light up the road. I was loaded into a sleigh with a lot of old folks, men whose days of youth must have been sad, as they could not sing a lick or whistle a bar of any oldtime melody that used to go with sleighing parties, and we just sat there and talked about the weather. The welkin did not ring with the sound of their voices. It was more like a mourner's bench or a wake as far as merriment was concerned. I guess old folks no longer feel the spell that comes over one when gliding over hill and dale past farmsteads limbed in white and evergreens patched with snow. The rhythm of the jingling sleigh bells does not set their hearts athrobbing. They are just like fountains of youth frozen up. Well, we arrived at our destination in profound silence and found the town hall all lit up for the occasion and lots of folks



there, both young and old, and things began to happen right away. Had several games of euchre with the brethren, and then a program of more or less merit and then a lunch and the young folks had to have a few flings of the festive foot before retiring. They went at it with a vim. That is the kind of dancing that counts, the old fashioned kind where they dance by main strength. All got into that with few exceptions. I looked on and just smoked and philosophized upon the occasion. Probably if they had a few more of those outings years ago where the Catholic boys and girls could meet, there would be fewer mixed marriages and a smaller number of old bachelors around the country spending their useless lives trying to play the part of farmer and housemaid at the same time.

The evening wore away and we set out for home again. The crowd just seemed to leave all their merriment behind, and they just coiled up in the robes, like a pup before the grate, and dozed the time away until we pulled into Owen Sound about half past —.

January 13th. Somewhat tired and sleepy after the late outing of yesterday. There is a promise to make up for lost slumbers. Nothing like looking for what you have lost even though it be a little sleep. Went over to the school and had a round of catechism with the little ones. I like to



call on the little ones. They are so interesting and amusing. They give answers at times that would stagger a theologian to discover the source of their information. I guess it must be one of those inspirations that come from Faith. I enjoyed my visit. Came home and got busy with some work that needed attention.

Sought dreamland with more or less success and arose from my cot — I said cot but it really was the bed — much refreshed and ready for the rest of the day's duties. Finished my office and anticipated.

Spent the evening consulting the Encyclopedia. It is a splendid habit to have. One can get a world of information there in tabloid form and one can never tell when such information will come in handy. I find that it is useful at all times. Good night.

January 14th. Rather mild today with prospects of thawing.  
However, the prospects fell by the wayside and it just let down snow in real old Owen Sound style. Good prospects for fine sleighing to Dornoch tomorrow.

Sang High Mass this morning for the departed members of the S- family. It is a fine custom they have all over the world, and in some places more pronounced than others, of having High Masses sung





for the dead. It is the annual public remembrance of the departed ones, not to mention the numerous private devotions for the poor souls. It is an indication of the great faith of these Catholic people. The worldly man seeks to forget and drowns his grief in dissipation. The man of faith seeks to remember and intensifies his recollection by the best the Church can offer him within the limits of his means. Not that he intends to buy the spiritual gifts with the dross of gold, but conformable to the diocesan statutes he makes an offering within his power. Oh, what a beatific consolation it is to a man that can see with the eye of faith! How much the Protestant world has lost when it rejected prayers for the dead!

Busied myself during the morning with odd jobs and did some reading. Had a splendid walk with the brethren after dinner and a pleasant chat. Wrote a few letters to the brethren abroad. I like to keep in touch with them. One is liable to grow unsociable if one does not keep in communication with the members of the Community. Sociability and charity make the going easy and pleasant. In fact the latter virtue makes it possible for so many different characters to live together without clashing. Once charity is forgotten, then look out for a squall. Had a little visit from some of the neighbors after supper and then spent the rest of the evening delving into theology and history.



January 15th. Snowing lightly with wind from the North. Will have it in my back this afternoon. Do not like to face a north wind for twenty miles in winter time. Just received word that Miss Supernault died. Funeral Monday. I was just about ready for Dornoch when a message arrived by phone saying that a man had been injured badly in Dornoch. He was a Catholic and would the priest hurry up.

The priest did hurry up. In ten minutes he was on the road and making the best time he could under the circumstances, praying that the poor fellow would be alive when he got there. I was just getting settled down into a steady gait when the bells broke and came off the horse. Had to stop and fix the furniture. Got away shortly and kept up a good steady gait till I pulled into Dornoch in two and a half hours. I could see the folks as I came over the top of the last hill running for the stable. By the time I reached the store they met me on the road and it did not take long to transfer to the new cutter. I happily met the Doctor and he assured me the man would live for some hours. I felt relieved at that, but we set out immediately and got to the house where the poor man lay. He was in a sad condition. He was unconscious. His brain had been cut in two and part of it was still in the mill where the accident occurred. I immediately gave him conditional absolution and anointed him.



I did not think it possible for him to regain consciousness. I remained a while with the family. They felt very bad over the accident though the poor fellow was no kin of theirs.

I returned after a short stay and put up for the evening with J.S. I felt rather depressed all evening owing to the sight I had seen. The wind is beginning to howl outside and the snow is beginning to blow and it promises to be a rather wild night. I am glad I did not have to be out in it. The weather is getting colder and it promises to be a bad day tomorrow.

Spent the evening with the family and some visitors. Had a pleasant time of it, but the memory of that sad sight still haunted me. Retired at the usual time of retirement in Dornoch — which is not always with the chickens. In fact one might meet the chickens rising if one were at all curious about their rising habits.

January 16th. Cold and blustery. Made my way up to the little church with Eddie Barry. God bless him for his kindness in waiting for me with the sleigh. It beats walking up the steep hill all hollow. Had only a few confessions this morning, but considering the wildness of the day outside it was a lot. Some of them came from a long distance. Sang High Mass and delivered a homily on the gospel. Gave Benediction after Mass. They all



were glad to remain for all the religious services; in fact if one had several more ceremonies to perform they would remain. They certainly appreciate their opportunities few as they are for practising their religion. God bless them!

It is no day to go visiting the neighbors. I had intended to call on some of the parishioners, but it is too wild to do so. The air is full of flying snow and it sticks to everything it strikes. The buildings are all coated with snow and look rather pretty in their garb of bright clean snow. Hung around the house all afternoon. Said my office and put in the time the best I could with the little ones pulling off feats of childhood for my edification.

I want to remark that there are times in a man's life when he wishes for a few of the modern conveniences. The annex was no place to delay on such a day as this. With the snow drifting in and the wind howling around the corner there was not cause for delaying at any task that one might be compelled to perform under such conditions. A polar bear might feel comfortable under such conditions but I did not.

Mr. S- was absent. Took his father-in-law to see some friends. He did not get back till about eight or nine. He nearly got lost in the night and the storm. He was glad to see the lights





of his own window in the night. He looked like an esquimaus when he came into the house. Sat and talked the night away with him and some of the neighbors.

January 17th. Quite cold this morning. Have to bring Holy Communion to a few sick this morning. Wrapped up in the big coat and went to the church for the Blessed Sacrament. Set out facing the cold wind. Huddled up in my big coat and tried to pray, though I think the prayers must have icicles on them as it was so cold. Plugged along with Mr. Moran till we reached his home. There I administered the sacrament to three, two old folks and one sick person. Spent a short time with the family and then went back to the church to wait for the funeral to arrive. It is due to arrive at 11:00 but from the prospects it is not likely to come for some time. Waited till eleven-thirty and they were not on hand yet. Began High Mass and completed it before the funeral arrived. Performed the funeral ceremonies and delivered a short talk on the necessity of living a good life to save one's soul. Went to the cemetery and nearly froze while performing the functions at the grave. The thermometer must have been about zero. It was desperately cold out there on the top of the hill where the wind could get a clear sweep at us. We did not delay any longer than we had to.



Finished up my work at the church and then went down to S- and had a bite of breakfast. Heard that the poor man that was injured was still alive but had not regained consciousness.

Made ready and started out for home. Prospects are good for facing the north wind all the way home. Cuddled up in my coat and robes as comfortably as possible and set out. It was a cold drive and for the whole twenty miles it seemed to be getting colder. As the sun was going down it did get colder and I felt it more. By the time I pulled into the stable at home I was stiff with the cold and chilled through. Oh, how good the warmth of the house felt when I got the first breath of it.

Gave the brethren an account of my wanderings. Found out on arriving home that I had as usual forgotten something important. However, I hope the Lord will not hold it against me, as it was not intentional. Read a while after supper and retired for the night quite tired.

January 18th. Cold enough to freeze the hair off a dog.

Thermometer said two above this morning. It felt like 40 below. Cannot see through the window as Jack Frost has been doing some fine tracery on it. Picturesque hills and mountains with lots of pine trees and fallen timber are nicely traced on the pane. And outside it is cold, cold and crackling, zipping and nipping.



Performed my usual duties in the Chapel and found the old bodyguard of the Blessed Sacrament present. Nothing seems to be able to keep them away. God bless their faithful hearts. As Jim Lister said about Eddie Barry, they will go to heaven as straight as if they were shot out a gun.

It takes some time to get the stiffness of travel out of one's limbs. Do not feel like doing anything but just taking a day off. Cannot very well afford that. Have too much to do and too many things to read up. But it would be nice if I had a little more energy to throw into the work. Well, do the best you can and let it go at that. Getting somewhat warmer towards noon, but it would be cold comfort going around in shirt sleeves in weather like this. Walked and talked after dinner and then took up the afternoon studies. Good chance to look through old favorites and get acquainted with new ones.

Had Benediction this evening. Chapel crowded. Rosary and Litany. Just spent the evening reading. And then I got a jolt. I had just got into bed and was nicely snuggled up in the blanket when I heard the phone ring. I stretched my ears until they felt as long as a Rocky Mountain Canary's. I heard something that left me in a state of doubt for a spell, but not for long. Father Roach came along and rapped at



my door. I guessed Dornoch at once and was not mistaken. It seems the poor fellow that was injured had a moment of consciousness and asked for a drink. Some one send send for the priest. Now I do not want to create the impression that there is any association between a man wanting a drink and my tenure of office in the parish of Dornoch, as I am a strict and absolute teetotaler. But I had left word that if he had regained consciousness to let me know and I would go to him, if I could do anything for him. I fear it was only a momentary awakening as his manner did not indicate good sense or real consciousness. It may be possible for a man with his brain cut in two and a good share of it gone, to act sensibly but I cannot see how he could do so with his mental machinery all shot to pieces. On the advice of Father Roach I waited till I could get in touch with his physician as there is no sense in making a twenty-five mile dash in zero weather to see a sick man breathing heavily and not able to say a word or give any rational account of things.

Another thing. If you want a good night's rest, do not load up on goose and pancakes. That makes a poor sleeping potion. I tried it and found that it was a first class awakener. I was awake most of the night. In fact at twelve and three I was very much awake, and I guess the intervening space was not punctuated by much stertorous breathing.





January 19th. Cold yet. Six above this morning when I got a look at the thermometer. The wind has changed to the south and the weather is raw. It will be nice to take the cutter out to Dornoch this morning. I am waiting for the Doctor's verdict on the case and then I shall take to the hills and open spaces when the wind is fresh and the breezes chilling, and face that raw wind for eighteen miles to Dornoch before turning off into the hills of Glenelg. Oh, it is a nice life if you do not weaken. A man has to have the constitution of a polar bear and the endurance of an Esquimaux to face the game of life in these parts. Too bad the folks here do not hibernate like the chipmunks and then we could all come out together in the Spring and say Howdy after the long winter. At least some of them would if the winter were not too severe. I shall rasp the fiddle a little for exercise to get warm as I am nearly forzen. Too chilly in my room to read.

Set off for Dornoch to see my sick man. He has been conscious and somewhat sensible, so they sent for me. It was a cold drive. I faced the cold wind all the way and by the time I got to Dornoch I was pretty well chilled, but changed horses and set out for the residence of Mr. McC. Got there in good time and took a look at my sick man. His moments of sensibility were only fleeting and I had to do the best I could for him.



Heard his confession. Read the prayers for the dying. Did not give Holy Viaticum as he did not seem to be sufficiently conscious of what was going on to receive it. I tried several times to get some word out of him but he seemed to have relapsed into a state of coma. I guess that is the word. Waited an hour and a half to see if would rally, and he did not. Returned to the village and placed the Blessed Sacrament in the Church for the night intending to say Mass in the morning. It began to sleet and the storm lashed the house in a fury. I had intended to go to Glenelg, but decided to remain with Mr. S. where I was out of the storm. Spent the evening pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. S and family.

January 20th. Rose betimes and went to the church to say Mass. The weather had become very soft during the night and the snow was fast disappearing. Was just at the Offertory when James Vasey came into the church in a hurry to notify me that I was wanted down the road to attend a man who had been injured. I finished Mass and made haste to visit the sick man. Got to Mr. Buer's house where he was brought and found him in a pretty good state of repair even if a threshing engine had fallen on him. His hip and shoulder were badly hurt and he suffered some internal injury. He was spitting blood but soon recovered from that. I did



not give him Holy Communion or anoint him as I did not think he was hurt sufficiently to warrant it. They moved him to Owen Sound immediately to the hospital. I went back to Dornoch and had a bite of breakfast. Set out for home immediately as the roads were rapidly becoming bare. Mooched along as best I could and finally reached home after scrapping a good deal of gravel on the way. Called up the hospital and found they were just taking an X-ray of the injured lad. He was not very badly injured, no bones broken and no great internal injuries. They will have him remain for a few days to await developments to see if any complications set in.

Choir supper this evening. The choir and members of the Trust Committee were on hand and we had a very fine evening of it. Played several games of checkers and such interesting pastimes and had a lot of music both instrumental and vocal. Wound up the occasion by singing the National Anthem. Retired for what remained of the night.

January 21st. Up and around as if nothing had happened. Got a long distance call to go to Wiarton to see Mr. Melligan. He wants to see me. I shall anoint him today as it is over three months since I anointed him last. It is getting so that every time I hear the phone I think of Dornoch or some of



the outlying missions. I have had a lot of travel among them lately.

Got a letter from Father Forster saying that I was needed to help out in St. Michael's during the week days as they are getting down and out with sickness and shortage of help. I fear that this will about end the recollections of an itinerant priest for the time being. Also cut off many of the interesting experiences I have been having during the past few months. It may mean the end of my tenure of parish life in Owen Sound. Well, we have to take things as we find them.

I am ready and waiting for the train to take me to Wiarton to see my friend Mr. Melligan. I hope he is better. Poor fellow, as far as manUs aid can go, he is done. We have to ask God now. He promised us that if we asked the Heavenly Father anything in His name He would grant it. He did not put in any provisos with the promise. So why delay or hesitate about asking the favor for M- for the glory of God and the good of the Church in Wiarton. We need men like M- especially in places like Wiarton. I am off for the train in a few minutes. Shall take the Blessed Sacrament with me and will have the best of company for the journey. Reached Wiarton in due time and made my way up to M-'s house. Mr. Geotz and Mr. Eldridge met me at the train and I had an escort for Our Dear Lord for that part of the journey.





Found Mr. M- in a bad way. My coming seemed to soothe him. He was seeing things of various kinds, but he told me as soon as I came in they vanished. He became quieter and I asked him if he wished to receive the sacraments. He replied that he did. I heard his confession and then gave him Holy Viaticum. I was rather timid about giving him the Holy Viaticum as I was in some doubt about his mental condition. I asked some of the bystanders, Mr. E- particularly about his opinion of M-'s rational condition. He replied that he seemed in good state then I gave the Holy Viaticum and it would do your heart good to hear the fervent ejaculations of the poor sick man. There was not the slightest doubt about his condition then and he continued for some time to lisp the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. He made acts of thanksgiving with me for some time. I then anointed him. Gave the Apostolic Blessing. He was anxious to receive all the spiritual aid possible. He continued to lisp the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph for some time. We remained with him for a time and he seemed to wander off again and was bothered by a number of wires running around his room. Of course, it was all hallucination. The lapses were only momentary and he would recover himself and repeat the holy names again. He fell asleep and we stole out silently and left him resting. He needed the rest badly. Poor man!



I went to supper with Mr. E-. Mr. G- came with us. After supper we all returned to see M-. He was calling for me. He gave me a blowing up for leaving him. Said as soon as I left those things came back again. We remained with him till nine o'clock. I hated to leave him. I do not know when I found it so hard to do anything like that. I had to get back home as tomorrow is Saturday and I have a lot of work to do. It was a slow journey home. Got to town about 10:45. Gus met me. Thanks Gus.

January 22nd. Saturday. Clear and thawing still. No snow on the roads. Have not the usual Saturday activity as I am going to be home for tomorrow. First time in two months. It will be a change. Did nothing unusual all morning. Just filled in the forenoon by doing several odd jobs as well as looking up some pointers for tomorrow's talk. I know that old timers will say he should have gotten it up earlier in the week. I agree with them and did give it a trial, but just about the time I was ready for operations the phone rang and Dornoch or some other far off place wanted the pleasure and profit of my company and I had to go.

Heard confessions in the afternoon. Got a sick call after supper to help make it a day. It was not much of a sick call. One of the neighbors coughed once and they called for the priest. It seemed



to me like a case of "Cough Willie, and let the lady hear you." Had evening services and finished confessions at a reasonable hour. Had a little chat with Gus after the work was over and then retired.

January 23rd. Up in time to give Holy Communion to the Sisters across the way. Heard confessions till eight and then began Mass. Gave them a homily on the Gospel text, "Many are called and few are chosen." Finished Mass and spent the intervening time saying office and collecting my thoughts for the talk at the next Mass. Had High Mass at 10:30 and then another talk on the same subject. Different congregation, therefore the same talk would suffice.

No baptisms this afternoon. I guess the folks around the town have forgotten the Lord and are walking in strange ways like the gentiles that know not God. Baptisms are few in this parish. Marriages are few also. Guess that accounts for the shortage of baptisms. Heard the various catechism classes in operation and took the High School children for an excursion into the realms of Catechism myself. Had the rest of the afternoon to myself.

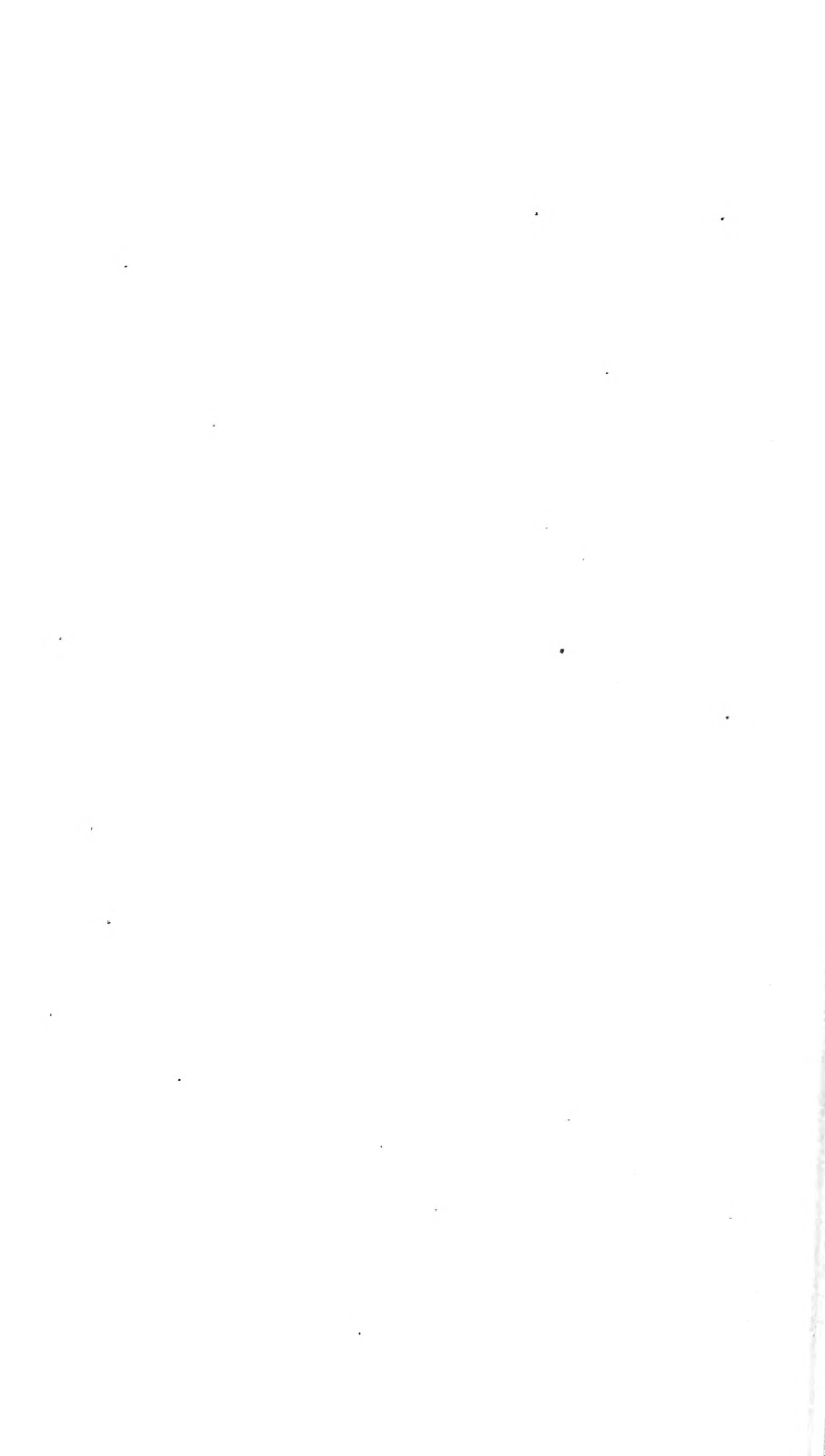
Had evening devotions at the regular time; Rosary, Benediction and Vespers. Called on J. McG- after services. Got



word this evening that poor Melligan died. Too bad. The church loses a valiant Catholic man and the parish of Wiarton will be poorer for his going. It is a distinct loss to Catholicity in these parts to have men of his stamp taken away. He was a grand man and one to be proud of and a man who had hosts of friends and very few enemies. He never apologized for his religion, but made the enemy respect it and him at the same time. God bless him and be good to him.

January 23rd. Today I begin my travels.

I wonder where it will end. Does it mean that I have begun to see the end of my tenure of office here? I can see where the experience here has been a good thing for me and my health has improved wonderfully since I came. The fresh air has done me a lot of good and my pathological condition is "hippopotamus" as Pete Connors used to say. Besides I have got to know several fine folks and it has been a pleasure to me and I hope it has been the same to them. I tried to be agreeable to all and make them feel at home in my presence. They usually did. Well, we shall see what the future will bring. There is always a good result in trusting in the guidance of Providence. I have seen it work out so often and well in my own case that there is no getting over the fact that God will look after a man that is willing to do His work.





I am ready to take the train and go to the new work with what energy and good will I have. It will be quite a change from the outings in the cutter on a cold day with the wind whistling in my ears and the snow shooting at my eye as I steer my faithful old Dobbin along the road to Dornoch or through the swamps to hear old Fitzgerald coughing to fill up the time of the days.

Being that I am on my way to the city I had to slick up a little. Got hair cut and blew in a few toadskins on some new upholstering. Tried to get a pair of unmentionables, but they had nothing of my size in town. They seem to think that all men are built on an ordinary scale and along certain specifications, but I fooled them.

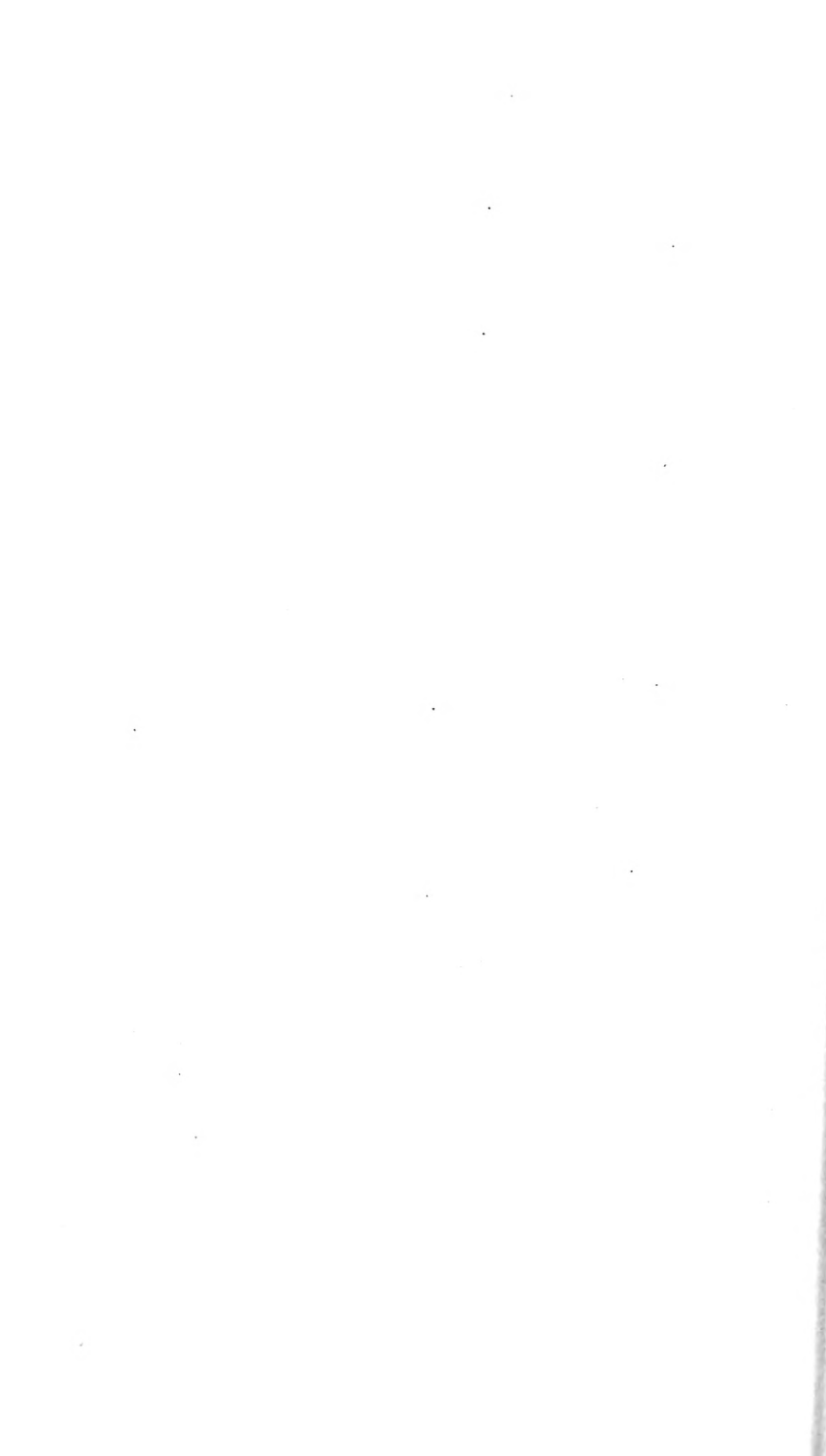


April 1st. Sun shining and grass getting green. Lovely day so far. Well, here I am again taking up the burden of making a few notes on men and things after such a long absence. I do not know yet how much sequence there will be in the following pages as I am to take to the highways again and give assistance to the brethren in Toronto.

The past few weeks have been rather strenuous. Generally speaking there was a good deal of sameness about the successive weeks of my travels. On



Monday afternoon I usually took the train for Toronto. It was a wearisome journey. Coiled up in the corner of a day coach with all the discomfort of a stuffy car, I managed to while away the five hour journey. I first attended to the recitation of Matins and Lauds for the following day and then had to manufacture occupation for the rest of the journey. At times I met with a congenial companion who helped me with pleasant conversation. Most frequently I met with nothing but the indifferent stare of the ignorant mossbacks who took in my every move and action. I remember on one occasion I was passing through the car. I was facing the passengers in my short journey. With one common instinct they all sat up and stared. The movement was too pronounced not to be noticed. It was a sort of spontaneous tribute to the priesthood that they saw. Not that their attitude was amicable or affable. I suppose ten thousand other men could have passed through that car, even the Governor-General might have done so and not have gotten that full focussed attention that I received on that occasion. Well, people are funny and men a study. It is strange what an instinctive fear some of them have for the priesthood. I have seen them stand in the aisle of the car in discomfort rather than occupy the other half of the seat I was occupying. If perchance they did take possession it was only till such time as they could take possession of another seat lately



vacated and they shot out of mine into that new location as though they were fired out of a gun. Yep, they do fear the presence of the priest.

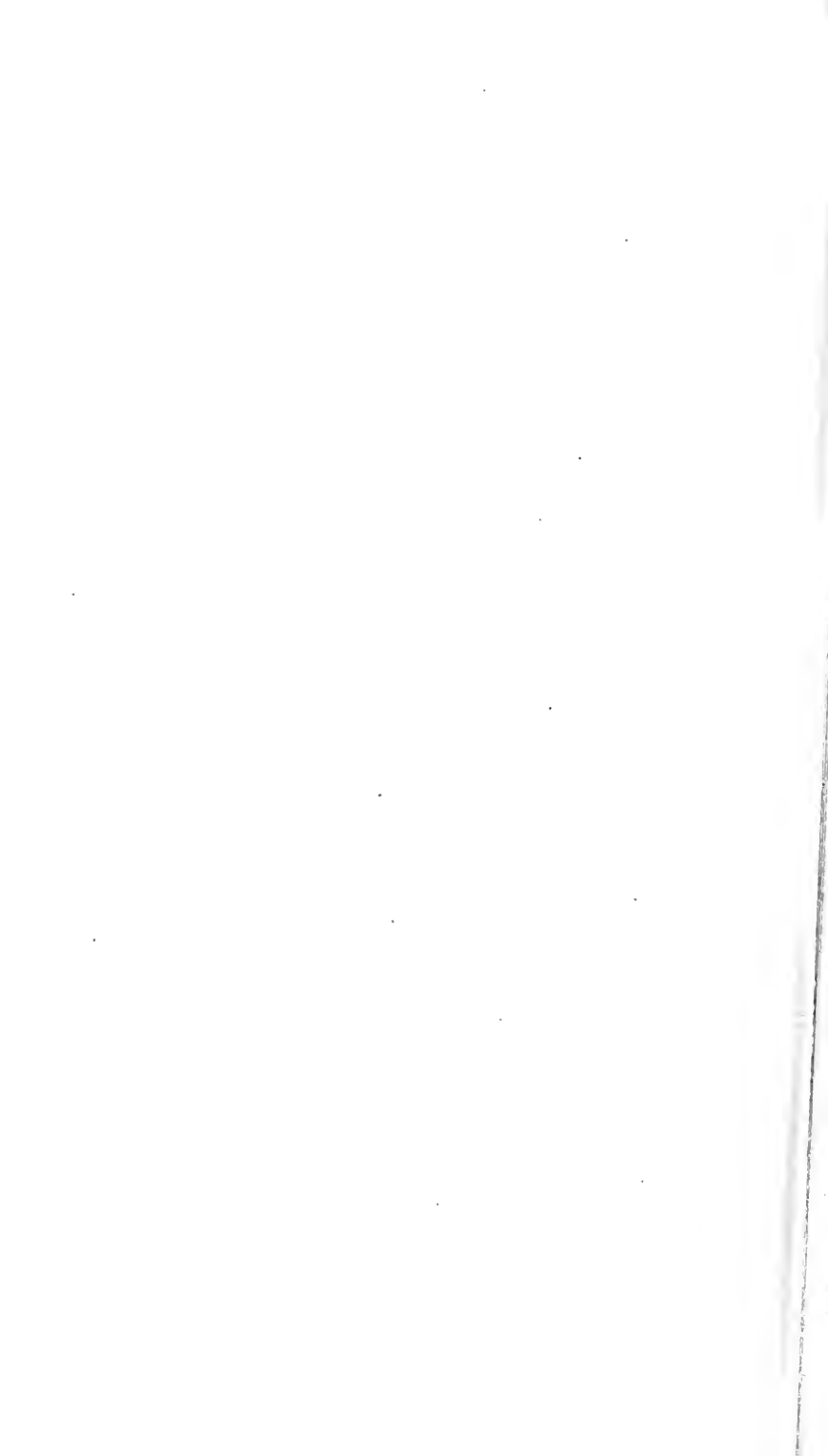
I have had the pleasure of meeting with many fine men in my travels. They made the journey from Toronto seem short and pleasant. They said they enjoyed the trip themselves and my company. Well, I hope they did.

I found the existence at St. Michael's College rather strange. I have noticed a considerable change come over the face of the college life during the past few years. Time was when there was more comradeship about the college life. At present it strikes me that there is too much striving after something or other I cannot fathom. The atmosphere is heavy with wisdom and dignity. It occurs to me that the effort to be philosophical is sapping the fountains of fellowship we used to have. If I were to ask some of those young Aquinatis what time of day it might be, I think I would receive a dissertation something like this, "Well I should not like to hazard my opinion on the absolute certitude of my observations, but conjecturing from the appearance of yonder clock, and corroborating my observation by past experience, it may be that the correct time is within certain limits of probability in the vicinity of a quarter to. However, to assure you that I am not over confident of the correctness of my



observations, I would suggest that you make inquiry of Brother B- who now approaches." I accost Brother B- and he looks wise, scratches his head, and begs for a moment's reflection before giving a ponderous reply to the much mooted question as to whether it is a quarter to the hour or only fourteen minutes. Such is the antic of wisdom in her hot-house lair. I wonder if it is not all pose to create an impression of wisdom and learning. In the meantime the good old hail-fellow-well-met spirit of other days is gone. The effect on me personally has been one of depression.

I have been home since the Friday before Palm Sunday. Naturally I have been rather busy picking up the loose ends of work that I have had to neglect a trifle in my absence. Father McNulty and I managed to get along with the ceremonies of Holy Thursday and Good Friday. We did the best we could with our limited numbers. We had splendid attendance at the various devotions. I had the honor of delivering the Good Friday sermon. I was called on rather hurriedly, but as the subject is one I like I was pretty well prepared for the occasion. I have been speaking on the subject more or less for the last twenty years. However, I managed to get through in forty minutes. I might have dwelt long on the subject, but find that people are not willing to listen to any topic for any longer time than that. Usually that is too long.





Went to Chatsworth on Saturday. Heard confessions in the afternoon and then went to Dornoch. Sunday was a heavy day for me. Began confessions at 7:30 a.m. Said Mass at nine. Set out immediately for Chatsworth where I was to say Mass at 11:00 a.m. Got there through a heavy downpour of rain at 11:15. Found about thirty waiting to go to confession. Well, what could I do but hear them. They had driven ten or twelve miles through the rain too and wanted to make their Easter duty. I began Mass after 12:00 o'clock. I did not have High Mass though I would like to. It was too hard on all those people that were fasting and besides I would not be able to get through in a very reasonable time and in fact some of the people were beginning to feel faint from hunger. As it was I managed to get through the service at 1:15 p.m.

Yes it was a rather long forenoon and I felt somewhat fagged after the strenuousness of the day, but then look at all the happiness I had the pleasure of promoting. Had evening services and a good turn out. Spoke for the edification of the people.

Mass on Monday morning and then I came home. It was very cold. I had not my fur coat along. Yesterday the frogs were croaking and today they were all frozen up. I nearly froze on the way home.



April 8th. Well, here again I take up the continuity of my abode in Owen Sound. I hope to keep up to date hereafter, but during the past week or so I have been delinquent in the matter.

It is Spring again, at least I think so. The birds have been here for some time, the grass is green, the buds are beginning to come out and even the mosquito has made his appearance. The frogs have been singing in chorus the deep bass of the bullfrog replying to the treble of the smaller fry. The weather has been very warm. The thermometer has been up almost to 80 on several occasions. The roads are dry and the autos are just tearing loose along the highways. Yep, Spring has come. I was noticing the gradual development of it during the past few days on my journeys through the country. First of all came the breath of warm air stealing across the countryside and then the first blush of green began to show on the winter wheat and the pasture land. Here and there a pussywillow shot out some buds, and in the sheltered nooks in the swamps the buds began to break out. There was a feeling of gladness in the atmosphere and it made me glad to be alive to such display of God's goodness. Marvellous that men cannot see it that way. Perhaps they do, but do not say anything about it. It may not be their way to be demonstrative about their religious feelings. It is marvellous. Here we



have been shut up all winter, and the surface of the earth all sealed up tight. One would think it impossible to break through the hard crust with anything less than dynamite, and yet, a little sunshine and the soft green blade comes peering through the hard surface and all the world seems to smile. Makes one think of a little child with a wealth of curls putting his little touselled head in the doorway and shouting with a laughing voice, "Hello, folks, I'm glad to see you."

Spent last Sunday at Dornoch. Did not begin to duplicate yet. Had the horse along although the auto would run splendidly. Performed the usual Sunday duties and took an excursion into the country after dinner. J.S. came with me. It was a grand day and we had a splendid outing. Incidentally we called on a couple of bashful Catholics and got them to promise to come and make their Easter duty. It may do some good. Poor fellows seem so ignorant that I doubt if they realize what religion really means. It is another case of neglect on the part of parents. Too much attention given to the rearing of stock for market and too little attention to the welfare of souls for paradise. They did not have much chance in the early days and like Topsy, "jes' growed up that way". Well, with a little instruction and pointed argument they may be made to travel along the path better. Not that my predecessors have been



negligent in regard to the matter. Something seems to have gone wrong and it may be that I shall not have any better success than they did. However, I am willing to give them a hearing and do my best to help them along. Sometimes there is a lot of virtue in a good swift.kick.

Managed to pick up a good cold this week, my first of the winter. It is pretty well broken by this time and I think it will not interfere with my Sunday work. Smallpox has broken out in the town. I do not know how serious it is, but there are five cases in our neighborhood. The warm weather and lots of fresh air may be a deterrent.

It rained very heavily today and from now on when the sun breaks out the grass will just naturally grow very rapidly. Got the auto all fixed up and ready for the roads. Went out on a scouting expedition last evening looking up backsliders to get them to make the Mission. Had more or less success. Saw some strange specimens of the genus homo. Syrians, Indians, and what not — all kinds with more or less instruction and faith and more or less — usually less — practice of religion. We have lots of them. I guess they are afraid to climb the hill.

April 12th. Bright and sunshiny. Cold wind blowing. Tuesday.  
Since writing the preceding page I have





been off on the mission. Wiarton on Saturday. Spent the evening with Mr. E-. Tried to get in touch with Mr. McG- but he had gone to Owen Sound with his wife and an evening instruction was lost to them. As I was yet suffering from a bad cold I felt just as well pleased to be able to spend the evening in the warm house.

Sunday was bright and a cold wind was blowing. Had Mass as usual at about nine. Was late in starting as the folks arrived late. Came to confession just when I should have been starting Mass. Gave them a gentle hint to get to Mass earlier if they wanted to go to confession.

Have a new parishioner. One is a lot there, and he is bringing a family of six and a wife. Sorry to see that little family arrive in this town. It is a poor place to bring up Catholic children. I have one sad example of the bad effect in the case of M- and I-. Good father and good mother and these have practically abandoned the practice of their religion. M- is one of those self-sympathetic fellows and manufactures a grievance out of hot air and gives up his religion on the head of it. Poor foolish lad.

E.D. came after me this morning. Had a nice ride over to Hepworth. Got there in plenty of time. Sang High Mass and gave them an instruction. Attended to a little business after Mass and then



had dinner with Mr. G-. He made me feel at home, and I had a pleasant afternoon of it. Had evening devotions and another talk. Monday morning I had Mass at nine. Had a splendid crowd out to make their Easter duty.

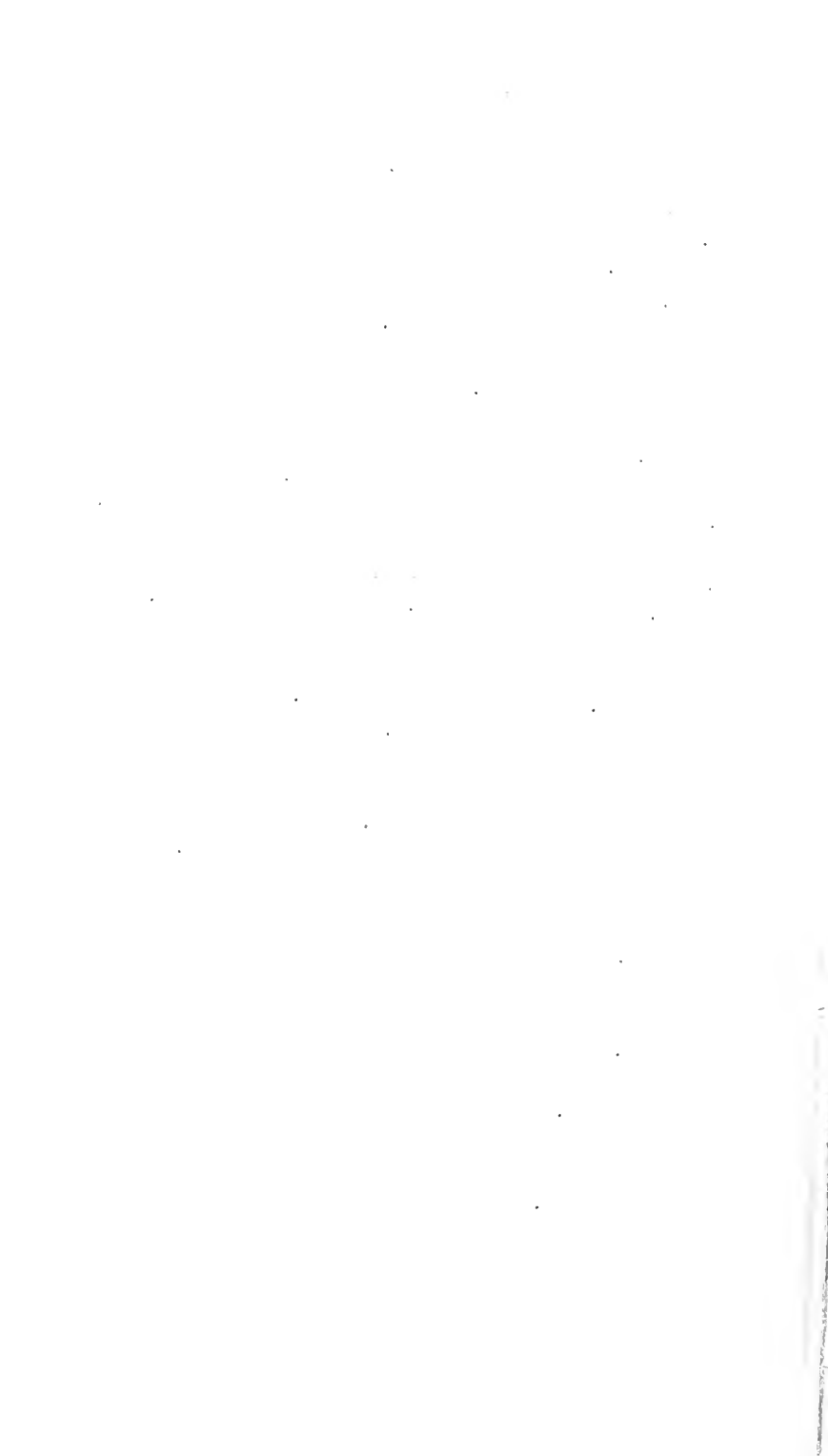
Came home at noon. Father Roach and Father Moylan met me at the train with the auto. Had a good chat with Father Moylan during the afternoon. Glad he came. He can do a lot of good for me. Hope he stays a long time. He is welcome. Went to the K.C. meeting this evening. No meeting. No officers.

April 13th. Dark and cold. Temperature about 40. Yesterday was rather cool and very windy. Spent the forenoon browsing among the books and doing a little writing. The afternoon was a repetition of the forenoon.

Had an evening entertainment down at the hall. A great many of the parishioners gathered and we spent the evening belting the table and trying to be pleasant. Made a pretty good job of it. I nearly won the booby prize. Got home rather late.

Father McNulty has a bad cold and so has Father Roach.

Am delving into a book on Socialism. Really it is a rather terrifying idea if it is all true. It is as sad as it is true. Think of the millions of men



who have gone into that thing hoping to make a Utopia out of this world and forgetting the one to come. Not exactly forgetting it, but just denying that such a thing exists. One is surprised to think there are so many men in this world ready to close their eyes to things that cry out, "behold the wonderful things that God has made," and grope around in the dark looking for something that is not there. It seems that any old system is welcome except the truth. Men do not seem to want that. But then that is the natural outcome of the system that divorces itself from God. Men tried that game before and developed paganism and all its folly and now they are trying to restore the ancient paganism with all its stupid folly. They may not set up gods and goddesses in the fence corners but they will be worshipping their passions just the same and call them gods because they will seek in the indulgence of the same their final end and what grovelling in the mire there will be if this new paganism ever gets into power. Oh, what a hell on earth there will be. Decency will be dethroned, honesty scorned, mercy and charity unknown. Bogus imitations of these two latter may spring up, but the conditions of society will be awful. How long will God endure it? Is the reign of Anti-Christ at hand. Lord preserve us from its abominations.

(Transcribed from the author's typescript given by him to Father R.J. Scollard and later deposited in the General Archives)



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